WHY KATE SMITH IS AFRAID OF LOVE

Radio MIRROR

JUNE

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

HARRIET HILLIARD

BY TCHETCHET

ROUGH COPY

ROUGH COPY

WIN
CASH PRIZES
in the
Jessica Dragonette
CONTEST

MAJOR BOWES'
amazing friendship
with
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

The Papers didn't print the Whole story...



They ran three columns about the wedding. The bride, they said, was beautiful, the groom rich, and both families of fine lineage and tradition. But what they failed to mention was this: that the bride would never have been engaged, much less married, if she hadn't discovered in time that she had halitosis (unpleasant breath) and promptly corrected it.

After all, halitosis is the fault unforgivable. Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant, is the pleasant means of overcoming it. Is there a hint here for you? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS

ROUGH COPY

"Appalling!"

A DOWAGER AND A DENTIST BATTLE ABOUT A TURKEY LEG

"Sensible!"



SAYS DOWAGER



SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—*socially*.

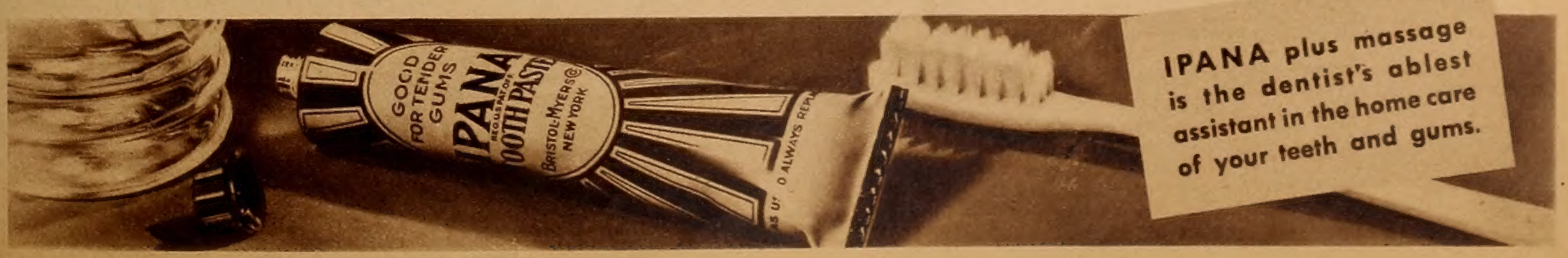
But your dentist will retort: "Excuse?—The picture *needs* no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise . . . and our modern soft-food diet does *not* give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—*see* your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves . . . So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward *complete* oral health . . . Change to Ipana and massage today.



Radio MIRROR

JUNE—1936 VOL. 6—NO. 2

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR
BELLE LANDESMAN, ASS'T EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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ON SALE MAY 22



Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, gets thousands of letters from all over the country every week—yet none of his fans really know him! In the July issue, we tell you all about him and his new bride . . . Have you entered the Jessica Dragonette contest yet? There's a month to go!

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BY TCHETCHET

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Five..."Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

• • •

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history . . . in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world . . . "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital . . . all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

• • •

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!



Lysol Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RM-6
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Reflections

IN THE RADIO MIRROR

BY Fred R Sammis



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played in a Lux radio version of "The Bride the Sun Shines On," with Broadway star Muriel Kirkland.



Tony Stanford is the guiding force behind the Lux programs.

COME BACKSTAGE WITH THE EDITOR AND WATCH A LUX PLAY REHEARSAL

THERE's a guiding force behind every broadcast of the Lux Radio Theater Monday nights, a force that is largely responsible for the sparkle and freshness of each play that's presented. You may never have heard of him, but before you can understand much about how this program is put on the air you first must meet Mr. Tony Stanford. His will power, endless energy, and directorial skill are responsible for the everlasting popularity of a dramatic program that's been going for over two years.

Now and again, rather than write of the stars themselves, it gives a clearer insight and speeds appreciation of what you hear to describe a visit to the rehearsal of a radio show, especially when visitors are usually barred by frowning pages. So let's journey to the twenty-second floor of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, of a Friday afternoon, up a short flight of stairs, into Studio A.

We're in a large studio, with several mikes, and three-fourths of the floor space taken up by folding chairs which will be occupied the night of the broadcast by a full orchestra. Glancing to the left as we hurry towards the control booth we spy very blond tousled hair. That is Miss Miriam Hopkins, the week's guest star, frowning and marking her script of the play, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," with a stubby pencil.

Once inside the control room, a completely different view is offered. Down below—about three feet lower—is the mike at which the cast will work. Three circles are drawn around the mike in chalk on the polished floor, about twelve inches from each other. Inside the first circle is the letter A, inside the second the letter B, and inside the third the letter C. When rehearsal begins we'll find out the why and wherefore of these circles and letters.

Now we meet Mr. Stanford, the man who tells $5000-a-week stars how to act for radio. He's short, amazingly genial, after what we've heard, and at the moment he's bent over his script, peering at it through horn-rimmed glasses. Just in front of him is a small panel and what looks like a loudspeaker. By a flip of a switch he can talk into it and his voice is heard in the studio. Another flip and the voices of the actors flood the small booth exactly as you hear them on your own radio at home.

What, Mr. Stanford, can you tell us about producing an hour-length radio dramatic program with world-famous guest stars every week?

"Let me tell you first how hard these stars must work before the program goes on the air. We start Thursday afternoon. The whole cast, star included, gathers here and we spend a few hours reading the play out loud. By the time we leave, everyone knows exactly what he is supposed to do and everyone understands what the play is about.

"At twelve o'clock the next day—Friday—we assemble for the first rehearsal. At a quarter of two we take an hour off for lunch. At five we leave for the day. Saturday, rehearsal begins at eleven and is over at four. On Mondays we have two dress rehearsals, the first at ten in the morning. Then at seven-thirty all the rough spots are ironed out. At nine the show begins.

"Miss Hopkins is the best example of hard work I can give you. Others have told me how (*Continued on page* 104)



·BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then —pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

COME WITH US BEHIND CLOSED STUDIO DOORS AND LEARN THE LATEST GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR STARS AT WORK AND PLAY

BY JAY PETERS



Left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell attending a preview; below, Charles Hanson Towne of Chrysler's airshow.



Wide World

BIG names can cause you a lot of trouble, as **Mary Pickford** and **Louella Parsons** have been discovering recently. Four first-string radio shows using moving-picture guest stars originate in Hollywood, and naturally the competition for famous headliners is strong. Mary wanted them for her own program, Parties at Pickfair, and Louella wanted them for Hollywood Hotel. Both Mary and Louella are intimate friends of most of the Hollywood great, who for years had been appearing on Hollywood Hotel out of friendship for the columnist, without being paid. Mary, however, pays her guests—and that's what started all the trouble. Louella is said to have notified all motion picture studios that if their stars appeared on Mary's program she wouldn't mention their pictures in her newspaper column . . . It's all a case of the demand exceeding the supply.

* * *

A BACKSTAGE drama which might have resulted in the closing of a successful Broadway revue occurred the other night when **Rudy Vallee** and Producer **George White** of the "Scandals" engaged in a little impromptu fisticuffs. All concerned haven't much to say about the affair, but this much is known—White wanted Rudy to withdraw from the show, for some reason which hasn't been made public, and Rudy refused. According to the contract, the only way White could force Rudy out of the cast was to close the revue and keep it closed for six weeks before reopening. One word led to another and fists flew . . . The fight was declared a draw.

* * *

ED WYNN, who makes millions laugh on the air, was faced recently with the tragedy of seeing his private affairs made public through a court action brought by a relative who sued him for $160,000, claiming the money was due him for taking care of Mrs. Wynn. Both Ed and his son, Keenan, denied in court the assertions about Mrs. Wynn made by the relative, and the jury awarded the plaintiff only $1000 instead of the amount sued for.

* * *

THE new radio sensation, **Benny Fields,** is one of those miracles of show business. For years he and his wife, **Blossom Seeley,** were vaudeville headliners. Then vaudeville hit the down grade, and Benny couldn't get a break anywhere. He haunted Broadway booking offices, asking managers and agents vainly for a chance to do his stuff once more.

At last he was hired for a New York night club. He opened there without any advance fanfare—and clicked immediately, to the accompaniment of rave notices from all the columnists. Why? Nobody knew. He was the same Benny Fields he'd always been.

In one week his popularity grew so fast that both major networks were bidding for his services. He finally signed with CBS, and has replaced **Jimmy Melton,** who had to go to Hollywood for a picture, on the Ziegfeld Follies show.

* * *

DON'T get confused—there really are two "Follies" shows on the air now. There's CBS' Ziegfeld Follies, with **Fannie Brice** and the above-mentioned **Benny Fields**—and then there's the Folies Bergere of the Air, starring **Willie** and **Eugene Howard,** on the NBC Blue network Wednesday evenings. Just to make it more complicated, Willie and Eugene are featured in George White's "Scandals," current on Broadway.

* * *

THE annual spring shakeup in programs and schedules is complicated this year by raiding parties conducted by the two networks on each other. Some CBS shows scheduled to change networks are the Bayer Aspirin's Lavender and Old Lace, Studebaker's **Richard Himber** program, and Phillips Milk of Magnesia's Melodiana. The latter, when it starts May 26 on the NBC Blue network, will change its title to Back Stage, but will keep its stars, **Abe Lyman, Bernice Claire,** and **Oliver Smith.**

On the other hand, CBS will acquire the Saturday edition of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade beginning May 2, from 10 to 11 P. M. No orchestra has been picked for it yet, at the time of going to press. The Wednesday stanza of the Hit Parade, with **Ray Sinatra's** orchestra, will remain intact, however. And with Lucky Strike occupying the Columbia Saturday night airwaves, Chesterfield has announced it will move its Saturday night show to Friday at 10. This change will take place May 1.

Joining the summer exodus are **Jack Benny** and **Fred Allen,** who will call it a season in June and take thirteen-week vacations. **Phil Baker** will also be off the air during the summer, but **Hal Kemp's** orchestra will continue the Gulf show. Ford Motors has decided to close its Sunday night symphonic series on June 28, but no decision has been reached as yet on the two weekly Fred Waring programs. They might go on all summer.

* * *

RADIO has its embarrassing moments, just like any other business. One of them cropped up recently when **Ed Wynn's** Plymouth program was being assembled. The sponsors listened to Ted Husing audition for the job of straight man for Ed, and liked him—liked him so much that they wanted to hire him. **Lennie Hayton's** orchestra was already signed, though—and the former Mrs. Ted Husing is now Mrs. Lennie Hayton. The sponsors learned this, blushed, and withdrew their request.

* * *

RADIO'S Singing Sam is now a step-grandfather, after only a year of marriage. His bride of a year is the former Mrs. Ned Wayburn, wife of the famous dancing instructor and stage director, and her son, Ned Wayburn, Jr., recently became a father.

* * *

MAY SINGHI BREEN loves to use the telephone—in fact, she's one of the telephone company's very best cus-

tomers. She knows thousands of people and will call any of them up at the drop of a hint, unmindful of how far away they are. She recently picked up the receiver and telephoned her daughter, who lives in Honolulu.

* * *

ALDO RICCI certainly picked out members of his band to fit the name of his orchestra, "Toppers." Here are some of the heights of his gang: bass, 6 ft. 6½ in.; drummer, 6 ft. 5½ in.; trombone, 6 ft. 5½ in.; pianist, 6 ft. 4½ in.; guitar, 6 ft. 4 in.; second guitar, 6 ft. 3 in.; and down the line to 6 ft. 1 in. Ricci, himself, is 5 ft. 3½in.

* * *

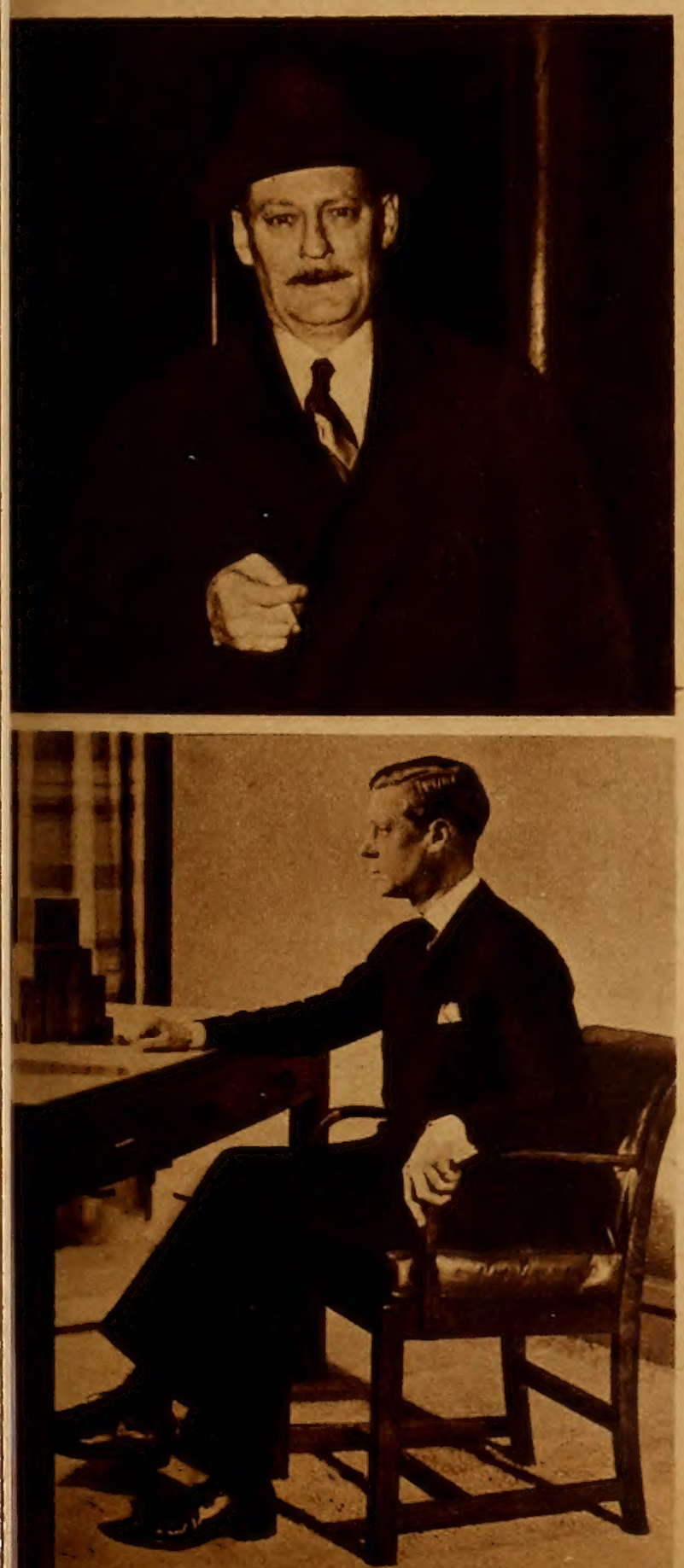
JIMMY FIDLER, Hollywood's rapid fire commentator, is now in his third marriage. The present Mrs. Fidler was Miss Roberta Law, a former New York artist's model, who gave up her career as a stock actress to marry Jimmy. Virginia Rist, non-professional, was his first wife, and Dorothy Lee, screen actress, his second.

* * *

WHILE Kate Smith with her hour all-star show on Columbia is the first woman on the air to head her own hour broadcast, it is no novelty to her, as last year she presented a "Matinee Hour" series of afternoon programs which proved so successful that it was transferred to an evening time, opposite the Rudy Vallee Show.

(*Continued on page* 8)

Lionel Barrymore is master of ceremonies for the Swift hour; below, King Edward VIII at the mike.





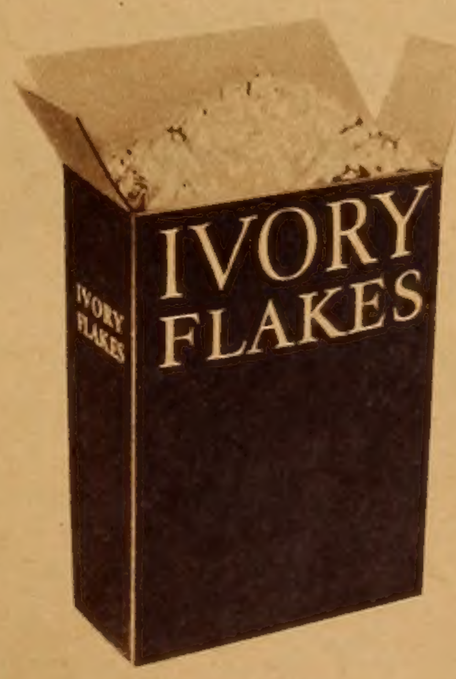
DOWN goes your clothes upkeep!...

when you buy "Ivory-washables"



Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful . . . fresh . . . appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so *easy* to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics *tested by 6 Ivory washings.* So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright . . . crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!



99 44/100% pure

NO

PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera.

We'd like to print micro-photographs, too, of the tissues of the alimentary tract. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know that you've even taken a laxative. And that's as it should be.... You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! You will have no stomach pains. You won't be nauseated. You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste.

In the morning your constipation will be completely relieved. You'll feel fine!

30 YEARS' PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this ... for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time

WHAT'S NEW (Continued)

ARMIDA, whose final and unused moniker is Vandrell, has her own idea of a practical joke. An interviewer is presented with a wrapped book and the spritely statement, "here, take this scrapbook along. It will give you all you need." Upon opening the package the interviewer is faced with a book in Armida's native language. Cute?

* * *

JACK BERGER'S wife, Helen, is his partner in the band, and its business manager. The same relation exists between Little Jack Little and his wife, Tea Little... **Ted Jewett,** former night supervisor of NBC announcers, is a member of the March of Time cast ... Sigmund Romberg is in Hollywood supervising a new screen operetta ... Lionel Barrymore, like Leslie Howard, has no use for studio audiences. "They are the very bane of a broadcaster's existence," says Barrymore ... There is no danger of a shortage of radio actors. According to Lucille Singleton of Columbia's audition staff, there are 300 would-be thespians always available, and 2000 more on reserve.

* * *

AFTER eight years as exclusive NBC artists, the Landt Trio and White have joined the Pick and Pat show on CBS. Incidentally, Jack Landt may be married to Marion Bergeron, Miss America of 1934, by the time this gets into print. They make a mighty handsome couple, let me tell you!

* * *

HIS Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the wealthiest man in the world, installed a radio set in each of 20,000 villages, that 15,000,000 subjects might hear his silver jubilee celebration. The ceremonies were projected from four modern radio stations especially constructed for the occasion, four broadcasts going forward simultaneously in four dif-

Benny Fields, former star of vaudeville, makes his radio debut in the Ziegfeld Follies with Fannie Brice.



ferent languages. That's how important they consider the radio in India.

* * *

A RECENT survey reveals that 65,000 schools in the United States are equipped with radios. And it is estimated that a national program such as NBC's Music Appreciation Hour, conducted by Dr. Walter Damrosch, commands an audience of 6,000,000 in the schools alone.

* * *

BENNY KREIGER is one of the two musicians, both sax players, still admired by Rudy Vallee, who also toots a saxophone. Recently, Benny Kreiger organized his own band and sold it to a sponsor. Benny now leads his orchestra on the Pick and Pat program heard on CBS. For his initial broadcast on this spot, Rudy appeared as guest artist to send Benny off to a fine start. However, Kreiger still plays a sax in Rudy's band on the Fleischmann Hour at NBC each Thursday eve.

* * *

RUDY'S new mag sponsorship will be to correct his "mis-statements" in the press and offer the "real" story. He is weary, it appears, of letting columnists have the last word. Speaking of being weary, the $75,000 home he gave Fay Webb as a wedding present sold for $20,000 cash . . . **Barbara Blair** on the Ford air menu, is betrothed to Paul Garrett, the executive vice president of General Motors.

* * *

TWENTY thousand miles of telephone wires link together NBC stations in the United States and Canada. They are not ordinary telephone strands, however, being thicker and heavier . . . The National Broadcasting Company, divided into two networks, the Red and the Blue, consists of eighty-nine stations in seventy key cities. The Columbia Broadcasting System has ninety-eight stations in ninety-six cities. (*Continued on page* 100)

Rosa Ponselle's singing for Chesterfield Wednesday nights on CBS while Lilly Pons vacations abroad.



"For a smooth, soft skin—

Give me Camay"



GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Like most women, I've tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin —give me Camay.

Sincerely,

(*Signed*) Viano Tobey

(*Mrs. George E. Tobey*)

December 7, 1935

NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair . . . smiling hazel eyes—and her skin . . . well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for *you*, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently . . . that's because it is made *milder, far milder!*

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

COAST TO COAST HIGHLIGHTS

CHICAGO AND THE PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTE THEIR SHARE OF NEWS TO THE SHIFTING PATTERN OF THE RADIO WORLD

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

WHILE they were in Chicago both Frank Buck, the "bring-'em-back-alive" man, and Joe Cook, the comedian, spoke of future radio hopes and plans. Frank would like to broadcast from his zoo, the largest privately owned one in the world, and Joe would like to get a sponsor for what he calls "Joe Cook's Patent Office." Joe's idea is to unearth the gadgets people have invented or have thought of inventing . . . This phrase is included in the test embryo NBC announcers must pass: "The seething seas ceaseth and as the seething seas subsideth many men must munch much mush." I was surprised at a private party recently to discover how many of our better known Chicago announcers had trouble saying it! . . . Columbia's Vivian Della Chiesa, a swell singer with a bright future, received mail addressed to Vivian Delekiyazer and Vivian Delicatiazo recently . . . Benny Goodman, hot and swingy dance maestro who is fast becoming a Chicago favorite, once played in a Chicago band at the late Jane Addams' Hull House . . . Ex-gangster Edward (Spike) O'Donnell's daughter was all set to go into a radio show until one Chicago radio editor explained who she really was. That stopped negotiations. And not so long ago the late "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn (who died of lead poisoning recently) had his wife and "blonde alibi," Louise Rolf, auditioned by Chicago radioland. Spike explained that his two daughters had been taking music and dramatic lessons but that frankly he didn't know whether or not they could sing . . . Mail addressed to "Metropolitan Airport" reaches the Chicago Municipal Airport regularly and is forwarded to Bill Cooper who writes the radio show Flying Time in which script he uses that fictitious address . . . The chap you hear on Al Pearce's shows as Al's man Basil is really Basil Loughrane, program director of the Chicago office of the advertising agency, Lord and Thomas . . . Ted Weems has set up a private office to handle his business other than furnishing radio and cafe orchestral music. Among Ted's extra activities just now is a plan to finance and promote a new system of recording programs for radio broadcasts . . . Although Eddie Cavanaugh of the Columbia gossip club hadn't worn a hat for seventeen years this last cold spell forced him to buy one . . . When John Tio, the wonder parrot, broadcast on Climalene Carnival from Chicago, listeners refused to believe (*Continued on page* 63)

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

THOMAS FREEBAIRN-SMITH, KNX staff mikeman, is the modern-day counterpart of the absent minded professor who, when stopped in the middle of the campus, always had to ask whether he was going to classes or from them. He forgot the station's call letters the other day and ran amuck in the booth until somebody wrote the letters "KNX" on a hunk of paper and held it up to the window.

* * *

KYA has emerged from spring housecleaning with a good lineup of forces for the summer radio barrage around the San Francisco region. Cyrus Trobbe comes back from Chicago in time to be its music director and lead the fourteen-piece band. Besides directing, he is a great violinist. His young son and daughter are both musically inclined. Another KYA appointment is that of Lee S. Roberts as program manager. Fans for a long while heard him (*Continued on page* 66)

Below, Ralina Zarova, exotic Russian singer in the NBC San Francisco studios. Right, Julie Dillon, West Coast dramatic actress.

Ireene and Walter Wicker, right, had their first vacation together in Bermuda this spring. Ireene's the Singing Lady on the NBC net.



Romaine







These are the Sachets that make the waves that make you say



"No experimenting on me . . give me a

EUGÈNE"

IF EVER you are tempted by a permanent that is "easier," "quicker," "cheaper," remember that the Eugene method is relied upon by better Beauty Shops all over the world . . . that it has been turning out millions of beautiful permanents for many years. When Eugene perfected the little Sachets that gently steam your hair, they were patented for your protection. They are plainly trade-marked for all to see. They contain a waving solution that cannot be copied. Whether you want an all-over wave, or little croquignole curls, or both, Eugene Sachets perform their work with certainty and sure satisfaction. Be sure they are used for your Eugene Wave. We will send you one free, so you may recognize them.

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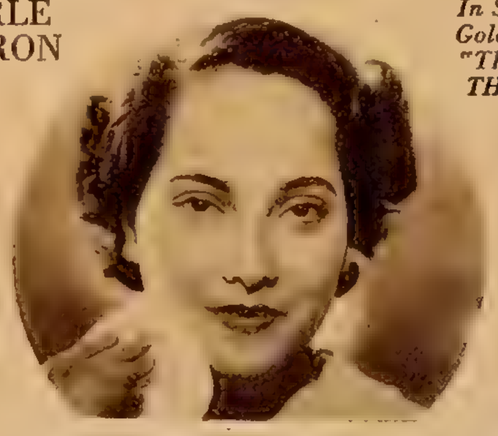
HOW HOLLYWOOD'S
Powder, Rouge, Lipstick

Accent the Beauty
OF BLONDES, BRUNETTES

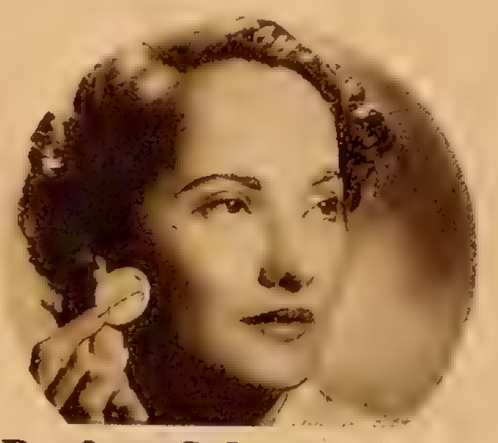
Discover how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor's new make-up, powder, rouge and lipstick, created in color harmony shades for every type.

MERLE OBERON

In Samuel Goldwyn's "THESE THREE"



The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely... Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours, $1.



The Perfect Color of Rouge for Your Type... Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color because Max Factor has created it for your individual type. Creamy-smooth, blends easily, 50c.



Lipstick Shades That Can Make Your Lips Alluring... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will give your lips an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. Keeps your lips smooth, $1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

25-6-2

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



Wide World

THIS IS THE KNOCKERS' AND BOOSTERS' PAGE. SEE YOUR OPINIONS IN PRINT

Burns and Allen have their hands full, what with Sandra, two, and Ronald, six months.

WITH a brickbat thrown at tenors, and a cry for the return of a poular favorite, we start off this month's prize letters. Have you tried your skill? It's lots of fun—and profitable too. The first prize, you know, is $20.00, the second $10.00 and five more at $1.00 each. Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, and mail it not later than May 22.

$20.00 PRIZE

MUST WE HAVE TENORS?

What do I want to say? Plenty about some of the most popular programs spoiling an otherwise good broadcast with tenor solos. Not that they are bad for tenors. Listen to any number of good comedy programs (sometimes three in a row) and they invariably include a few tenor solos. After a lapse of time, they will often change soloists, but it is always another tenor. A good baritone or bass voice like Singing Sam or Joe Parsons would be a welcome change.

HAL HASTINGS, Glenside, Pa.

$10.00 PRIZE

WE WANT GENE ARNOLD

Probably the most sadly missed of the odd bits from broadcasts are the short poems and homely verse in Gene Arnold's sympathetic voice which were once a feature of the Crazy Water program.

To many old people this was the never-to-be-missed program of the day, and when it went off the air there was much head shaking, and comments on how radio "wasn't what it used to be."

I am sure Mr. Arnold would be pleased to know that there are many radio-made friends who would like to welcome him back in a similar type of program. It reaches the heart of the listener

JOHN F. MACDUFFEE, Portland, Me.

$1.00 PRIZE

MORE SONGS FROM IGOR GORIN

One thing that surprises me, and many others you can be sure, is that a superb baritone like Igor Gorin should have only one or two songs to render every week on the Hollywood Hotel program. We all enjoy the refreshing entertainment of Dick Powell and Frances Langford—that's something to relax to; but when Igor Gorin sends his glorious voice over the ether—that's a real treat for the good music lovers. Other great baritones who have their own hours on the air, and whom I need not mention, have been given opportunity to expand. Doubtless Gorin has the personality and voice enough to have his own program. So what say to more songs by this brilliant singer!

SYDNEY DOCK, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE

THE NETWORKS BE PRAISED!

When the Columbia and National Broadcasting Companies denied the regular use of their channels to both political parties until after the conventions this summer, they probably made more friends in their radio audiences than they knew.

In my part of the country, hot winds have caused enough of a drouth without any assistance from the politicians. By the time the conventions are over, perhaps the crops will be far enough along, that it won't matter.

And between that time and November, all fair minded voters will have plenty of opportunity to hear both sides of the questions.

MRS. E. K. WHITESITT,
Chanute, Kansas.

$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT PRICE BANS?

Up until a few weeks ago I thought radio was at its best, but now what happens. *(Continued on page 98)*

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

LIONEL BARRYMORE as an announcer and master of ceremonies seems like a waste of good talent, not to mention good money. Not that he doeesn't make a good m. c., but Sigmund Romberg's music is so swell it shouldn't need the lure of a "big name" to bolster it up. We wouldn't complain if they'd make real use of Lionel's great acting talents—that would be something else again, and something pretty nice.

NBC, Mon., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF THE AIR. Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks is just about the funniest characterization on the air. And Saucer-lip Brice isn't the only attraction. There's the irrepressible Benny Fields, with songs, Jack Arthur and Patti Chapin, and guests from old Follies casts, or in some cases, impersonations as tributes to their memory and talent. Al Goodman plays not only current songs but old Follies hits which he introduced himself as leader of the Ziegfeld orchestra. Rhymed announcements of the numbers by three girls in unison give the desired hint of a chorus, which is enhanced by four other girls tap-dancing on a portable floor. The only jarring note in this breezy hour is a hammy attempt at a backstage plot which doesn't quite come off, but ought to—by the hook if necessary.

CBS, Sat., 8:00 P. M., 60 min.

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD. People have more fun than anybody, if they listen to this peachy show. Who else would think of burlesquing both the other network programs on the air at the moment to save the listeners the trouble of twisting the dials? Who else would mention, in introducing Gogo De Lys, "When you gotta—you gotta!" or sign off their period with "Watch the sponsors go by!" When you've laughed yourself weak, Leith Stevens provides musical resuscitation.

CBS, Sat., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING is now heard nationally and, with the oncoming political campaign, threatens to achieve the popularity of an amateur hour. It has all the entertainment value of one, and is (painlessly, except for the speakers who are put on the spot) educational and informative as well. The highest authorities debate on controversial subjects for half an hour, then for another half hour the Town Hall audience heckles the speakers with pointed questions, and they'd better know all the answers or the boos and hisses reverberate over the nation. The speeches are prepared, but the questions absolutely are not censored or even seen by anyone before they are picked up from the audience by a parabolic microphone. A stupendous innovation for radio.

NBC, Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 60 min.

RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED. A serial from the stories by Laurie York Erskine in a boys' magazine, about a Canadian Mountie. For some reason, a cop on a horse is always more romantic than one on a motorcycle. And the American public seems to like policemen better the farther they are away. Have you ever noticed that a guardian of the law is a custard pie comedian in the United States, a hero in Canada, and a

(*Continued on page 87*)

MEN! WOMEN! MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Wear the Unique Sensational **PORTRAIT RING**



Everybody Wants It!

JUST SHOW SAMPLE RING
AND MAKE DOLLARS BY
THE HANDFUL!

PROVE IT AT MY RISK!

This is the money-making chance you've looked for and longed for! A NEW IDEA—unique, thrilling, fascinating—that literally charms dollars into your pocket like magic! *EVERYONE WANTS THE PORTRAIT RING!* You simply wear and show your sample ring and take in BIG CASH PROFITS so easily, you'll hardly believe your eyes. And no wonder! Imagine—a beautiful, polished, onyx-like ring on which is reproduced *in lifelike natural colors* the actual portrait of some loved one. Every man, woman and child in your town wants one. Hundreds of men and women, many who never took an order for anything in their lives before, are reaping a harvest of dollar bills. Now YOU can get money—plenty of money—easily and quickly! Spare time or full time. No investment in stock. No sample case to carry. Just wear sample Ring and pocket the dollars!

Any Photo, Snapshot Or Picture Made Into **BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT RING**

Picture Reproduced in Lifelike Colors

AMAZING SECRET DISCOVERY MAKES PRICELESS LIFETIME KEEPSAKE OF ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

PORTRAIT RING is the most sensational selling idea in years. By a special scientific discovery, any photo, picture or snapshot of any size is permanently, clearly and faithfully reproduced in actual, natural, lifelike colors, on a beautiful ring. Portrait becomes part of ring itself—cannot rub off, fade off, wash off or wear off. Ring does not tarnish, is practically unbreakable and will last a lifetime. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts eagerly seize this chance to own a ring with the most precious setting in the world—an actual portrait of someone near and dear. PORTRAIT RING becomes a priceless remembrance, a keepsake to be guarded and treasured for life.

A TREASURED REMEMBRANCE



MOTHER

Mother love is as old as the ages. You can pay no finer tribute to your mother than by wearing a smart portrait ring with her photo on it.



BABY

Imagine how eager proud father and mother will be to wear a beautiful ring bearing the portrait of their precious child.



HUSBAND

Every wife will be delighted to wear her husband's portrait on a beautifully designed lady's ring

$1 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING!

Never before has there been such a sensational, sure-fire money making opportunity for ambitious men and women. Folks will pay any price to keep love and friendship alive. Customers write they wouldn't take $5.00 or even $10.00 and $15.00 for their Portrait Rings. But the tremendous demand enables you to take orders at only $2.00. And the thrilling news is that YOU COLLECT AND KEEP $1.00 OF THIS AS YOUR PROFIT—in advance. Think of it! You make no collections or deliveries. You get your profit on the spot

SEND NO MONEY

JUST SEND RING SIZE AND PHOTO

SPECIAL OFFER

$3 RING WITH PICTURE IN COLORS —NOW YOURS FOR $1.00

All you need is a sample ring on your finger to bring you orders and dollars wherever you turn! As special offer, we'll send you beautiful Portrait Ring, with picture reproduced in lifelike colors—the ring for which thousands have paid $3.00—for only $1.00! A bargain you may never see again. Only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 CLEAR PROFIT a week. 20 orders a day not impossible. Rush your order for Sample Ring now—send any photo you want reproduced. You take no risk. You must be satisfied, or money is refunded.

YOU CAN EVEN GET YOUR OWN RING FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

Send no money—not even one cent. Don't send $3.00, which is regular price of Ring with picture in colors. Simply rush coupon below with your favorite snapshot or photo and your ring size. Your ring will be made to measure to fit your finger, and shipped C. O. D. for $1.00 plus few cents postage. Photo will be returned unharmed with ring. Your satisfaction GUARANTEED. You can return Ring, and we'll refund your money. Order blanks and money making plans included FREE—also amazingly liberal plan to give you your sample ring FREE of extra charge. Hurry—be the first in your town. Send no money. But rush this coupon to us NOW!

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Twelfth & Jackson, Cincinnati, O.

RING SIZE ➤

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring in lifelike colors (regular $3.00 value), and complete money-making plans and FREE SAMPLE RING OFFER. I will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage on delivery. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(By enclosing $1.00 with coupon you save postage)

YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size.



HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.





Walter Seigal

Have you had trouble in getting your family to like bran? Just try my recipes for bran raisin pudding and raised bran rolls! Send your query with a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York.

Walter Woolf King, the singing host of the Flying Red Horse Tavern and star of Broadway's "May Wine," gives some advice.

MEALS FOR ENERGY

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

JUST what do those three words, "meals for energy," at the top of this page mean to you? Do they make you think of "farm hand" meals —meat and gravy and potatoes, topped off with pie? Maybe they do, but one of the hardest working men I know will tell you you're all wrong.

He is Walter Woolf King, whom you hear as the host of the Flying Red Horse Tavern on Friday evenings. If you live in or near New York you have also heard him this season as the star of the musical comedy hit, "May Wine," a combination of performances and rehearsals to tax the energy of anyone.

I talked with Mr. King last Friday during rehearsal for the Flying Red Horse Tavern program, a wild confusion if ever I saw one. In one corner of the stage the chorus went through the yodeling song; in another the clarinets were going over a difficult phrase; Walter dashed from rehearsal with the chorus to a relatively quiet spot in the center of the stage to run through one of his solos for the evening.

"We've been at it since ten this morning," he told me, "and we'll be here until five-thirty or so. I'll have just time enough to get home and eat a light supper, then be back here by a quarter to eight. There's so little time between this show and the 'May Wine' curtain that I have to get made up for that before going on the air here."

"What about lunch?" I asked.

"Oh, one of the boys will bring me some corn flakes and milk. That's the best lunch I know of when you're working under pressure. You should see me in California when I'm working on a movie. The place we've had there has a number of fruit trees—apricots, figs, plums—and the whole family, my wife, the two children and myself, go in for fruit and crisp cereals. We'd never been able to get the kids to eat cooked cereals, but they'd rather have puffed rice with figs and rich milk than candy."

You may not be fortunate enough to have fig and apricot trees in your back yard, but with strawberries, blackberries and all the other fruits coming into season there are endless combinations of cereals and fruits to enliven your breakfast or luncheon table, or for dessert. Here's a strawberry shortcake

DID YOU KNOW THAT FOOD PLAYS A VITAL PART IN A RADIO STAR'S SUCCESS?

for instance, suggested by Mr. King.

"Strawberry shortcake is one of my favorite desserts," he said, "but I find that shredded wheat, crisped in the oven, buttered and covered with crushed strawberries, makes just as good a shortcake as the usual biscuit or cake and doesn't leave me with that stuffed feeling which all singers dread.

"There's another reason I'm in favor of light meals," he went on, "and that's the prosaic one of weight. A few added pounds don't make much difference to the average individual, but in radio, stage or movie work, where you have to face an audience or a camera, they're serious, so I substitute uncooked cereals for starchy foods at many meals.

"During the years when I trouped on a Chautauqua circuit and in musical comedy, whenever we were in one place long enough I'd take a place with a kitchenette, and I developed into quite a cook. Even today if I'm left alone in the kitchen the family is likely to have baked steak for dinner, but instead of potatoes I serve green peppers with grape nut stuffing."

A swell combination it is, too, as you will agree once you have tried it. For the baked steak, use either sirloin or round steak.

"The steak should be at least two inches thick," Mr. King explained, "otherwise it will be overcooked by the time the vegetables cooked with it are done. Place the steak in a fairly flat pan—the broiler pan will do very well—and cover with fresh tomatoes, onions and mushrooms, sliced or diced as you prefer, with salt and pepper to taste and a few drops of lemon juice. Cook in a fast oven, basting occasionally with the juice of the meat and vegetables."

And here is the recipe for peppers stuffed with grape nuts. Cook ¼ cup finely diced bacon until brown and crisp and drain thoroughly. In the bacon fat fry two tablespoons each finely minced onion and green pepper. To this mixture add one cup grape nuts, one half cup tomato pulp, either canned or fresh, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg, slightly beaten, and use as stuffing for green peppers (this quantity is sufficient to stuff two medium size peppers which may be cut in half or served whole). Cook in a shallow pan in the oven, with a little water in the bottom of the pan to prevent burning, or if there is sufficient room in the steak pan, they may be cooked with it.

There are countless other ways in which uncooked cereals may be used which I shall be glad to tell you about if you will write to me—delicious meat loaf and rarebit, for instance, made with crisp cereal, and a brand new cereal muffin which can be used in place of patty shells. Just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!

Reduce ... your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

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You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

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KEEPS BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

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facing the music

THERE'S a brand new 1936 Model orchestra leader conducting these days in case you haven't noticed. Just a few years ago maestros leading their bands looked as if they had the jitters. But that's all past. It's very refined now. For instance—

When Ray Noble came from England to go into the swanky Rainbow Room atop Radio City in New York, there was considerable eye brow lifting and doubt as to whether this reserved Englishman would suit the American temperament. But he did. In the short time that he has been here, he has won his way to the top rank. And now reserve and modesty among leaders seem to be at a premium. Just run over the list. Orville Knapp is the soul of suavity, and to name more, there's Bob Crosby, Russ Morgan, Ruby Newman, Leon Belasco, Red Norvo, who has that swell and subtle swing sextet, Don Bestor, Emil Coleman, Xavier Cugat, Bernie Cummings, Jack Denny, Ted Fio Rito, Benny Goodman, Glen Gray and, of course, Guy Lombardo. There is nothing flashy about any of these leaders. They are all cultivated and refined and disarmingly reserved. Don Bestor looks more like a college professor than a band leader. Glen Gray is one of the best looking of the bunch, yet he's so shy he sits in the band and has someone else lead.

On the other hand, Richard Himber is one of the most eccentric leaders. He's always pulling a rib or acting like a kid out of school. For several hours every week Himber invites all the song pluggers to his office, then calls up the boss of a plugger who is sitting right in front of him and tells the boss that his representative is not there. He's full of tricks like that.

Speaking of song pluggers, here's Jack Denny's favorite joke. The plugger gives Jack an orchestration of a new number and Denny says he will play it. This takes place in the hotel where Denny is playing with his band. The plugger takes a seat at a table with his guests. Comes time for the number and the plugger is all agog. Then while everyone watches, Denny takes up the number, looks it over with an air of infinite disgust, deliberately tears it up, and throws it on the floor. The plugger is mortified to tears, but strangely Denny swings into the very same number. He has merely torn up a dummy.

Most of the band leaders in New York spots sang the blues during the strike of the elevator operators, which, to make matters worse, occurred during Lent. Attendance at the dine and dance places fell off about one-fifth. Many of the hotels were picketed and the customers did not venture out from their penthouse apartments owing to the uncertainties of getting back if they once got down. If it's not one thing, it's another.

The leaders also have to pay more for their arrangements now and that's another headache. Arrangements, as you

Above, a new study of the popular Ray Noble orchestra now on tour that shows you the seating arrangement for a broadcast. Below, the genial Don Bestor, recently playing in Montreal, with wife and daughter.



TIME FOR MOONLIGHT AND DANCING FEET— AND ALL THE LATEST GOSSIP ABOUT BANDS

probably know, are the way conductors style their pieces. This one item can easily cost a leader $500 a week. The arrangers for many of the bands play in the bands. Formerly these arranger-players got the same salary as the other tooters. Now the arranger-players who used to get $100 a week, receive just double, or $200. It's nice for the boys who do the scoring but it makes the music you hear much more expensive.

And then they're trying to work out a new copyright bill down in Washington called the Duffy Bill and the music men are all against it. At the hearings Rudy Vallee testified that if the bill went into effect song writers might as well give up, pack up, and go over the hill to the poor house. It would mean, Rudy said, that anyone could steal your song without paying you a minimum of $250 as in the old bill. In other words, you as writer of a song would have very little protection from those who would want to appropriate your property, and there would be plenty such. But the music business is like that.

IF you ever drop in on Dick Himber, suggest some card tricks and he will keep you entertained for hours. He's really better (*Continued on page* 82)

Below, one of those pretty much responsible for the popularity of swing music, Benny Goodman, with young Helen Ward, his orchestra's soloist.





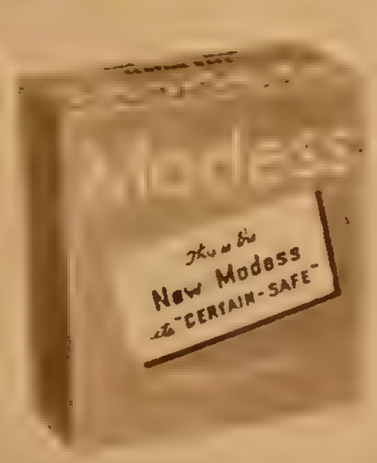
It's a fear that every woman dreads – that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!



Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and complete protection is yours!



End "accident panic"— ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) *At your drug or department store*

WILL RADIO BRING THE *Frank Fays* TOGETHER AGAIN?



Warner Brothers

HIS NEW SUCCESS ON THE AIR

MAY MEAN MORE THAN FAME TO

BARBARA STANWYCK'S HUSBAND



By JUDY ASHLEY

TO most of us the radio is a toy, no more than a means of securing entertainment and relaxation. To some, those who work in the studios and offices of the broadcasting companies, it is a career and a livelihood. To a few it is a hobby.

To Frank Fay it is the weapon with which he can fight to regain what is a man's most precious possession—his self confidence. The self confidence Frank Fay once had in—some said—too generous a measure, and of which he was robbed in Hollywood.

Listen to him, on Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour, as he rattles on in that hare-brained way of his about his equally hare-brained relatives, or about his "Haters Amalgamated, Inc." or the inconsistencies of some popular song. He doesn't sound like a man who is fighting, fighting with every ounce of will-power and energy at his command, nor does he look like one either—his derby hat tilted on the back of his head, smiling his absent-minded smile, rubbing one blue eye as he lets the hand holding his script fall to his side and proceeds to improvise comic lines until Rudy and the boys don't know where the next cue is coming from.

But he is. He is fighting.

In order to understand what radio means to Frank Fay, you have first of all to go back to the days when he belonged to that select fraternity of stars whose names on the marquee of Broadway's Palace Theater meant a week of packed houses. The days when vaudeville was more than a poor relation of the movies, and when to play the Palace was the peak of every vaudevillian's ambition. It's dangerous, of course, and taking in a good deal of territory, to say that Frank was vaudeville's favorite comedian, but certainly he was the favorite comedian of a good husky chunk of vaudeville fans.

Broadway loved Frank, and he loved Broadway; and as

is the way of confirmed Broadwayites, I think he may have come to believe that that narrow, roaring canyon of concrete and steel and electricity represented all there was in the United States.

That's the way Frank was living in 1928, when he met Barbara Stanwyck, fell in love with her, and married her. She had come, through night clubs and chorus work, to an immense personal success in the stage production of "Burlesque." She was regarded as a promising actress; more than promising, given the proper plays and direction. But Frank was nothing so dubious as promising; he was an institution.

He was the leader in their relationship, as he was (in those days) in every relationship of his life. He guided Barbara, advised her from the vantage point of his success and long knowledge of Broadway. Loving him as she did, and realizing his superior wisdom in everything connected with show business as they both knew it, she was content to be led.

Then the talkies came along, and Hollywood began to clamor for actors and actresses with stage experience, vaudeville experience, musical experience—any kind of experience that would enable them to stand up in front of a microphone without going weak in the knees and dry in the throat. Frank and Barbara went to Hollywood, and while some people thought Barbara might be a success, everyone took Frank's success for granted.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Hollywood denied Frank the success it gave his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. Below, a snapshot taken before their recent separation. Frank's heard on the Fleischmann Variety Hour—page 53.



Pond's—First to Give You "GLARE-PROOF" Powder

NEW SUNLIGHT SHADES

Flatter You in Glaring Light



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

NOW Pond's softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin . . . flatters you—with new "Sunlight" powder shades. "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Glass jars,* **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

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MAJOR BOWES

ON a great carved desk in a sumptuous apartment high over Broadway in New York City there stands a small framed photograph of a little boy about five years old. The desk and the apartment are those of Major Edward Bowes, King of the Airwaves, and the photograph is that of Freddie (Little King) Bartholomew. It is inscribed, in a wavering, childish hand: "For my dear friend Major Bowes from me when I was five. Sincerely Freddie Bartholomew."

On the opposite side of the continent, on the wall of a small boy's den in Beverly Hills, California, there hangs another framed picture of a little boy—a little old-fashioned boy in clothes such as youngsters wore a half-century ago.

Flanked with a gorgeous blue and white Yale pennant on one side, and a couple of fancy lariats ("real, not make believe ones," Freddie informs you) this portrait is inscribed: "To Freddie, whom I'm proud to know, from one who was also once a little boy. Edward Bowes."

Behind those two photographs lies the story of one of radio's most unusual friendships, one which began more than a year ago and which flourishes across the three thousand miles which have separated the two friends most of the time since first they met, and despite the fifty years or so disparity in their ages.

If you listen to Major Bowes' Capitol Family on Sunday morning you may have heard, recently, the Major say something which didn't seem to make sense. It was—apropos of nothing in particular, apparently—"All's well, Freddie, all's well!"

Well, they were addressed to a small boy in California who always gets up in time on Sunday mornings (eleven-thirty in New York is only eight-thirty out there) to listen to the Capitol Family while he has his breakfast.

It was Freddie who thought up that way for Major to "telephone" him, now and then. When he and his Aunt Myllicent Bartholomew said goodbye to Major Bowes before returning to Hollywood early in 1935, he suggested: "Any time, Major, you'd like to say good morning to Cissie and me on Sundays, just say, 'All's well, Freddie,' and we'll know what you mean!"

Three times the Major has been moved thus to say good morning, to Freddie's satisfaction. Each time the child, not having a radio station at his command, has wired the return message: "Thank you, Major. All's well with us, too."

On Sunday afternoons it's only five o'clock in Beverly Hills when the Major goes on the air with his Amateur Hour. Sometimes, Freddie and his aunt are far up the mountain trails on horseback, but if the day isn't fine and they are riding instead in the car, the dial of the radio is always turned to bring the voice of the Major clear across the United States.

It's another miracle in a world that still seems largely miraculous to Freddie.

It began, this friendship, when Freddie came East in December, 1934, to make personal appearances on the vast stage of the Capitol Theater in New York where "David Copperfield" was first shown.

Major Bowes caught one of these impromptu talks and went backstage afterward to meet the boy who seemed so different from the type of child actor to which the veteran showman was accustomed. He invited Freddie and his aunt to breakfast with him in his apartment on the following Sunday morning.

The day arrived and Freddie and Cissie with it. Over hot cakes and fried ham and scrambled eggs—Freddie's introduction to the Southern breakfasts for which he instantly developed a passion—the two Bartholomews and the Major and Miss Bessie Mack (Edward Bowes' secretary and right hand assistant for seventeen years) became acquainted by leaps and bounds.

After breakfast the visitors inspected the Major's treasured paintings. He is well known for his collection of oils. Freddie, however, was not then and still is not much of a connoisseur of arts other than his own. Pictures were all very well but he was more interested in a wonderful gadget the Major had, a sort of cross between a powerful flashlight and an electric lantern. You plugged it into a socket like an ordinary lamp on a cord, but then you could carry it around like a search light.

That gadget was the Major's first gift to Freddie, who carried it home in triumph and for days afterward entertained all his own visitors by doing an imitation of Diogenes looking for an honest man.

Presently, after breakfast, it was time for the Capitol Family broadcast. Would Freddie say a few words to the radio audience, as the Major's guest? *Would* he! He was terrified, yet delighted at the idea of a new experience. He had crossed an ocean and made a picture, but he had never uttered one word into a radio microphone.

"Just be yourself," the Major counseled. "I'll ask you a question or two,

For Major Bowes' Amateur Hour sponsored by Chase & Sanborn Coffee — page 52.



The inscription on the picture Freddie gave the Major (right) was shaky as to spelling but the sentiment was heartfelt. Opposite page, one of Freddie's most cherished possessions, the picture the Major gave him in return. Above, a recent pose of the two friends during a broadcast.

AMAZING FRIENDSHIP

THE TOUCHING STORY OF HOW FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW WON HIS WAY INTO THE HEART OF A LONELY STAR WITH NO SONS OF HIS OWN





BY JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR

about 'David Copperfield' probably, and you answer me."

Thus did Freddie begin his radio career, a career soon to become professional and to reach, little more than a year later, the heights of the leading role in "Peter Pan," broadcast from New York over Columbia's coast-to-coast network, and a seven-minute appearance on the Rudy Vallee show, and another CBS coast-to-coast Hollywood Hotel broadcast from the motion picture capital in California.

Twice again before the Bartholomews left New York Freddie was heard briefly as the Major's guest—a second time on the Capitol Family program and once on the Amateur Hour. The boy loved the idea of talking over the air. No wonder he conceived the bright idea of receiving radio messages from the Major, once he was back in Hollywood, by the same fascinating medium.

Sometime during the course of that first Sunday visit to the apartment Freddie asked the Major if he had ever had any children of his own. The Major regretfully answered that he hadn't and further explained that his actress wife, Margaret Illington, had died nearly a year before.

That conversation led to an incident which I should not credit, I fear, had not Miss Bartholomew told me of it with her own lips, and if it were (*Continued on page* 85)

WHY KATE SMITH IS

BY JOHN EDWARDS

WHY hasn't Kate Smith married?

Young, wealthy, full of the joy of life, why is she single at twenty-six? I'll tell you why.

I'm not going to tell you all this hooey about her career taking up all her energy, how she is devoted to Art and has no time for herself. And I'm not going to tell you that she feels she wasn't meant for marriage, or any of that nonsense.

The real reason Kate Smith hasn't married is because she has made so much money in radio.

I can hear you laughing. Money preventing anyone from getting married, from being happy? Why, if you had Kate's million dollars, you'd be blissful, you'd fulfill your heart's desires. You'd get gorgeous clothes, travel with the 400, meet kings and princes, get any man you wanted.

You could forget the humdrum existence you lead today, the futility of pounding a typewriter for $18 a week, or worrying whether or not you can afford a new summer outfit. You'd forget the never-ending chain of meals to be prepared, the petty ordinary tasks with which your life seems hopelessly bound.

If only you had Kate's million.

Yet, I tell you frankly, that I think Kate Smith, when she comes to a full realization of how that million is dwarfing her life, would gladly dump her fame and fortune into the ocean.

But before I explain how Kate's wealth has proved a boomerang, let me correct a few erroneous myths that have arisen about her.

I know there are a lot of you who think Kate Smith is an uncloistered nun, that she never goes out with a man. This is as ridiculous as it is untrue. Why, the very day I saw her she had an appointment to attend a basketball game with a young man.

This myth has arisen because Kate is reserved, except to her most intimate friends. She'd no more dream of advertising her private affairs than she would of doing something mean and insincere. You can take my word for it that she has loads of men friends, important men, too.

Ask Bill Tilden, the tennis champ, what he thinks of Kate. Bill, you know, came back stage about six years ago when she was appearing at the Palace Theater, and introduced himself. He had always admired Kate Smith, both as a woman and a crack sportswoman, and he didn't see any reason for not telling her so.

Every chance he gets he drops in to see her. When he was scheduled to play in a tournament in Kansas City, and he heard Kate was in town, he dropped everything to rush over to the theater and say "Hello." He invited her to attend his match, and reserved a box for her. Was he proud when Kate applauded his playing!

Like two school kids on a holiday, Bill and Kate kid around. They've fixed matters up: the next time he strikes New York, he and Katie are going to have a friendly





Below, Kate and her manager and friend, Ted Collins; right, bobsledding with Ted and his family.

AFRAID of LOVE

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—THE REASON A GRAND SPORT AND A MILLIONAIRESS SAYS NO TO MARRIAGE





Above, Kate keeps regular office hours; left, with the basketball team which she recently bought for profit.

For Kate Smith's Coffee Time, sponsored by the Great A & P Tea Co., see page 52.

tennis match, forgetting all about his being a champion.

Then, too, I know there are thousands of you who honestly believe Kate Smith is not the type to attract men. There, again, you're all wrong.

If Dame Nature made any girl more of a man's woman, I've yet to meet her. Kate Smith is the man's delight: an outdoor girl who needs no handicaps in any sport. Eager, full of enthusiasm. A gal who never turns whiney and weak on a man.

How many of you girls would be willing to go up in a plane and learn to fly it, after you had endured the experience of a forced landing? Not many, I warrant. But Kate was.

Awhile ago Kate Smith and Swanee Taylor, the famous aviator, became great friends. So devoted was Swanee to Kate that he offered to take time off and teach her to pilot his single motored plane.

Kate was thrilled. She's the kind who'll take a whack at anything new. To Roosevelt Field they went.

But alas, just as Swanee began to give Kate pointers on plane piloting, he noticed that one of the cylinders had cut out. Kate wasn't scared a bit, but he was afraid to take a chance flying under diminished power, and made a forced landing.

If it hadn't been for Ted Collins, Kate's manager, who insisted that Kate stay on terra firma, that she take no more chances, she'd have gone right up again. To this day she and Swanee feel terrible about it.

In spite of Kate's modern veneeer, she has a very deep domestic streak in her make up. She does all her own cooking, and the cakes she bakes just make your mouth water. If you've ever tasted one of her juicy steaks, smothered in onions, you'll forget all about Mother's cooking. What man has been born who can resist the appeal of a good cook?

You're fortunate, indeed if you get an invitation to Miss Katie Smith's apartment, for you're in for an evening of good old-fashioned hospitality. You sink into one of the comfortable green and rose chairs . . . it's peaceful and friendly. There is no strain, no feeling, "This is company, I must be formal."

Like as not, Kate will greet you in a Mother Hubbard, and act as if she were the girl next door. You'll forget entirely you're in the presence of a radio big shot.

If it's bridge you want to play, Kate will play bridge. If it's Russian bank or poker you're aching for, Kate will take a hand. If you don't look out, she'll beat you at all of 'em.

If you just want to sit and talk, you'll find Kate Smith a swell listener. And a good laugher, too. None of this "Look Who I Am, You'd Better Breathe (*Continued on page* 60)



It's Big Brother Bing now that he has his very special audience every Thursday night. Read about the help he's giving to a lot of homeless boys stranded and broke in Los Angeles.

BY DOROTHY ANN BLANK

BING CROSBY'S SECRET

YOU'LL LAUGH AND CRY A LITTLE TOO WHEN YOU READ THIS SWELL STORY OF WHAT BING IS DOING

MILLIONS of people hear Bing Crosby on the radio Many millions more see him on the screen. The world is his audience. Everyone likes him.

But somewhere in this country are a hundred or so boys who will go farther than that. Because they know a special side of Bing Crosby that few are privileged to see. And these boys love him like a brother

Perhaps one of these kids is from your own home town. Maybe he's a young cousin of yours. But you can depend on one thing, if you know him well enough to ask him: *that boy idolizes Bing Crosby*

Not just because he likes the way Bing sings, or because Bing is famous, and rich—or even because he is a great sportsman. But because when the whole world seemed to have forgotten, a swell guy named Bing Crosby did something big for him, something he can *never* forget.

No, it wasn't money. Money couldn't buy what Bing gave those young men. *You* just try to buy the same thing some time

But the right way to start a story is at the beginning, so let's go back to the time when they were planning the first broadcast of the Kraft Music Hall. Bing, as star and master of ceremonies, naturally had much to do with the structure of the program.

Some one brought up the question of a studio audience. The suggestion didn't go over very big with Bing.

"A radio program is for *radio listeners,*" he said firmly. "Sure, we could have a few hundred people in the studio . . . but on the air—" he looked a little embarrassed. "Well, I only know what I read in the papers, but they tell me I have millions of listeners out there. And *that's* the audience I want to play to, not a few people sitting before me."

Thus it was that the Kraft Music Hall, an hour-long program and one of radio's most important variety shows, was for weeks the only show of its magnitude to play to an empty studio.

You couldn't have secured a ticket to see Bing Crosby

at the mike for love or money. It wouldn't even have done you any good to tear the top off your garage and send it to the sponsors.

So, there were no autograph hounds to catch Rupert Hughes or Leopold Stokowski or other famous celebrities as they left after being ether-interviewed by Bing. He introduced his distinguished guest stars with a wave of the hand toward empty seats, his contagious grin sweeping the tenantless studio. There were no ripples of applause. Bing was *not* fooling. The Music Hall was a select, almost secretive performance.

As we've said, you couldn't get in. And you couldn't now. But something finally broke Bing down.

AS you sit comfortably at home, slippers on, listening to your favorite programs, do you ever stop to think what radio means to lonely people—boys, for instance, who are away from home?

Bing Crosby thought of that, not long ago. And that's why, these Thursday nights, there is a small audience at his program. It is a sad little audience, in a way—but very, very appreciative. You see, it is composed entirely of boys: lonely boys, away from home. Some of them don't even have any homes.

In beautiful Griffith Park, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, there is a camp which is maintained by the city. For want of a better name —which it hasn't—let's call it a Home for Transient Youth. Here the city gathers youngsters who have "come West, young man" from all over the country—and have run into snags. Some are runaways, others driven by ambition to greener fields. A few are probably bad boys.

Perhaps it is the great picture industry which attracts them, or they may think there is still "gold in them thar hills." Perhaps they merely seek adventure. Whatever the reason for their being there, these road boys must be taken care of.

So the City of Angels regiments and houses them in Griffith Park, gets jobs for some of them, sends them home whenever possible. They are given food, shoes, overalls to wear, a place to sleep.

But the city can do little about the loneliness, the isolation of these boys. They have little or no recreation; there is no money for the normal amusements of youth. They have only radio. Radio has meant a lot to them.

When the new Hollywood NBC Studios opened, some of them wrote expressing their wish to see the building. A couple specified that they would like to witness Bing Crosby's broadcast.

Bing heard about these letters. He inquired about the camp, drove past one day and (*Continued on page* 89)



CHARITY



For the Kraft Music Hall with Bing Crosby, see page fifty-three.

Some of the boys Bing's "adopted" arrive by truck for a broadcast. Above, with his wife, Dixie Lee, and their sons.



HARRIET HILLIARD SAYS *It isn't Romance*

NOT THE WAY OZZIE PROPOSED, OR THE WAY THEY GOT MARRIED, BUT IT'S LOVE JUST THE SAME



R-K-O

Right, Harriet in a scene from "Follow the Fleet," her first picture, with Ginger Rogers. For Ozzie and Harriet's air show, the Bakers Broadcast, see page 52.

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

THE first time I set eyes on Harriet Hilliard was around a year ago. I had come to do a story about what she thought of Ozzie Nelson. And it didn't take me long to realize—quick-as-a-flash Hoyt, they call me—that she thought quite a lot.

But she was having a little trouble telling me about it. She'd say things like, "Ozzie has been the same as a big brother to me," with a look in the eye that no gal should have for a big brother. And then she would go on with, "In spite of the fact that he is my business manager as well as my boss, he's never seemed like a boss." The way she said it you could believe every word.

Suddenly she gave me one of those long, direct Hilliard looks. "Listen," she said earnestly, "I can't kid about this thing any longer. You see, Ozzie and I are crazy about each other—well, anyhow, I'm crazy about Ozzie. And we've been that way for a long time. But it's a sort of secret. We think maybe people wouldn't think we were romantic or something if they knew what a closed corporation ours is. So we don't want it told."

Well, I wrote a nice little story all about what Harriet thought of Ozzie with never a hint of romance. The only thing that might have struck the reader as odd was that any girl could know so very much about her boss.

I saw Mrs. Ozzie Nelson again just the other day and looking pretty doggone radiant she was, too, in a pair of shiny satin lounging pajamas and a little girl's ribbon around her hair.

"Want to know what I think of Ozzie *now?*" she asked, laughing.

"Certainly," I said. "Break down and tell me all about the romance."

"Romance! Romance!" And she made a noise in her throat that sounded like "faugh" or "bosh" or something like that. "If you think there was romance just wait 'til you hear how he proposed."

I waited.

"It was last summer. We'd been playing one night stands. We were all so dead tired we couldn't hold our heads up. Ozzie and I were in one car alone. Suddenly Ozzie said, 'I think I have enough money now. How about us getting married?'

"I said 'Well, how about it?' And quick, before he could change his mind, I called out to the driver, 'Mr. Nelson and I are going to get (*Continued on page* 91)

Lucy Monroe

Lucy would win any contest as the networks' busiest singer. She stars three times a week, first on The Hammerstein Music Hall, then Lavender and Old Lace, and last, The Album of Familiar Music.

Ben Pinchot



Dick

This arresting portrait of Hollywood Hotel's star and master of ceremonies shows him in costume for "Hearts Divided," his newest film for Warners. In it he is co-starred with Marion Davies for the first time—and it's his first picture with an historical setting.

Warner Brothers

Ethel Shutta

The spotlight of a sponsored radio program once more falls on the glamorous Mrs. George Olsen and her band-leading husband. With assorted guest stars, they're making Dr. West's Celebrity Night, 10:30 Saturdays over the NBC red network, a new thrill for all tuner-inners.

Bloom

Powell



Ben Pinchot

LIVING IN A TINY ONE-ROOM APARTMENT TAUGHT MARGARET SPEAKS

For Voice of Firestone, with Margaret Speaks, turn to page 52.



The room's dreariness faded . . . she saw it as it was to become when her work was done. It was her apartment and it had been paid for out of her own money.

By
KATHERINE ALBERT

HOW TO BE HAPPY

. . . In A Hall Bedroom

YOU know those stories about the lonely girl who comes to the big city with high hopes of success, only to face stern reality and sob herself to sleep every night in her pitiful hall bedroom.

I might as well tell you at the outset that this isn't that kind of story.

Oh, it's about a hall bedroom, all right. And a girl who lived in one on practically nothing a week. She was forced into practicing the most stern economies—of which I'll tell you in just a minute—yet she recalls these days as the most pleasant, the most exciting of her life.

How she coped with those early years, how she was able to surmount the so-called drab realities of life in a hall bedroom, is an inspirational message to all girls who "make their way in the city."

And if, right this minute, you and you are struggling for existence and success and a place in the sun, this story is for you. It is a thrilling and beautiful lesson.

Margaret Speaks, whose lovely voice comes to you on the Firestone program, came to New York from Columbus, Ohio, determined to realize her ambition to be a great singer. She had sung ever since she could remember. All the Speaks family are musical, but Margaret's uncle, Oley Speaks, was the only one who had made a profession of it. You know him as the composer of such favorites as "Sylvia" and "The Road to Mandalay." The rest sang and played the piano and could—so some wag remarked—have produced a complete Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera without going outside the family for the cast.

There were eleven Speaks children, but Margaret was the only girl grandchild and the youngest grandchild, too, so she was petted and spoiled, as was quite natural.

She had, all the family said, a magnificent voice, and everything should be done for its cultivation. So she took lessons in Columbus and planned her entrance into New York. At first she stayed with her brother and his wife who were already in New York and then, when she got her first job, in the chorus of a Shubert show, she rented the little room she was to love so much.

IT was, actually, a hall bedroom—that curious city phenomenon. It was in Greenwich Village, where most hall bedrooms seem to be. And when Margaret first walked into it, it looked pretty dreary, with (*Continued on page 93*)

A PRICELESS SECRET THAT YOU'LL WANT TO LEARN FOR YOURSELF!



The Mystery Woman IN PHIL BAKER'S LIFE

BY NORTON RUSSELL

I DOUBT very much if Phil Baker would have told me this story, if he hadn't been blue and lonely, and pretty much disgusted from a bout with the flu. For it is the kind of story no man likes to tell. It's the story of the woman who took Phil in hand when he was a young kid just beginning his career as a comedian, who encouraged and tutored him and started him on the road to stardom. She was the best friend he ever had—and more, though it was too late when he found it out.

It happened almost a quarter of a century ago, and perhaps Aileen Stanley has forgotten all about it. Yes, Aileen Stanley, the vaudeville queen of twenty years ago, famous for her rendition of such homey ballads as *The Story Book Ball* and *Back to The Farm.* But personally I don't think Aileen has forgotten, because once a woman has been in love, or even very fond of a man, she can't forget.

I know that Phil Baker will never forget . . . forget her friendship, her unselfish devotion, or forget what might have been.

"It was over twenty years ago that we met," Phil told me, speaking slowly, "I was starting out in my vaudeville career; she had been singing on the stage since she was fourteen, and she was tops. We were both about twenty years old.

"I had been hearing her sing for a few years, and I was mad about her. Of course, I heard her from the audience side of the footlights. She seemed so real, so different from the other vaudeville actresses. You could actually sense the sympathy that was in her.

"When we were booked together on the Fox Circuit, it was she who got top billing. Then, for the first time, I saw her at close range. And she was just the type of girl I had imagined her to be: simple, unaffected, everybody's sister.

"I remember she had on a plain royal blue dress, a silver belt buckle its only ornament. She wore her lovely brown hair braided round her head and tied in a bun at the nape of her neck. On and off the stage she used no make up, ever. She was tall and slim, with deep blue eyes that seemed to be saying, 'Let me be your friend. Perhaps I can help you.'"

Phil smiled for the first time, "If anybody ever needed a friend it was myself. I was a punk kid trying to become a comedian. The type of jokes I used were cheap slapstick. And I knew practically nothing of vaudeville technique."

Aileen Stanley saw that the young, blustering boy was scared, clean through. Without any fuss she became a sort of guardian over him. It was she who coached him in stage delivery. It was she who argued with him for days over the type of gags he should use.

"That cheap comedy that's popular now, Phil," she'd say earnestly, "can't last. You've got to look ahead. Try smart comedy. That will appeal to everyone."

"In the end, she always had her way," Phil told me. "I remember the time she objected to my best laugh getter."

It was the story of the Irish woman, Mrs. Flaherty, who sat drinking a bowl of soup. (*Continued on page* 96)



Left, beautiful Aileen Stanley, the woman Phil forgot to remember until she'd married another. Below, when he and Aileen co-starred; with his first accordion, and with an old-time partner.





For Phil Baker sponsored by the Gulf Refining Co., see page 52.

SHE BROUGHT HIM HIS SUCCESS,

YET HE NEVER KNEW UNTIL TOO

LATE ALL THE HAPPINESS THAT

RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO THEM

ENTER THIS BIG CASH PRIZE CONTEST

IF you're a Jessica Dragonette fan, if you tune in the Cities Service program Friday nights, if you've ever wanted to write lyrics for a song, get a pencil and paper. For here's your chance to win money and fame. On the opposite page is the original music of the theme song played every Friday night to introduce Jessica to her listening audience. No words have ever been written for this music.

Your job is to write the words for this simple, beautiful melody. You don't have to be a poet or a professional song writer. All you need is a feeling for the music and an appreciation of Jessica's voice. And the lyrics which win first prize—$100.00—will, in addition, be sung by Jessica over an NBC network.

The judges will be Rosario Bourdon, pictured below, orchestra leader on the Cities Service program and the composer of this music; Miss Dragonette; and the editor of RADIO MIRROR.

So get busy. Here's an easy way to win the money for your summer vacation. Next month, in the July issue, the music will be published again, for the benefit of your friends who decide to enter this exciting contest.

And here's a tip on how to go about winning: get a group of friends over to hear Jessica's program, listen to the music when the orchestra plays it, and after the broadcast sit down and see who can compose the best lyrics. It will probably help if you, or a friend, will play this music on the piano, to see how it goes and to give you a better idea of how the words should fit the notes.

Now—you're on your own. Don't waste time. Mail your entries to Theme Song Contest Editor, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. The closing date is July 10, 1936.

First Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	50.00
Two Prizes, Each $10.00	20.00
Six Prizes, Each $5.00	30.00
Twenty-Five Prizes, Each $2.00	50.00
TOTAL, 35 PRIZES	$250.00

THE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Cities Service, The National Broadcasting Company and Radio Mirror.

2. To compete, write a set of lyrics—not over four verses in all—to fit the music of Miss Dragonette's Theme Song reproduced herewith.

3. DO NOT CLIP the music from the magazine. Write your words under the printed melody if you wish to be sure that the syllables fit the score, but copy them on a plain sheet of paper to submit to the contest judges. If you wish to copy the music also you may do so, but it is not required and will not increase the rating of your entry.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of literary merit, singability and suitability for Miss Dragonette's use over the air.

5. On this basis and in the order of their excellence, entries will be given the following awards: First Prize, $100.00; Second Prize, $50.00; Two Prizes, Each $10.00; Six Prizes, Each $5.00, and Twenty-five Prizes, Each $2.00. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No entries will be returned.

6. The judges will be Miss Dragonette, Composer Rosario Bourdon and the Editor of Radio Mirror. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, July 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

8. Submit all entries by First Class Mail, addressing THEME SONG CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

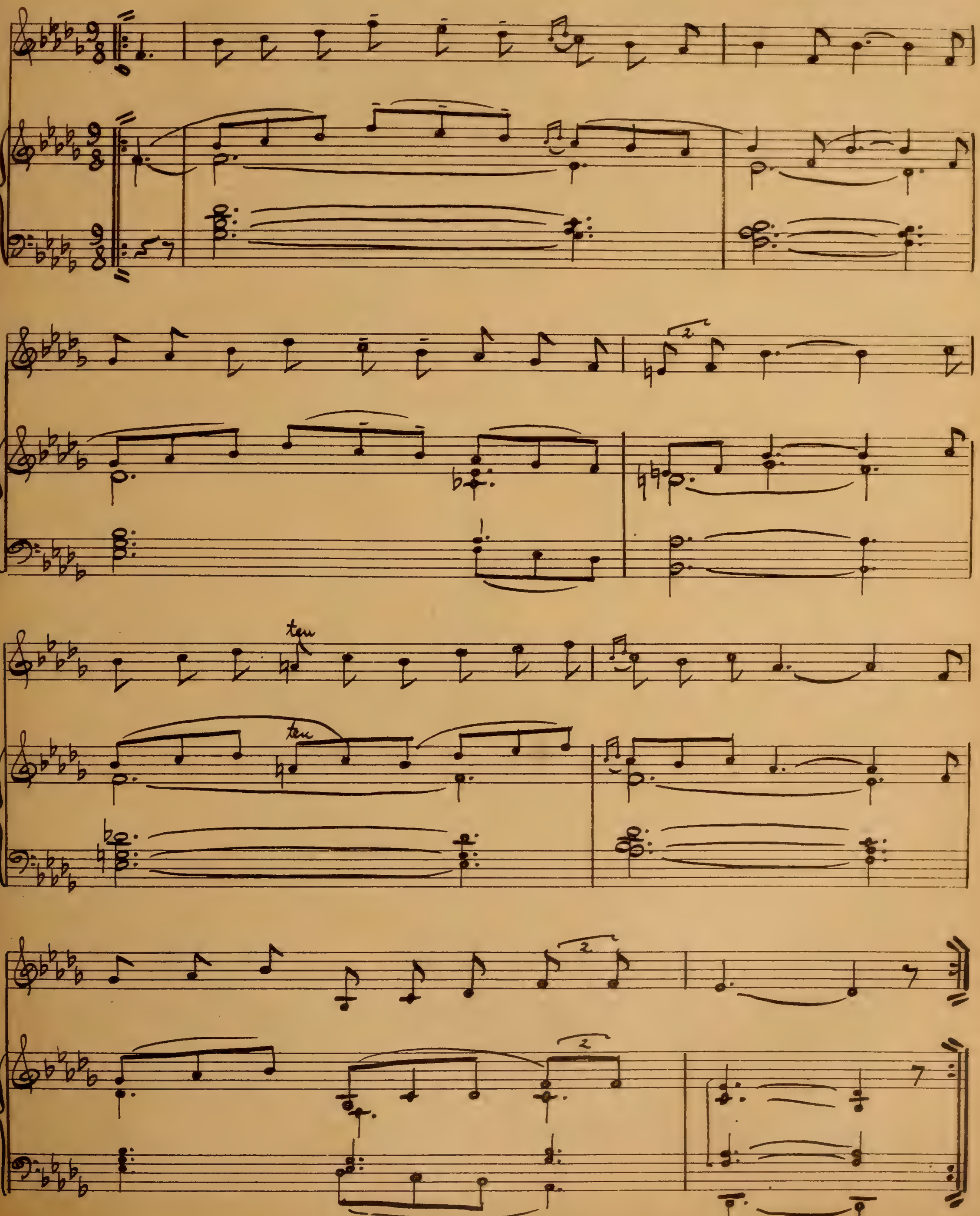




JESSICA DRAGONETTE WANTS YOU TO WRITE THE LYRICS FOR HER THEME SONG—GET BUSY AND SHARE IN THE $250.00 PRIZE MONEY

Jessica Dragonette's Theme Song

Rosario Bourdon



She reached for the moon—

PHILLIPS LORD is not a mild and wise old man, as his Seth Parker and his well-remembered Country Doctor might have led you to believe. Nor is he a case-hardened thrill hunter, as his stirring Gang Busters on Columbia would indicate

So, if you've been thinking of him as either of these—as bewhiskered or iron-jawed, gently philosophic or cruelly realistic—forget it at once and meet Phil Lord, the debonair, the handsome—Phil Lord, the incredibly smooth.

He is really a salesman, this guy. A super-salesman who can go the famous lad who sold the snowball to the Eskimo one better by selling the same Eskimo an ice box to keep his snowball in.

Nor is that a brash statement. Starting with his marriage more than ten years ago to his childhood sweetheart, Phil's life has been an impetuous, mad sales compaign. A gay—and sometimes tragic—assault on the other fellow's sales resistance.

In 1923, Phil was a junior at Bowdoin College in Maine. It was spring, and though the first blades of grass were showing their fresh green and the first flowers were peeking out upon an awakening world, he was displaying no corresponding light-heartedness. The girl whom he had found he loved just a year before, was attending school in Arizona. *That* was all right. The sad part was that she didn't intend to return. She had found a job teaching school there and was engaged to a handsome and wealthy young Westerner.

The grass hadn't grown much greener before Phil stopped worrying and did three things: He got an irregular leave of absence from school; he bought a second hand car for thirty-five dollars; he kept it together all the way to Arizona with a monkey wrench, a pair of pliers, and a well-rounded vocabulary.

Once there, he set about fixing the car so it could make the return trip and selling his first big bill of goods.

The saints only know how he did it. Maybe he told Sam (her name is Sophia, so he calls her Sam), maybe he told her that the heathen children of New England needed the light of civilization and that only she could properly carry it to them. Maybe he convinced her with the indisputable argument that her sweet beauty was being wasted upon the desert air. Maybe, on the other hand, he simply told her he loved her. Whatever his argument was, when the car was ready to start back, so was she.

The future Mrs. Lord came East that Summer to a position as teacher in the Plainville, Connecticut, high school. After a year of long distance courting, Phil made his second sale.

(*Continued on page* 75)

Below, Phil on the deck of the ship in which he attempted his ill-starred trip around the world; next, the wife he got a job teaching school in order to woo.

Left, as he appeared in "Way Back Home;" below, at work on a script in his office.



For Gang Busters, and Seth Parker, turn to page 52.

PHILLIPS LORD WON FAME AND A WIFE BY STROKES OF DARING SALESMANSHIP YOU'D NEVER EXPECT FROM GENTLE SETH PARKER

BY BILL STUART

a real patriot

LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM THE STARS

BORN in a trunk"—how often have you heard that phrase applied to children of nomadic theatrical parents? But radio has outmoded the old saw; stars of the entertainment world now may rear their young not on trains, in hotels, but in the lovely atmosphere of that great American institution—the home.

And radio stars, quick in their appreciation of the blessing of permanency, have become home conscious. As a class, their homes rival in comfort, coziness, luxury and the thousand and one little niceties that go toward a plentiful life, those of any other group of persons.

Let's visit a few of your favorites, talk to them by their own firesides. Let us go, for a start, to the wooded hills of Larchmont, just outside New York City, and be guests for an hour of silver-voiced Phil Duey, his charming young wife, and their two children.

Here is a beautiful Norman English home; here beauty and comfort go hand in hand. Architect and decorator have worked in perfect accord. The woods, upholstery, carpets and, indeed, all the furnishings harmonize delightfully and with such simplicity that you can follow their rules in your own homemaking. The lovely natural waxed oak paneling of the fireplace (a huge one, too, as you can see in the accompanying illustration), the bookshelves which provide so decorative a note, and the walls. Soft browns, beiges, rust, dull forest greens, and a copper colored living room carpet blend gorgeously with the smoky oak.

If you're one of those frustrated home-makers who have always yearned in vain for the gracious distinction of wainscoted paneling which contributes so much of the charm of the Duey home, consult your decorator before repainting or repapering your living room. It is quite possible and feasible to achieve the same effect with composition wall-board put out by reputable firms in either shel-



Here's the beautiful and comfortable home of radio's Phil Duey. Note the simple line of its English construction. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Duey enjoy leisure moments in the big living room, its outstanding feature being the wide, curtainless, latticed windows which overlook the fine gardens and frame the picturesque landscape.

Right, up two steps and we're in the formal Sheraton dining room. The wall paper design is an old English hunting scene.

STUDY THE HOMES OF YOUR RADIO FAVORITES IN THIS BRAND NEW DEPARTMENT AND GET A HUNDRED IDEAS FOR MAKING YOURS A REAL PLACE TO LIVE. YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU CAN FIND TO DO!

BY RUTH GERI



Above, the entire Duey family, including their dog, before the immense fireplace. The paneling is of lovely natural waxed oak. Left, Phil's idea of an enclosed shower and bath combination which costs very little to install. Phil tells you about it. It's the ideal arrangement when every bit of space must be carefully planned on.

For Phil Duey with Leo Reisman, sponsored by Philip Morris, see page 52, in the Tuesday column.

lacked waved or natural finish imitation pine, walnut, oak or ash, and of course the cost will be so much less as to make the improvement possible for even the most modest budget. You will find the cupboards and book-cases every bit as satisfying as those done in the genuine woods too. Of course you will want to choose the type of grain which will harmonize best with your furniture.

"I think it's the greatest luck for mothers," Mrs. Duey exclaimed, "that oak furniture is in use again. Jimmy and Barbara can scuff it to their hearts' content—and it wears like iron."

Thus speaks cold practicality in a setting of warm beauty.

As we've become increasingly sun-conscious, we've become correspondingly window-conscious. Mrs. Duey wisely leaves uncurtained all year 'round the wide latticed panes in her big living room so that they frame the changing landscape and gardens through the seasons. You'd be amazed how this trick contributes to the wall decoration of living and dining room. Try it, if you have a vista suitable to such treatment.

There are only two thoroughly modern rooms in the entire Duey house. The master bedroom, and of course, the spacious kitchen. Since the southern exposed bedroom receives plenty of light its walls are tinted water green, calculated to soothe the nerves of even a hard working radio star. And if your bedroom is crowded with furniture, try Mrs. Duey's prescription for a restful chamber.

"I believe bedrooms should always have spacious surfaces," she says. "Overcrowding with furni-

This is Mrs. Duey's idea of a restful bedroom, not overcrowded with furniture, and windows free from frilly and lacy curtains.

ture is definitely a bar to relaxation in the truest sense."

If you go in for "gadgets"—and what home enthusiast does not?—peek into the bathroom. You've had the annoyance of splashed, water-spattered walls and bathmats, of course. Now look at the accompanying picture of the Duey bath. See that sliding glass panel so cleverly installed and saving the added space of a stall shower? There is *that* problem solved! And Phil assures me it can be installed at a cost ever so slight, considering its extreme usefulness. Not over $25.00 or $35.00.

Now-you may not be as fortunate as the Dueys in having a handy artist friend who did their "Treasure Island" wall scenes for the basement recreation room, but don't let that worry you. You can certainly build a bar as Phil did, utilizing shelving and a few planks. And an old pipe serves perfectly for the time-honored bar rail. Just find an unused corner set back a ways from the other walls. Phil has carried out the English *motif* of the rest of the house with oak reproductions of English tavern chairs, benches, and tables. And, if you are handy with a saw, make your own round tables. In time, the natural wood colors to a deep oak.

The cost of these soon is saved by the wear and tear your poor living room escapes when you have those congenial little parties. And, in the absence of the artist friend, you can have fetching and original wall decorations by using as many magazine covers as you want. There's a trick to this and it takes patience if you've never tried it before, but the effect you get when you're finished is well worth all the fussing and fuming at the beginning.

First, don't do anything to your basement walls. You work right on the plain cement, rough and unpainted. Select the magazine covers you like the best, cut and trim them and take them downstairs. With paste which will stick to cement and some thin lacquer, you're all set to start operations. Paste up a cover where you think it will be the most effective (it might be a good plan to lay out in pencil lines where all the covers are going to go before you paste any up) then with a brush lacquer the cover.

All sorts of effects can be obtained this way, once the lacquer has dried, and if something goes wrong, it's simple enough to start all over again, provided your supply of magazines doesn't give out. In the end, you can invite your friends over and sit quietly by while they praise your ingenuity.

This, incidentally, is going to be the most fun: having your friends in to inspect the finished job, room by room, and then see them rush off to try it for themselves. And with summer coming on very shortly, you're likely to have a lot of time on your hands that can be spent best in working on some particular room you've never felt quite satisfied with before.

That shower bath arrangement I mentioned earlier, for instance. Imagine the effect on a group of visitors the first time they see your bath with a glass paneling! Ask them to guess how much it cost and then surprise them with the real price.

I know, by studying the homes of your favorite radio stars, you will get hundreds of ideas for improving your own home, and best of all, you'll find there are ever so many things you can achieve without the expenditure of one penny! Since I visited the Dueys, I've been simply played out rearranging furniture!

But it's fascinating—and lots of fun!

Here, in the first of a series of intimate visits to the homes of your favorite radio stars, RADIO MIRROR presents your stars' ideas of how to have the home beautiful. Perhaps the special illustrations may suggest to you ideas you'd like to adopt in your own home. If so, and if you would like further details or information on the Phil Duey house, write to Miss Ruth Geri, care of RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Your inquiries will receive careful and expert attention. If the information you seek is not immediately available, she will see that you get a personal reply from the star himself.







Now we have three shots of the recreation room in the basement. Top, you can have your stein of beer while viewing scenes of "Treasure Island" on the wall. Next, the rustic bar which you can build yourself with just plain shelving and a few planks. At the right, the basement fireplace, flanked by plaques telling the famous tale.

PACEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



DOWLING AND DOOLEY



CHRYSLER'S SINGER GRAY



A & P GYPSIES' SOLOIST PRICE

Eddie Dowling and his wife, Ray Dooley, are the comedy stars of the Elgin Revue, Tuesdays on NBC. Long favorites on Broadway, this is their first try at radio. Eddie was a Ziegfeld star, lately has been his own producer. Ray is Scotch, often stars in Eddie's shows . . . Alexander Gray (right) returns to the air in CBS' new Thursday night half-hour. He created the lead in "The Desert Song," is married, lives in the country . . . Howard Price (left) got his job as soloist with the A & P Gypsies when leader Harry Horlick heard him on a small New York station. He is 26, married, likes riding horseback . . . Below, Betty Lou Gerson, leading lady in the First Nighter plays. She's a Southern girl, likes housework, broadcasts out in Hollywood these days.



FIRST NIGHTER LEADING LADY

RISING STARS



Edwin Jerome, Ethel Remey, and Peggy go over a script together before a broadcast. Ethel portrays the siren, Claire Van Roon.



Ethel (right) began her stage career when she was 15, likes to swim, play golf, and watch polo games, has smiling brown eyes.



Carl (left) intended to be a doctor when he attended Marietta College in Ohio. He's married, has a six-months-old baby son.

PACEANT OF



Carl Swenson, who plays the young newspaper reporter, Packy O'Farrell, and Peggy Allenby.

RICH MAN'S DARLING

Introducing the leads in this CBS serial! Edwin Jerome, the wealthy Gregory Alden of "Rich Man's Darling," has been a clown in a European circus, real estate promotor in Florida, actor with Broadway companies. He imitates Haile Selassie in the March of Time, too . . . Peggy Allenby, his young wife Peggy in the show, in real life is the wife of John McGovern, has a two-year-old baby.

Peggy's a native New Yorker, born just around the corner from the CBS building.



THE AIRWAVES



Bill Johnstone (left) was born in Scotland, started life as a newspaper reporter, is unmarried, and owns an 85-acre farm.



John Kane made his stage debut in a cradle when he was two, has played in both vaudeville and movies.

Elizabeth Day (center) was born in St. Paul, Minn., is a graduate of the University of Oregon, has reddish hair.

FIVE STAR JONES

John Kane and Elizabeth Day are that news-getting Tom Jones and his wife, Sally, in this CBS serial. The other leads are Bill Johnstone, as the hard-boiled city editor of the "Register," and Effie Palmer, one of CBS' busiest actresses, as kind and wise Ma Moran.



Effie Palmer's a radio pioneer—made her debut in 1922. She is in "Just Plain Bill," too.



HOW THE *ghetto* GUIDES THE *goldbergs*

By DAN WHEELER

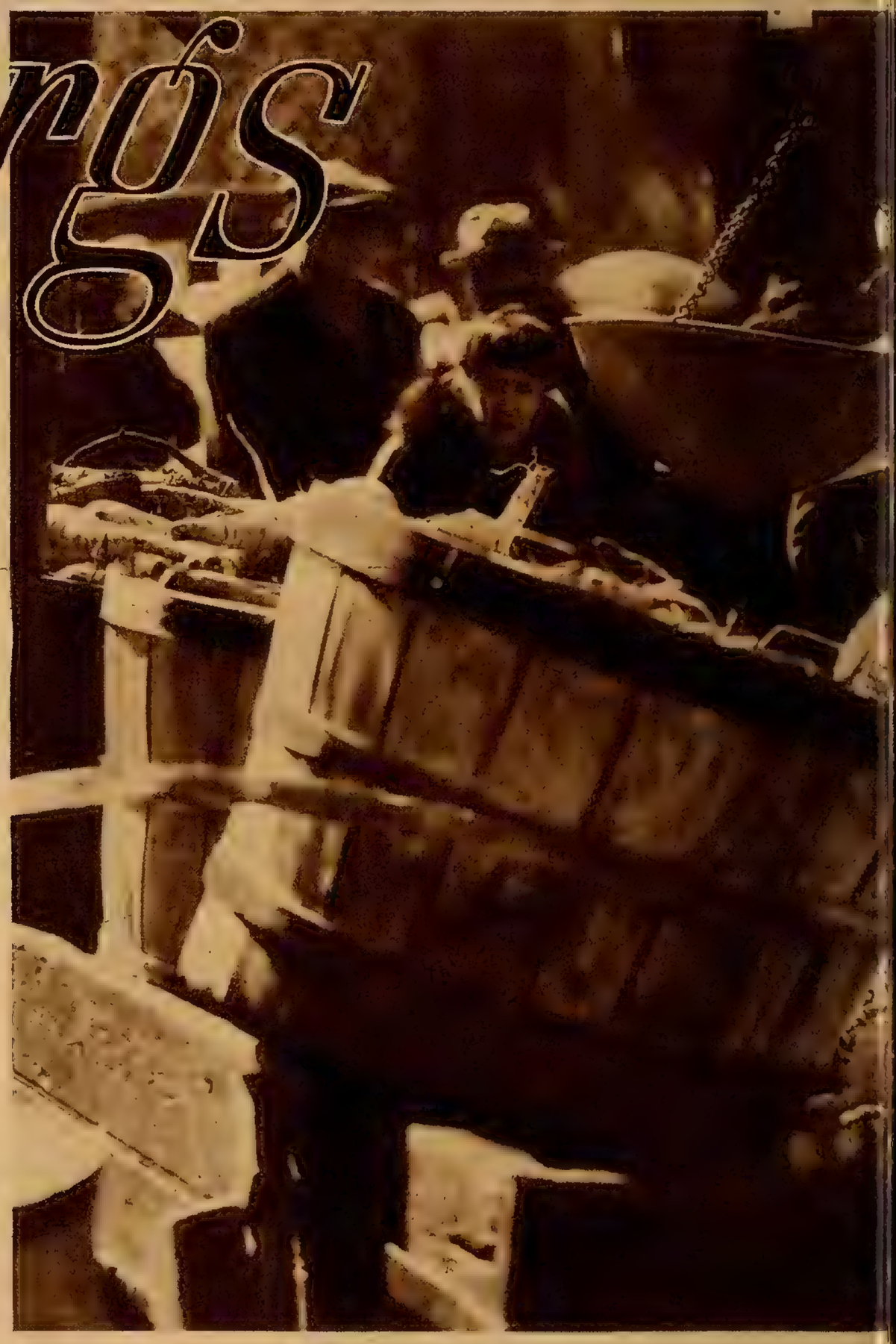
GERTRUDE BERG LEADS AN UNKNOWN DOUBLE LIFE TO FIND INSPIRATION FOR CREATING THIS BELOVED RADIO FAMILY

THE creator of the Goldbergs is leading a double life!

For a few hours out of every week Gertrude Berg discards the personality which those who see her in the broadcasting studios and in her magnificent duplex apartment know. For a few hours out of every week, in fact, there is no Gertrude Berg.

And yet the most amazing part of her double life is that for the few hours in which there is no Gertrude Berg comes the inspiration for the beloved Goldberg characters.

I saw the transformation take place, one spring morning when Mrs. Berg took me with her into New York's Ghetto, Manhattan's lower East Side, home of thousands of



For the Goldbergs, sponsored by Colgate - Palmolive Peet, *see page 52*

Below, Mrs. Berg talks and bargains with the shoppers and push-cart men on Orchard Street.





This old vegetable woman (above) made Mrs. Berg a present of an extra carrot when the radio star wished her good health after making all of her purchases.

Jewish immigrants. More than that, I learned what these few stolen hours mean to her.

We went on a Friday, because Friday is the big shopping day for the district, and everyone was sure to be out on the street. It was a fine, sunny morning. Pushcarts lined the sidewalks on both sides of narrow Orchard Street, all its brief length. It was very noisy, with the sound of the pushcart people shouting their wares and arguing with customers —a continuous babble in a language strange to me.

We walked down the street, stopping here and there to look at the things offered for sale. Our taxi driver, a fat, good-natured Irishman, tagged along a few steps behind us, having left his cab parked on an adjacent street. Mrs. Berg had already won his heart by asking him to follow us and be ready to carry parcels.

Already I was seeing some of the change which comes over Mrs. Berg on these expeditions into the Ghetto. Ordinarily, she wears her hair in loose, natural waves about her face, uses a little make-up, and dresses very smartly. This morning she had on a black fur coat, good looking but serviceable, and a little hat, under which her hair was combed back so tightly that little of it showed—and no make-up. She was the picture of a reasonably prosperous housewife, doing her marketing on the East Side in the hope of picking up some bargains.

Mrs. Berg saw a little old woman, almost toothless, wearing a gray sweater and with a gray handkerchief knotted over her head. Picking her way through the tiny spaces between pushcarts, she might have stepped out of a Russian novel.

"I want to talk to her," Mrs. Berg whispered to me, and laid her hand on the old woman's arm.

I couldn't understand what was said, for it was all in Yiddish. I could only watch. The old woman was doing most of the talking. She chattered on as if Mrs. Berg were an old friend she hadn't seen for years. For her part, the famous radio star was all housewifely sympathy. Her head wagged in that characteristic Jewish fashion which can express everything from pleasure to pity; she shrugged; made little commiserating interjections.

Suddenly the old woman had my coat by the lapel and was looking up into my face, talking to me too. I smiled and nodded, trying to look as if I understood and not being very successful, until Mrs. Berg saw my embarrassment and said goodbye for both of us.

"She was telling you all about her children," she said as we went on. "She has five of them, all grown up and moved away, and now she lives here alone."

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"Oh, no. When I spoke to her first I pretended I did. I asked if I hadn't seen her somewhere before, and she said, 'No, you must have seen my daughter.' That's what got her started telling us about her family."

As we went on I marveled more and more at the instant confidence Mrs. Berg established with perfect strangers, people she'd never seen before. At one of the carts we bought a big sack of vegetables, after a good deal of rather close bargaining—for business is business, always, and one does not sell a pound of potatoes for less than it should bring. The old vegetable woman's gnarled hands hovered over her wares, pointing, selecting, guarding. But when the bargain was concluded and the vegetables put into a wrinkled paper sack, Mrs. Berg smiled and said in Yiddish, *"Zie gesundt,"* which means "Good health to you"—and the vegetable woman suddenly, almost furtively, tucked an extra carrot into the bag, with a quick murmured word of thanks.

Then there was the bearded old man who sat on the steps of a tenement selling bright-colored shopping bags —a very old man, and not very clean. Still speaking Yiddish, Mrs. Berg asked him (*Continued on page* 78)



Photos taken exclusively for RADIO MIRROR *by Wide World*





Right, Mrs. Berg at the handkerchief cart; next, sitting on tenement steps with an old shopping bag peddler who said he'd known her before, but she'd got younger.

MICROPHONE MASQUERADE

By RICHARD WORMSER

JIMMY WHITE put on Hal McCabe's snappy Broadway fedora. He shrugged into Hal McCabe's tight waisted coat. He knew now how a condemned man must feel when he gets a twenty-four hour stay. At least he was going into the open air once more; was going to go with only Utsy and perhaps one other of Maxey's men along. There might always be an accident, he might break away.

Jake joined him, and they went down the corridor, Utsy walking a step or so behind. Into the elevator now. Jimmy saw himself in the mirror; he did look like McCabe, the shadow under his eyes made him look older and strangely debauched. He started humming.

Utsy reached over, and silently, as he did everything, he jerked the brim of Jimmy's hat down over Jimmy's eyes. Then they were in the garish lobby walking, walking; the three of them in step. Out of the lobby; there'd been no chance to yell so far. For that matter, no one in the lobby looked as though he'd listen; the patrons of Maxey Corvallis's hostelry were not police-minded.

There was a sedan waiting in front of the door, and a driver who looked like a younger and somewhat brighter edition of Utsy. He reached out and opened the front door; Jimmy started to get in. Utsy took his arm and pulled him back, and nodded at Jake; Jake Loeb got in the front seat. Jimmy and Utsy used the back. The car went west.

It didn't turn north until it was well over to the river, in the dark and deserted streets of the slaughterhouse district. There were few cops here; once they passed a cruiser car. Another time they were held up by a freight train turning off into the yards; but Utsy's gun was pushing Jimmy's ribs. There was no chance to run, nor any place to run to if the gun hadn't been there.

The car went on again, up Eleventh Avenue. Past the gas houses Eleventh began to be more thickly populated; finally it changed its name to West End Avenue and became more respectable. The car kept on moving.

It stopped on a quiet, darkened block far up town. Jake opened his door, and got out. Jimmy started to go with him; but Utsy pulled him back.

The driver said: "Want I should go in, Utsy?"

"Yeah, Moe." Utsy said. Moe got out of the car and followed Jake Loeb.

Utsy leaned back in the shadows and said nothing. All of a sudden, Jimmy began to laugh; hysterically, wildly.

"What's funny?" Utsy growled.

"Jake told Maxey," Jimmy laughed, "I needed a little outing to relax. So he sends me out to sit in a car with the windows closed, and so nothing."

Utsy grunted. He did not seem to be amused.

The moments went by. Once a couple, girl and boy, went by, tapping their heels in rhythm, humming to themselves. They were poignantly like Jimmy and Madge, as they had been ten days before, before that horrible moment when Jimmy had projected himself into Maxey the Greek's life.

There was no chance to make a break for it. If he had thought there would be, he was crazy. As Jake Loeb said, Maxey thought of everything.

Jimmy looked at the building down the block into which



Jake and the driver had disappeared. In that building something very important to Jimmy White was happening; if Jake tested Hal McCabe's voice and found that the operation had ruined it, Jimmy would be allowed to live; to live as Hal McCabe, to be sure, but at any rate to live. Life was very sweet, very precious.

On the other hand, if Jake found that McCabe was ready to sing again, Jimmy's death warrant was sealed. And for all his friendliness, all his personal fear, Jake Loeb would tell the truth; he was too much afraid of Maxey Corvallis to lie.

Jimmy wondered what was wrong with McCabe's throat; it was one of those ailments that come from too much drinking and smoking; a quinsy sore throat probably. A knife could slip a fraction of an inch working around the delicate larynx cords, and a man would never sing again. Jimmy didn't wish Hal McCabe any hard luck, but—

Finally, the shadowy door down the street opened, and a man appeared. It was Hal McCabe. He was wearing Jimmy White's suit; he had taken it, at Maxey's advice, so the nurses at the hospital couldn't get suspicious; of course, the great McCabe's clothes were made by the best Broadway tailors, and had McCabe's name sewed in them.

Jake Loeb was with him. McCabe stopped to light a cigarette, and Jake came on towards the car. Light from a street lamp caught his fat face, and Jimmy knew from its lugubrious expression that he was sunk; Hal's voice was all right.

And the cigarette would indicate that Hal was completely recovered, would not have to rest his throat for a while. Jimmy wondered if they would bother to take him back to the hotel; he was no longer (*Continued on page* 80)

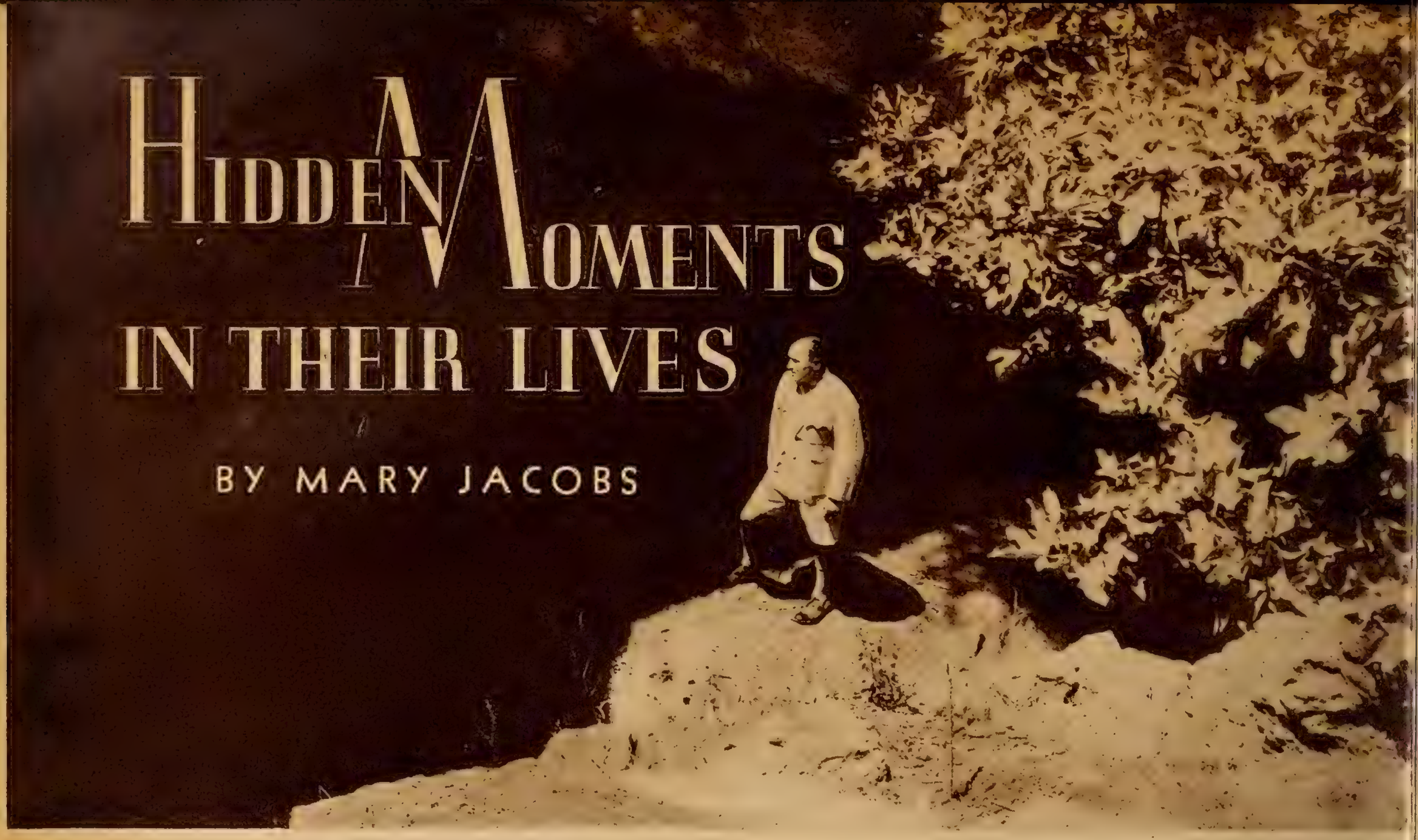
JIMMY ELUDES DEATH AND FINDS MADGE IN THE THRILLING CLIMAX OF THIS EXCITING RADIO SERIAL

ILLUSTRATION BY COLE BRADLEY

Hal McCabe dropped his cigarette and turned; then he was falling, slowly, slowly. Above him, the driver was shooting into the darkness.

HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THEIR LIVES

BY MARY JACOBS



BOB RIPLEY NEVER REALLY KNEW FEAR UNTIL THE DAY HE WAS LOST BENEATH THE SAHARA DESERT



Bob standing at the mouth of the cave leading to the fabled River Lethe, where he nearly lost his life. Bob spins his stories on the Bakers Broadcast—see page 52.

I KNOW Believe-It-or-Not Ripley didn't like the idea of divulging this story to me, for it concerns the one time in his life when he has been afraid. while experiencing one of his adventures

Ripley, you know, carries no weapons with him when he goes exploring for strange sights and people, and he laughingly says that most of the wild animals at whose mention we quake are no wilder than cows.

Never, when he was standing in the shaking minaret of Persia, which threatened to fall at any minute burying him beneath the debris; or when he was lost in the snake temple; or when he was held up by a wild desert band, did he know fear.

It was only when he was lost *underneath* the Sahara Desert that he was mortally afraid.

"Yes," he said, "*underneath* the desert, not *on* it." Remember that. Ripley, I think, is the only man ever to have been lost underneath a desert

It happened in Africa, only last year

"Originally," Ripley told me, "I had started out to investigate some of the wonders of Tibet. When I got to the Tibetan border, I was refused a pass. It seems there had been some trouble with the natives and a few English soldiers had been killed. The English government refused to allow anyone to cross the border. Had I disobeyed, I would have been shot instantly.

"So I changed my course, and decided to go to see the Garden of Hesperides. Later, I was to curse myself good and proper for making this decision. For because of it, I was to face Death.

"The Garden of Hesperides, you may remember, is the one garden in the world in bloom on a desert, and it is renowned for its golden apples. It was the tenth labor of Hercules to bring the golden apples from the Garden of Hesperides. When I got there, I discovered Hercules' golden apples were nothing more nor less than oranges! But that is going ahead of the story.

"We started out from Bengazi, a fairly large city on the coast of Africa, and went, on camels, through Cyrenaica, the country in the North Arabian desert in which the Garden of Hesperides is located.

"As the desert is very hot, we started early in the morning, about five o'clock. We could only push ahead slowly, for travel by camel is not the fastest means of locomotion. Our troupe consisted of two Arabian guides and a young lad, half Arabian, half (*Continued on page* 84)

Miss Rose Winslow,
of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport,

dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her *début* in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtimes."



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A delightful way to aid DIGESTION

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., *Wilmington*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC . . . THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



For Digestion's sake smoke Camels



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INC. Dept. W.G. 6

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

Here's Emile's idea of how Jane Pickens should wear her hair. Jane is singing on the Texaco show—Pg. 52.





Above, Vivienne Segal in her new coiffure, created by Emile to emphasize the fine shape of her face.

GIVE YOUR FACE A BREAK

By JOYCE ANDERSON

WE'VE all heard the sad story of the poor little rich girl who had everything money could buy—everything except affection and companionship and the things that really count for happiness. Well, I wonder just how many of us are the none-too-proud owners of poor little rich faces—faces that are covered with the finest cosmetics money can buy, faces that have everything except loving care and that attention to line and style that really counts for beauty?

How long has it been since you've sat down before your dressing-table and really looked at your chin and neckline, looked at it in something besides the most flattering pose and the very best light? How long has it been since you've given your hair critical consideration at any time except when you had just come from the beauty parlor and wanted to see how nice it was when it was all "done up?"

It's tragic, but it's true, that we often face other people when our hair hasn't just been set and our face doesn't boast its freshest make-up. Oh, it's fun to sit in front of the mirror and admire ourselves when we know we are well-groomed and looking our very best, but it's so much wiser to devote that time and careful scrutiny to the moments when we look our worst. Remember, a chain is no stronger than its weakest link and our reputation for beauty is no stronger than our poorest appearance in public will allow it to be.

So—this month, we're going to concentrate on some of those fundamentals underlying beauty and good grooming. Such things as the condition of our hair, the way it frames our faces for better or for worse, and the clean-cut facial contours which even the most poorly-endowed by nature can possess, if they are willing to go to work with a will. All these are the background on which we paint (with great subtlety, of course!) with our rouge and powder and eye make-up.

We'll talk about hair first, since that is one important feature which nature permits us to arrange just about as we would like to have it, and which responds so satisfactorily to kind treatment, like proper shampoos and frequent brushing. This month, I went to one of the foremost authorities on hairdress in America, Emile of Rockefeller Center, who does the coiffures of many radio favorites, for expert advice on coiffures. He's very emphatic about that first step to having a beautiful coiffure—making the material itself beautiful. When we choose a pattern for a dress, we are always careful to choose a suitable material and one that is lovely in itself. As far as hair is concerned, our choice is somewhat limited, but we can make—shall we say?—cotton or rayon hair look like the very finest velvet or satin, if we give it proper care and half a chance to show its real sheen and life.

Then comes that important second step, which Emile calls "choosing the right shape of frame for the picture." As he says, "Some pictures must have an oval frame, some, a round one. It might be a large frame, or it might be small. A picture will look vastly different in the proper frame, and the same is true of faces. Some faces look better with hardly any frame, while others look better if certain parts are covered by the hair or shadowed by it.

"Years ago, the beauty of hair was judged by its color, length and thickness. When bobbed hair became stylish about fifteen years ago, neither the public nor the hairdressers themselves realized what (*Continued on page* 102)

YOU CAN ENHANCE YOUR BEAUTY BY CHOOSING THE RIGHT COIFFURE

RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Church of the Air.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
NBC-Red: The Radio Pulpit.

10:30
CBS: Press-radio news.

10:35
CBS: Alexander Semmler, pianist.

11:00
CBS: Reflections, Louis Rich.
NBC: Press-radio news.

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.

11:15
NBC-Blue: Nellie Revell.

11:30
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Family.

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.

12:30 P.M.
CBS: Romany Trail.
NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussions.

12:45
CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air.
NBC-Red: Road to Romany.

1:30
NBC-Blue: Youth Conference.
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.

1:45
CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn.

2:00
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.

2:30
CBS: Jose Manzanares.
NBC-Red: Peter Absolute.

3:00
CBS: Symphony Hour.
NBC-Blue: Your English.
NBC-Red: Clicquot Club orchestra.

3:30
NBC-Red: Mountaineers.

4:00
NBC-Blue: National Vespers.
NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.

4:30
NBC-Blue: Design for Listening.
NBC-Red: Temple of Song.

5:00
CBS: Melodiana.
NBC-Red: Pop Concert.

5:30
CBS: Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson.
NBC:Blue: The Man from Cook's.
NBC-Red: Words and Music.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Hour of Charm.
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.

6:30
CBS: Smiling Ed McConnell.
NBC-Blue: South Sea Islanders.

6:45
CBS: Voice of Experience.

7:00
CBS: Eddie Cantor.
NBC-Blue: Jack Benny.
NBC-Red: K-7.

7:30
CBS: Phil Baker and Hal Kemp.
NBC-Blue: Baker's Broadcast.
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.

7:45
NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.

8:00
NBC-Blue: The Melody Lingers On.
NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Amateurs.

9:00
CBS: Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
NBC-Blue: Jack Hylton.
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell.
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.

9:45
NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.

10:00
CBS: Freddie Rich.

10:30
CBS: Ghost Stories.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:15
CBS: Bill and Ginger.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
10:30
NBC-Blue: Today's Children.
NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
10:45
NBC-Blue: David Harum.
NBC-Red: Amateur Cooking School.
11:15
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
11:30
CBS: Just Plain Bill.
11:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
12:00 Noon
CBS: Voice of Experience.
NBC-Blue: Simpson Boys.
12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
12:30
CBS: Mary Marlin.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
12:45
CBS: Five Star Jones.
1:15
CBS: Matinee Memories.
1:45
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Education Forum.
2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
2:30
CBS: School of the Air.
NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
3:00
CBS: Manhattan Matinee.
NBC-Red: Forever Young.
3:15
NBC-Blue: The Wise Man.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30
CBS: Songs of Russia.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
3:45
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
4:00
CBS: Concert Miniatures.
NBC-Blue: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
4:15
NBC-Blue: Back Stage Wife.
4:30
CBS: Chicago Variety Hour.
NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
5:00
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
5:15
CBS: Wilderness Road.
5:30
CBS: Jack Armstrong.
NBC-Blue: The Singing Lady.
5:45
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Buck Rogers.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
6:30
Press Radio News
6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:00
CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15
CBS: Ted Husing.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
7:30
CBS: Singin' Sam.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Red: Education in the News.
8:00
CBS: Guy Lombardo.
NBC-Blue: McGee and Molly.
NBC-Red: Hammerstein's Music Hall.
8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat.
NBC-Blue: Evening in Paris.
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
9:00
CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.
NBC-Red: A. & P. Gypsies.
9:30
NBC-Blue: A Tale of Today.
NBC-Red: The Swift Program.
10:00
CBS: Wayne King.
NBC-Red: Contented Program.
10:30
NBC-Red: National Radio Forum.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: The Oleanders, quartet.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:15
CBS: Romany Trail.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
10:30
NBC-Blue: Today's Children.
NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
10:45
NBC-Blue: David Harum.
11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band.
11:15
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
11:30
CBS: Just Plain Bill
NBC-Red: Your Child.
11:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
12:00 Noon
CBS: Voice of Experience.
NBC-Blue: Simpson Boys.
NBC-Red: Martha and Hal, songs.
12:15 P.M.
NBC-Blue: Wendall Hall.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
12:30
CBS: Mary Marlin.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
12:45
CBS: Five Star Jones.
1:45
CBS: Concert Miniatures.
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
2:30
CBS: School of the Air.
NBC-Blue: Golden Melodies.
NBC-Red: Rhythm Octet.
3:00
CBS: Margaret McCrae
NBC-Blue: Nellie Revell at Large.
NBC-Red: Forever Young.
3:15
NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
4:00
NBC-Blue: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
4:15
NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming.
4:30
CBS: Vivian Della Chiesa.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
5:00
CBS: Jimmy Farrell.
NBC-Blue: Meetin' House.
NBC-Red: Medical Association.
5:15
CBS: Wilderness Road.
5:30
CBS: Jack Armstrong.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
5:45
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim.
NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.
6:30
Press-Radio News
6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:00
CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15
CBS: Krueger Musical Toast.
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
7:30
CBS: Kate Smith.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Red: Your Government.
8:00
CBS: Lavender and Old Lace.
NBC-Blue: Eno Crime Clues.
NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
8:30
CBS: Ken Murray.
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
9:00
CBS: Camel Caravan.
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
NBC-Red: Vox Pop.
9:30
CBS: Fred Waring.
NBC-Red: Texaco Hour.
10:00
CBS: Mary Pickford.
NBC-Red: Eddie Dowling.
10:30
NBC-Red: Jimmy Fidler.

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:15
CBS: Bill and Ginger.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
10:30
NBC-Blue: Today's Children.
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef.
10:45
NBC-Blue: David Harum.
NBC-Red: Betty Crocker.
11:00
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
11:15
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
11:30
CBS: Just Plain Bill.
NBC-Red: Betty Moore.
11:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.

12:00 Noon
CBS: Voice of Experience.
NBC-Blue: Simpson Boys.
12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
12:30
CBS: Mary Marlin.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
12:45
CBS: Five Star Jones.
1:45
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
2:30
CBS: School of the Air.
NBC-Blue: Parents' and Teachers'
3:00
CBS: Afternoon Recess.
NBC-Red: Forever Young.
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30
CBS: Student Federation.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
3:45
CBS: Gogo De Lys.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
4:00
CBS: Curtis Institute of Music.
NBC-Blue: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
4:15
NBC-Blue: Back Stage Wife.
4:30
NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
4:45
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
5:00
CBS: Benay Venuta.
NBC-Red: NBC Concert Hour.
5:15
CBS: Wilderness Road.
5:30
CBS: Jack Armstrong.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Twin City Foursome.
5:45
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS:Buck Rogers.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
NBC-Blue: Mary Small.
6:30
Press-Radio News.
6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:00
CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15
CBS: Paris Night Life.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
7:30
CBS: Kate Smith.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America.
NBC-Blue: Folies Bergere.
NBC-Red: One Man's Family.
8:30
CBS: Burns and Allen.
NBC-Blue: Benny Rubin.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
9:00
CBS: Chesterfield Presents.
NBC-Blue: Corn Cob Pipe Club.
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
9:30
CBS: Ray Noble.
10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord.
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:15
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
10:30
NBC-Blue: Today's Children.
NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
10:45
NBC-Blue: David Harum.
NBC-Red: The Master Builder.
11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
11:15
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
11:30
CBS: Just Plain Bill.
NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band.
NBC-Red: Fountain of Song.
11:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
12:00 Noon
CBS: Voice of Experience.
NBC-Blue: Simpson Boys.
NBC-Red: Marie De Ville.
12:15 P.M.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
12:30
CBS: Mary Marlin.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
12:45
CBS: Five Star Jones.
1:15
CBS: Matinee Memories.
NBC-Red: Rhythm Parade.
1:45
CBS: Academy of Medicine.
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
NBC-Red: Matinee Musicale.
2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
2:30
CBS: School of the Air.
NBC-Blue: NEC Music Guild.
3:00
CBS: The Oleanders.
NBC-Red: Forever Young.
3:15
CBS: Jimmy Farrell.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30
CBS: Do You Remember.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
4:00
CBS: Salvation Army Band.
NBC-Blue: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
4:15
CBS: Howells and Wright.
NBC-Blue: Back Stage Wife.
4:30
CBS: Greetings from Old Kentucky.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
5:00
CBS: Lewis Gannett.
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
5:15
CBS: Wilderness Road.
5:30
CBS: Jack Armstrong.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Twin City Foursome.
5:45
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Vocals by Verrill.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim.
6:30
Press-Radio News.
6:35
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy.
6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:00
CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15
CBS: Krueger Musical Toast.
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
7:30
CBS: Kate Smith.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby.
8:00
CBS: Chrysler Airshow.
NBC-Blue: Pittsburgh Symphony.
NBC-Red: Fleischmann Hour.
9:00
CBS: Camel Caravan.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.
NBC-Red: Show Boat.
9:30
CBS: Ed Wynn.
NBC-Blue: America's Town Meeting.
10:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour.
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:15
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Home Sweet Home.
10:30
NBC-Blue: Today's Children.
NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.
10:45
NBC-Blue: David Harum.
NBC-Red: Betty Crocker.
11:00
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
NBC-Red: NBC Light Opera.
11:15
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent.
11:30
CBS: Just Plain Bill.
11:45
CBS: Rich Man's Darling.
12:00 Noon
CBS: Voice of Experience.
NBC-Blue: Simpson Boys.
12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
12:30
CBS: Mary Marlin.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
12:45
CBS: Five Star Jones.
1:45
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
2:00
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
NBC-Red: The Magic of Speech.
2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
2:30
CBS: School of the Air.
2:45
NBC-Blue: Woman's Clubs.
3:00
CBS: Songs Without Words.
NBC-Red: Forever Young.
3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
3:30
CBS: Mark Warnow's Orchestra.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
4:00
NBC-Blue: Betty and Bob.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
4:15
CBS: U. S. Army Band.
NBC-Blue: Back Stage Wife.
NBC-Red: Phillips Lord.
4:30
NBC-Blue: How to Be Charming.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
5:00
CBS: Buddy Clark.
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks.
5:15
CBS: Wilderness Road.
5:30
CBS: Jack Armstrong.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
5:45
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Buck Rogers
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
6:30
Press-Radio News.
6:45
CBS. Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
7:00
CBS: Myrt and Marge.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15
CBS: Lazy Dan.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
8:00
CBS: Red Horse Tavern.
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.
8:15
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
8:30
CBS: Broadway Varieties.
NBC-Blue: Kellogg Prom.
9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
NBC-Red: Waltz Time.
9:30
NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.
NBC-Red: True Story Court.
10:00
CBS: Chesterfield Presents.
NBC-Red: First Nighter.
10:30
NBC-Red: Marion Talley.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Bill and Ginger.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
10:05
NBC-Blue: The Wife Saver.
10:15
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer.
NBC-Red: The Vass Family.
10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend.
NBC-Blue: Marie De Ville.
10:45
NBC-Blue: Originalities.
11:00
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
NBC-Red: Our American Schools.
11:15
NBC-Blue: Wendell Hall.
NBC-Red: The Norsemen Quartet.
11:30
NBC-Blue: Junior Radio Journal.
NBC-Red: Mexican Marimba Orchestra.
12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Four Showmen Quartet.
NBC-Red: Concert Miniatures.
12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Blue: Genia Fonariova.
12:30
NBC-Blue: Farmer's Union Program.
1:00
CBS: Jack Shannon.
1:05
NBC-Red: Maury Cross Orchestra.
1:15
CBS: Poetic Strings.
1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents.
NBC-Blue: The Old Skipper and Gang.
NBC-Red: Gene Beecher's Orchestra.
2:00
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.
2:30
NBC-Blue: Miniature Theater.
NBC-Red: Carnegie Tech Orchestra.
2:45
CBS: Concert Miniatures.
3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's.
3:30
CBS: Tours in Tone.
NBC-Red: Week End News Review.
4:00
CBS: Motor City Melodies.
4:30
CBS: Isle of Dreams.
NBC-Red: Our Barn.
5:00
NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.
NBC-Red: Blue Room Echoes.
5:15
CBS: Tommy Broadhurst.
NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis.
5:30
CBS: Vincent Lopez Orchestra.
NBC-Blue: Treasure Trails.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Frederic William Wile.
6:05
NBC-Blue: Temple of Song.
6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
6:30
Press-Radio News.
6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Red: Religion in the News.
7:00
CBS: Atlantic Family on Tour.
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
7:15
NBC-Blue: Home Town.
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill.
7:30
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel.
NBC-Red: Hampton Institute Singers.
8:00
CBS: Ziegfeld Follies.
9:00
NBC-Red: Frank Fay.
9:30
CBS: Col. Stoopnagle and Budd.
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.
10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade.
(Starts May 2)
10:30
NBC-Red: Dr. West's Celebrity Night.

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the three major networks are listed on these two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS), and the two National Broadcasting Company chains, NBC-Blue and NBC-Red. In order to learn what network your local station is affiliated with, find it in one of the lists printed below.

All regularly scheduled programs, broadcast from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, are included in the listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast, or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For Eastern Standard Time subtract one hour; for Central Daylight Saving time subtract one hour; for Central Standard Time subtract two hours; for Mountain Standard Time subtract three; and for Pacific Standard Time subtract four.

Thus:

E. D. S. T.	E. S. T.	C. D. S. T.
10:00	9:00	9:00

C. S. T.	M. S. T.	P. S. T.
8:00	7:00	6:00

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WAAB	WICC	KERN
WABC	WISN	KFAB
WACO	WJAS	KFBK
WADC	WJR	KFH
WALA	WJSV	KFPY
WBBM	WKBN	KFRC
WBNS	WKBW	KGB
WBRC	WKRC	KGKO
WBT	WLAC	KHJ
WCAO	WLBZ	KLRA
WCAU	WMAS	KLZ
WCCO	WMBD	KMBC
WCOA	WMBG	KMJ
WDAE	WMBR	KMOX
WDBJ	WNAC	KOH
WDBO	WNAX	KOIN
WDNC	WNOX	KOL
WDOD	WOC	KOMA
WDRC	WOKO	KRLD
WDSU	WORC	KRNT
WEAN	WOWO	KSCJ
WESG	WPG	KSL
WFBL	WQAM	KTRH
WFBM	WREC	KTSA
WFEA	WSBT	KTUL
WGR	WSFA	KVI
WGST	WSJS	KVOR
WHAS	WSMK	KWG
WHEC	WSPD	KWKH
WHK	WTOC	CFRB
WHP	WWL	CKAC
WIBW	WWVA	
WIBX	KDB	

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK

WBEN	WGY	WSAI
WCAE	WHIO	WTAG
WCSH	WHO	WTAM
WDAF	WJAR	WTIC
WEAF	WMAQ	WWJ
WEEI	WOW	KSD
WFBR	WRC	KYW

BLUE NETWORK

WBAL	WHAM	WXYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KDKA
WBZA	WLS	KOIL
WCKY	WMAL	KSO
WENR	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	
WGAR	WSYR	

SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(These stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

WAPI	WOAI	KGW
WAVE	WPTF	KHQ
WBAP	WRVA	KLO
WDAY	WSB	KOA
WEBC	WSM	KOMO
WFAA	WSMB	KPO
WFLA	WSOC	KPRC
WIBA	WTAR	KSTP
WIOD	WTMJ	KTBS
WIS	WWNC	KTHS
WJAX	KDYL	KVOO
WJDX	KFI	CFCF
WKY	KFYR	CRCT
WMC	KGO	

ALL THREE NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE ORACLE MAKES A SPECIAL PLEA THIS MONTH FOR HELP IN FINDING THE CORRECT ANSWERS



Victor Haveman

Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's musical director, relaxes for a minute after a strenuous rehearsal.

THE Oracle has a special request to make of you. When seeking information about your favorite radio stars, won't you please confine your questions to the personalities on the networks—such as the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the Mutual Broadcasting System? If the question you want answered is about a star on one of your local stations, just write to that station.

With questions to the right of me and questions to the left of me, the lucky first one is:

Robert F., Peabody, Mass.—Bill Childs doesn't tap dance. It's a trick, performed by the drummer with a pair of shoes on his hands. Wouldn't you think he was dancing though?

An Interested Listener, P. L. A., Mass.—It's John Goldsworthy who plays the part of Carter Parrish on the Betty and Bob program.

Margaret P., Medford, Mass.—Sigmund Romberg's theme song is in manuscript form and has never been published. The A. & P. Gypsies' theme song is Harry Horlick's own arrangement of the traditional Russian "Two Guitars."

Loretta C., Cleveland, Ohio.—Jack Benny is 42 years old. As for the young ladies' ages, well, Loretta, you ought to know better than to ask. Baby Rose Marie's parents are Italian. Your last question was a hard one. I can't list the stars who answer their fan mail. Why not write to those you are interested in and find out?

W. A. Van, Chicago, Ill.—Will you please get in touch with Mrs. H. L. Starker, R. R. No. 2, Walden, New York. It's all because of your inquiry regarding the Carborundum Band.

Mrs. C. B., Warrenville, Ill.—It's been some time since Victor Young had a special soloist with his orchestra. Please write to Mr. Young in care of the National Broadcasting studios in Hollywood, California.

Franklin L., Myerstown, Pa.—Parkyakarkus's real name is Harry Einstein. Write and ask him for his picture in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York. In the Crime Clues, Clyde North plays the part of Spencer Dean and John MacBryde plays the part of Dan Cassidy.

Dottie P., Great Neck, New York—Charles Barber plays the bass viol in Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. For tickets to the broadcast and a picture of the band, write to your Ford dealer. I bet you get them quicker than I would!

H. M., Central City, Colorado—Milton Charles was born May 8, 1904. Write to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York, for his picture. For Barry McKinley and Gladys Swarthout, address your requests in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

M. M. F., Braddock, Pa.—The Freshmen heard with Ray Noble's orchestra are not part of his band, but are a separate trio. The orchestra's pianist is Claude Thornhill. Now, for Al Bowlly. Was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. As a young Johannesburg barber, he became known as the "Singing Barber." Later Al went to England to join Fred Elizalde's band at London's Savoy Hotel. Then he met Ray Noble and has been with him ever since. That was seven years ago.

Elizabeth R., Watertown, Mass.—John Barclay is six feet, five inches tall, dark brown hair, brown eyes, light olive complexion and weighs 165 pounds. He is married to Dagmar Rybner, pianist, and they have a young daughter. Francia White is single.

Miss J. W. T., Rye, New York—Yes, Conrad Thibault is a member of the Westchester Country Club of Rye, New York.

Sam K., Chicago, Ill.—The Message of Israel programs when picked up by Chicago may be heard there through station WENR.

Ruth H., Dubuque, Iowa—Here's the cast of Mary Marlin: Mary Marlin, played by Joan Blaine; Joe Marlin played by Robert E. Griffin; David Post, played by Carlton Davenport; Michael Dorne, played by Francis X. Bushman; Henriette played by Betty Lou Gerson; Marge Adams, played by Isabel Randolph; and Eve Underwood, played by June Meredith.

Pauline P., Los Angeles, Calif.—No, it's not Anne Seymour who plays Sally Gibbons, but Anne Davenport.

Clara G., Cambridge, Ohio—I'd suggest you write to station WLW for that information, Clara. This program is not a network program.

Miss E. D., Cincinnati, Ohio—I think you mean Johnny Green and not Harry, don't you? He's on the Jello program with Jack Benny. Address a letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, where he has an office.

W. E. F., Plattsburg, New York—Jan Garber is not broadcasting at the present time. He's on a vaudeville tour. Address him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 86)

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. F131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

That "FOREVER YOUNG FAMILY"



Introducing at the left, the four members who make up radio's newest family. First there's Peggy, then Mr. Young, Pepper and—last—Mrs. Young. These parts are played by Betty Wragge, veteran Jack Roseleigh, well known Curtis Arnall and Marion Barney. Tune in 3:00 o'clock weekdays to an NBC network for Elaine Sterne Carrington's show.





Right, you can see now why Peggy seems so attractive when you hear her on the air. Betty Wragge's responsible. Below, Jack Roseleigh's had more than enough experience to make the father come to life.

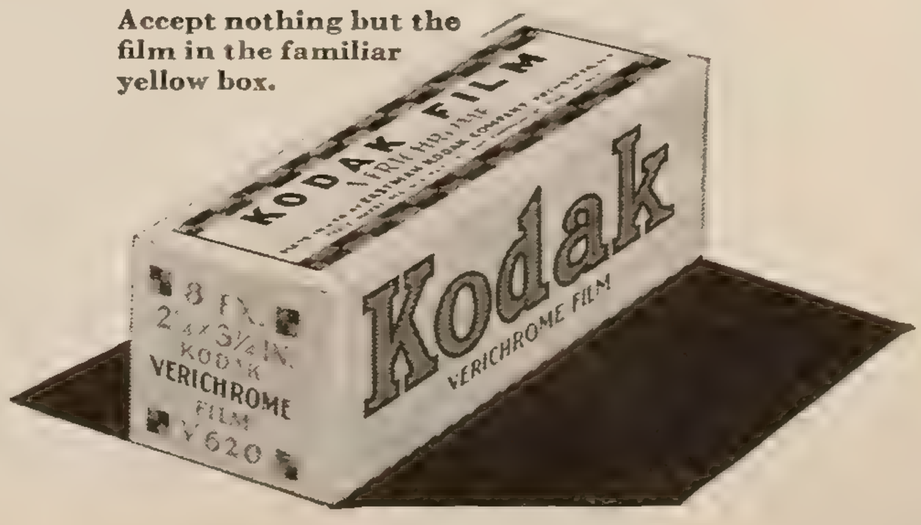
Above, Marion Barney fits to a T the part of the lovable parent, Mrs. Young, who scolds but doesn't mean it. And, below, is Curtis Arnall who became famous when he played Buck Rogers, as the hard to handle young Pepper.







A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories . . . hopes . . . the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

HE CHOSE BETWEEN MARRIAGE AND A CAREER—AND WON BOTH!

LOVE FOUND A WAY FOR JAN PEERCE

BY LOUIS UNDERWOOD

LOVE and a career—they don't mix. You don't realize, perhaps, how many great stars have learned that lesson. Rich and famous now, they still hold in their hearts, regretfully, the memories of what might have been had they chosen differently. And there are others, unknown, obscure workers in office and factory, who know that they too had the ability to become famous, if they hadn't taken the other road and shouldered the responsibilities of marriage.

But as with all rules, there has to be an occasional exception, and Jan Peerce is one. His rich tenor voice is a highlight of Rubinoff's Chevrolet program and of the Radio City Music Hall of the Air; he's one of radio's most successful singers—yet if he hadn't scrapped all his hopes for the career he wanted in order to marry the girl he loved, he might today still be a violinist in a Broadway dance band.

Sounds crazy, almost impossible, doesn't it? Wait until you hear the whole story.

Jan had played the violin ever since he was a child in Manhattan's East Side tenement district. Like the boy in Fannie Hurst's famous story, "Humoresque," he showed a great natural musical ability before he was old enough to read; like the parents in that same story, his father and mother sacrificed and saved to provide money for his violin lessons. But unlike the boy in the story, Jan knew in his heart he would never be a great violinist. Somehow, the feeling of sympathy between himself and his instrument just wasn't there, and without that, he was musician enough to realize, his violin could never be more to him than a way to earn a living.

As he grew up, he did become an acceptable performer. He played in dance orchestras and in theater pits. He was able to help his parents and the other members of the family. But it was all routine work, this sawing away in an orchestra, almost as distasteful to him as keeping books or waiting on customers in a store would have been.

What he wanted to do was sing! The few occasions when band leaders allowed him to sing the chorus of some number were the happiest minutes in his life—and yet even in them, there was something lacking. He'd go to the opera, and listening to the tenor pouring out the melodies of "La Boheme" or "Traviata," he'd dream of the time when he could be singing those same arias.

Yet—there was so much he would have to learn! He went to a man he knew slightly, who was an agent for several well known singers, hoping for help or at least encouragement. He got neither.



Jan Peerce is heard on the Radio City Music Hall of the Air and the Chevrolet transcription shows.

"Singing's a tough racket," the agent told him. "What do you want to get mixed up in it for? You have your profession, you're young and ambitious. Maybe some day you'll have a dance orchestra of your own. You'd be foolish to leave a field in which you have a foothold, to enter one that's even more over-crowded, and of which you know nothing."

Something stronger than the agent's cold logic, however, forced Jan to start taking vocal lessons while he was still playing in orchestras. The lessons were expensive, but he took all he could afford.

Then, visiting a childhood friend one evening, he met Alice. Met her again, that is. He remembered her, dimly, as the bothersome kid sister of his friend. A nuisance, no less, who was always hanging around when important games were in progress. Something had happened to her since he'd last seen her, though. She'd turned into a lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman.

On an impulse, he asked to see her the next evening—and before he quite knew how it had all happened, he was in love.

It wasn't at all what he'd planned. He had too much unfinished business on hand to think of marrying. The responsibilities of a wife weren't for a man who wanted to change professions in mid-flight, so to speak. The agent had warned him how hazardous it would be. He hadn't any right to ask Alice to share that hazard.

On the other hand—he was in love. Alice was necessary to his happiness. What did he want most? The opportunity to gamble his financial security for the career he wanted? Or the continuation of his orchestra work, a home, children—and Alice?

He answered that question by asking Alice to marry him.

Quietly, without saying anything to Alice, Jan was bidding farewell to his singing ambitions, accepting the realization that he must go on with his life along safe, secure lines. Being a musician in a good dance band wasn't a bad life, after all . . . And maybe some day he *would* have his own organization. He made up his mind to be content with that.

He'd reckoned without Alice, though. In the first place, she is such a sympathetic, understanding person that she knew more about Jan's ambition than he ever realized. In the second place, she is efficient and economical.

When she saw, a month or so after the wedding, that Jan hadn't resumed his vocal lessons, she protested, insisting that he must continue them precisely as he had before.

"But we can't afford them!" Jan said. "Anyway, a jazz fiddler doesn't need vocal lessons."

"We can afford them all right," she said. "We'll manage somehow. And you know you don't want to be a fiddler all your life."

So the lessons were resumed, and soon, Jan found, he was making greater progress in his singing than he ever had made while he was a bachelor. That was another way Alice helped him.

"You know," he told me once, "everybody's lazy. So am I. I'd be tired, maybe, and wouldn't feel like practicing. But Alice would keep after me and *make* me practice, just as if I were her little boy. Then she'd tell me what was good and what was bad, and I'd sing the same thing over again."

For the first time, Jan was learning how much the sympathy and encouragement of a sweetheart and companion could mean to him. He was coming to realize, too, how wrong his conception of marriage as a responsibility had been. A responsibility—yes; but more than that, a partnership.

When, finally, his big chance came, it was Alice who saw that he didn't miss it. The late S. L. Rothafel—beloved "Roxy"—heard Jan sing the vocal refrain of a dance piece one evening in Sherry's Restaurant, where he was working at the time. Roxy arranged to meet Jan, and promised him a job singing in the new Radio City Music Hall.

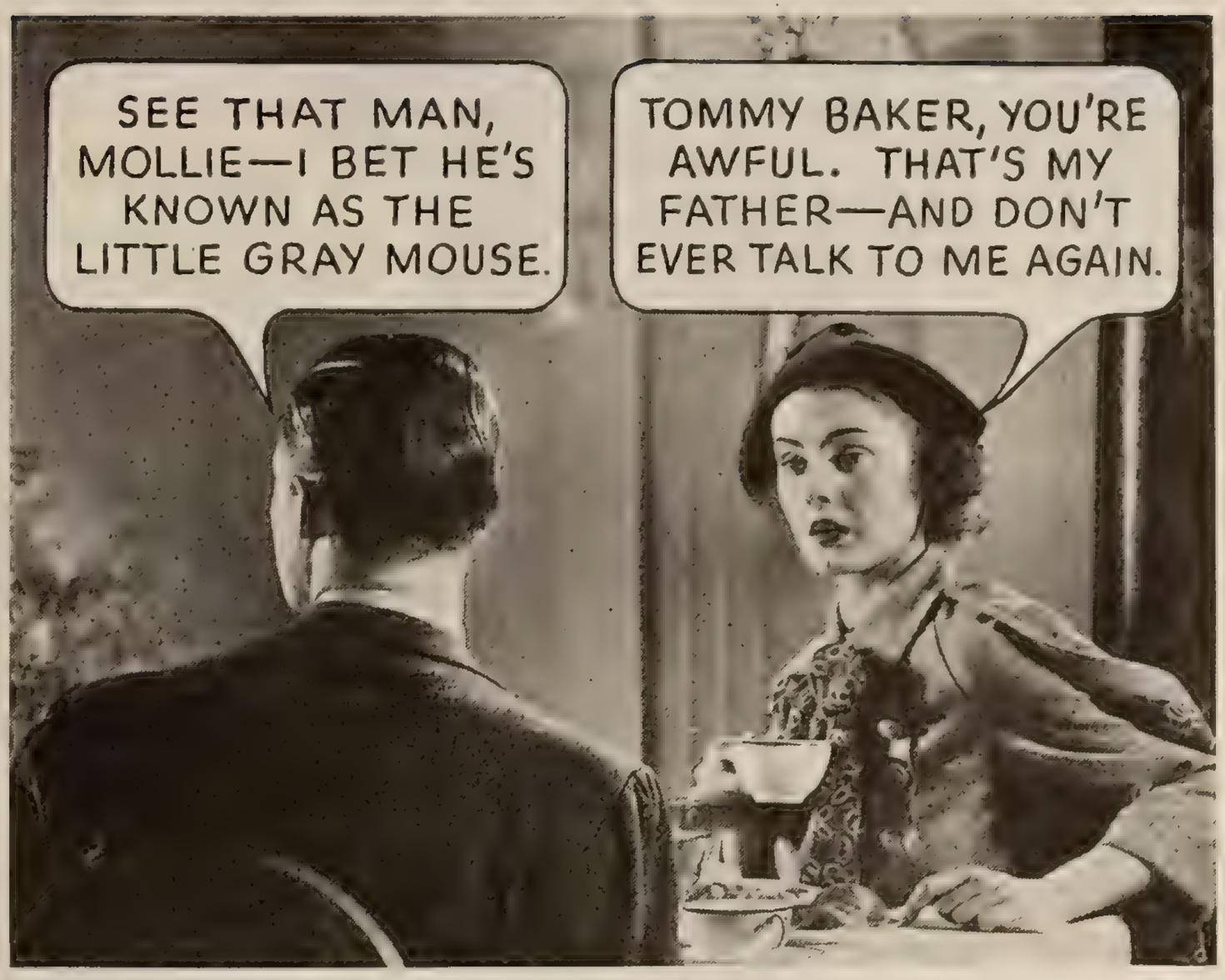
Eventually, Roxy made his promise good—but even then Jan might have refused to gamble if it hadn't been for Alice. To sing for Roxy meant giving up his orchestra job and devoting all his time to study and rehearsal. There was always the fear that he'd be a failure on the great stage of the Music Hall. By this time the Peerces had a little boy, Larry, and Jan felt as if he had no right to take a chance.

"Alice just told me I was too cautious for my own good," he said. "She made me give up my orchestra job. 'Suppose it doesn't turn out all right?' she said. 'What of it? There are lots of orchestras that will hire you!'"

Once more Jan followed Alice's urgent advice—and, as you know, it was sound advice too, for it was from his association with Roxy that his real career began—the career he'd always wanted. And paradoxically, the career he won only after he thought he'd given it up!



Floyd Gibbons waved America a greeting from the deck of the S. S. Majestic on his recent return from Europe.





"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"
"My mother does—and goodbye!"



"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"
"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"



"Pshaw, we'll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray—and it wasn't my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That *golden soap* is so *full of naptha* that every bit of dirt goes."

FEW WEEKS LATER—



"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."
"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

© FELS & CO., 1938

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*



● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*



● *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well...Let's get the Johnson's Baby Powder and give ourselves a sprinkle. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Why Kate Smith Is Afraid of Love

(*Continued from page 23*)

Softly in My Presence" attitude.

"Kate Smith," I've heard time and again, "isn't interested in romance or sentiment. She's too wrapped up in her work."

Really? She's one of the most romantic souls I know. Ask the members of the band. Ask any who knows her intimately. Countless times she has gone out of her way to straighten out other people's lives and romances. Never has she failed any honest plea for help.

Perhaps you remember when Casper Markowitz, her bass fiddler, was married while Kate was touring in vaudeville two years ago?

Casper, or Stretch, as he is known to the band, had a terrible time of it. His sweetheart was a New York girl, who insisted that if Casper wanted her, he should come up to New York and get her. She wanted the ceremony performed in her home, where her family could all attend.

Poor Casper couldn't leave his job, so again and again the wedding was postponed. And each time he went to Kate for sympathy. Finally, she settled the matter for him.

"SHAME on you, Stretch," she said. "Acting like a baby instead of a man. If you keep on being so wishy-washy before you know it your sweetheart will throw you over for someone who sticks up for his rights.

"You know you can't be married in New York. Insist that your sweetheart come down to Fort Worth, to you. Tell her I'll be her maid of honor, if she wants me to."

Which Stretch did—and which his fiancée did.

Kate was more excited than the bride, the day of the wedding. And she looked grand, in a periwinkle blue dress specially designed for the occasion, and in a blue and white straw hat imported from Dallas. Her manager, Ted Collins, was best man.

"When Kate heard I had married," Hilda Cole, who toured with Kate in vaudeville, as press representative two years ago, told me, "she was so happy for me. She was in Chicago at the time. She didn't even wait till she got back to New York to wish me well. From Chicago she sent me a gorgeous electric tray, with a toast warmer and a percolator. If she were my own sister she couldn't have been nicer to me."

And you should see Kate when a baby comes near her—there's a reason why all the kids in the neighborhood, back home, call her "Aunt Kate," and run to greet her whenever she goes back to Washington, D. C.

I've seen her gurgling over a little toddler with as much affection as its mother. So fond is she of children that she has taken several strange, destitute mites under her wing, and is supporting them.

A girl so interested in romance and love and babies not appealing to men? Not interested in getting married? Nonsense, if you ask me.

Then why hasn't she married, you ask? I'll tell you why.

In the first place, Kate Smith is afraid of fortune hunters. Yes, and you would be, too, if you were in her place, or had had her unfortunate set of experiences.

Just consider yourself Kate for a few minutes. You're twenty-six, and a millionairess. Before you rocketed to fame, you were as popular as the average girl.

Suddenly, men in all walks of life beg you to go out with them. Your invitations to parties and dances and teas read like the Blue Book listings. How would you take it?

I'd think the same way Kate has. You'd be skeptical about the motive behind some of those invitations. You'd feel many people weren't seeking you out because of yourself, but because of your dough re mi. Because you were a world figure, and it flattered their vanity to be seen with you.

You'd sit at home, alone, a good part of the time. That is, if you were as simple and sincere and as strong a hater of affectation as Kate Smith.

And if some young man waltzed into your life, and said he loved you, wouldn't you be apt to wonder, in the secret chamber of your heart—does he love me, or is it my money; why should so many men suddenly fall at my feet?

Don't misunderstand me. Kate doesn't like to be wary of people. She'd much rather accept them at their face value than pry into their intentions. But whenever she manages to push the thought from her mind, something happens to yank it back, stronger than before.

There was the time, for example, when a young man was apparently crazy about Kate. She was interested in him, too, and thought him a mighty swell person. Perhaps she was dreaming of marriage and a home . . . when suddenly she dropped him.

From some slight slip he made she realized it was not Kate Smith he really wanted, but a good meal ticket.

THEN too, so many things that happened on her way up have tended to disillusion her, make her suspicious of men.

Let me tell you a couple. There was the song publisher who had no use for her when she was trying to break into radio. He threw her out of his office when she asked for a few songs to sing for an audition.

Once she had become famous, he was the first to come round and fawn upon her. I was there one day when he sidled up to Miss Smith. "How are you, Kate?" he asked solicitously.

"Fine, thanks," Kate answered, courteously enough.

"You're looking very well," he said. Silence from Kate. "And how's your dear mother?" he asked.

"What do you care?" Kate said. "My mother doesn't ask about you; she's never even met you." You can imagine how Kate's blood boiled at this turncoat's sudden interest!

You've never heard of the time she was taken in good and plenty, by a man who protested vehemently he was her best friend and was doing marvels for her.

Kate doesn't talk about it. But she remembers the pain of that disillusionment.

It was just after she had appeared in "Honeymoon Lane." This person, a manager of vaudeville talent, promised her the moon. He booked her to a vaudeville tour at $300 per week.

For six weeks Kate toured, collecting her $300 per. Then her vaudeville manager became ill, too ill to collect even the pay check!

So on pay day, the theater treasurer approached Kate. "Since Mr. —— is so ill, I guess I'd better pay you directly," he said. He handed her the check for her salary.

She looked at it. It read $600.

"But haven't you made a mistake?" she asked. "I'm only booked here for a week."

The theater manager was greatly puzzled. "Why, you've been drawing $600 a week for the entire tour," he said. "I'm sure the office hasn't made an error."

Off to a fine start...

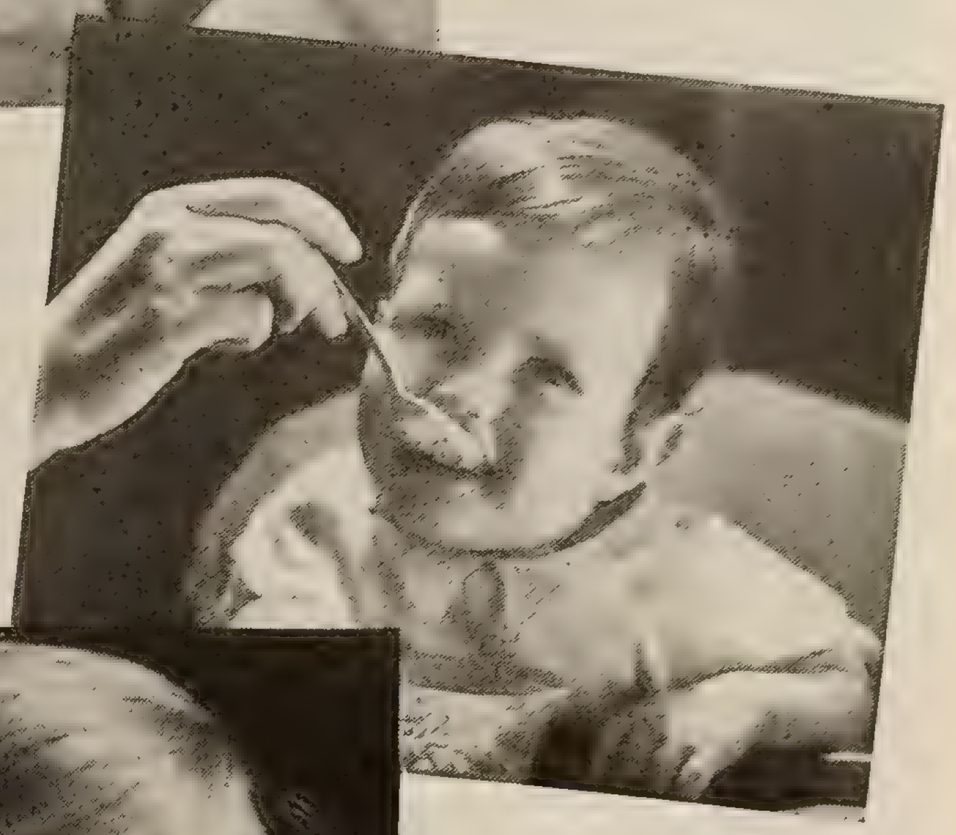
THIS CLAPP-FED BABY



GREGORY HOVENDON
WESTFIELD, N. J.

Gregory—aged 4 months

He's just been introduced to his first solid food—Clapp's Strained Wheatheart Cereal. At 5 months he'll be given Clapp's strained vegetables—the vegetables that are just right for beginners—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.



Gregory—aged 8 months

Notice his good-dinner smile. At 6 months Clapp's strained fruits and Clapp's Beef Broth were added to his diet. Mealtimes are a feast of growth-building Clapp foods, from the world's largest baby menu.



Gregory—aged 12 months

"Hi" says Gregory . . . and "Hi, Gregory," say we. Those Clapp's foods have certainly done a good job! Here's how Gregory's mother sums up his health history: "A steady gain in weight and height all through this period."

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of every baby who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M6-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES

SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.

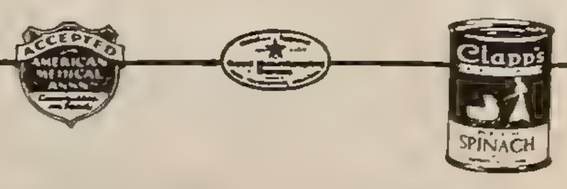
FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.

VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.

CEREAL: Wheatheart.

Accepted by American Medical Association, Committee on Foods

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute



CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Best friend—swiping 50 per cent of her salary!

But her wariness of people's motives isn't the only reason Kate hasn't marched up to the altar. Partly it is because Kate is too independent for her own good.

Since she was a tomboy youngster, and the leader of all the young rowdies in the neighborhood, she's just had to lead—in everything. In singing. In showmanship. In sports, which she loves.

Now Nature, having made her such a strong personality, insists with equal force that she mate with someone who will be a match for her. And the number of Napoleons floating around is exceedingly limited!

As Kate herself says, "I have nothing but pity for the men who allow their wives to keep them. I know of one famous woman who has sunk hundreds of thousands for her husband. She has sacrificed her career for him. It ended in his losing his self-respect and in their getting a divorce.

"I've seen radio marriages in which the wife was more successful than the husband. They never work. Such a marriage certainly wouldn't work for me. I don't want a lap dog of a shadow for a mate. I want a man."

THEN too, Miss Kate Smith has decided ideas about her ideal man. She must be convinced you are a gentleman before she makes a friend of you. "I don't like the flask-toting fresh, impudent variety of males," she says. "I like men who treat women with consideration. I like men who have old-fashioned views concerning marriage and its obligations. And I don't like strangers to be hail-fellow-well-met with me the first time we're introduced."

The fortune you covet so greatly has built another wall between Kate and matrimony.

If you were an upstanding young man of moderate means, interested in Kate Smith, and not in her money, what would you do about it?

Most likely you'd do nothing, and what might have ripened into a love affair if she were Susie or Mamie next door, would never begin.

For what could you offer her?

Now that I've told you the whole story, do you wonder why she is suspicious of young men who come dancing around her? Do you wonder why she has not married? Do you envy Kate Smith her million, and all the heartache that goes with it?

Frankly, I think some day she'll get good and mad at herself, and the emptiness of her existence. Then I think she'll marry. A sportsman, is my guess. Someone as hearty and simple as she, and someone who has achieved outstanding success.

Kate is crazy about athletes and athletics. This year she's purchased a professional basketball team, the original New York Celtics. Now she's looking around for a pro football team to buy.

No book worms nor pseudo intellectuals need apply as suitors to Miss Kate Smith. She just doesn't go for them.

How His Marriage Changed Paul Whiteman

There's a story the Big Boss of Jazz has never told before—another in the Hidden Moment series. You'll find it in the next—the July—issue, out May 22.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(*Continued from page* 10)

it was really a bird. They wanted to know who had done the parrot imitations and when told thought they were being kidded . . . Recent weddings in Chicago included those of Jack Hylton's Pat O'Malley and Horace Heidt's Bob McCoy . . . Charles (Andy) Correll has been threatening to go on a diet to reduce his waistline, which fact resulted in a New York friend sending him fifty-five pints of caramel corn, his favorite delicacy . . . Because George Damerel, Jr., son of Myrt of Myrt and Marge, made the University of Southern California polo team, his mother presented him with three polo ponies from the famous "Big Boy" Williams ranch.

* * *

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT has the reputation of being ready and able to eat those who work around him in a radio studio. But that didn't bother the Chicago Columbia engineer who discovered Alex smoking a cigarette in the studio where smoking is barred. Calmly the engineer approached Woollcott, yanked the smoke from his mouth and said: "You've been broadcasting long enough to know you can't smoke in here." Those around the studio expected an explosion but Woollcott meekly said, "I'm sorry."

* * *

HARRY SOSNIK, Al Pearce's music director, got into his car one night after work and noticed a card under the windshield wiper. It was a business card giving a man's name and address. On its back was written: "I'm sorry I smashed your bumper. Just telephone me the amount and I'll pay the damages." Much to Harry's surprise the chap was on the level and *did* pay up . . . Helen Jane Behlke, a new Breakfast Club singer on NBC networks from Chicago, is the proud possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key . . . Among the better pals in Chicago radioland are Morgan Eastman, conductor of the Edison Symphony and the Carnation Contented Hour, and Roy Shield, NBC's music director for the central division . . . Chicago theatrical engagements of radio stars were not very successful this late winter, probably due, at least in part, to bad weather. Wayne King and Al Pearce both made poor showings and so did others . . . Rickett's restaurant on Chicago Avenue is a late night spot for many Chicago radio people while some of the NBC gang hang out at the Kinzie Grill near the Merchandise Mart . . . Plans are under way in Chicago for a Radio Artist's Club, membership in which will be confined to those definitely in radio.

* * *

EDGAR A. GUEST, the radio and newspaper poet, numbers among his better friends three kids known in radio as Tom, Dick and Harry, harmonists. They spend lots of summer time playing golf together on the course adjoining Eddie's Detroit estate . . . Alexander McQueen, the "nothing but the truth man," has among his unusual belongings a book devoted to stories of animals taken into court and treated as human beings. . . . The city auto licenses of Mena, Ark., include these words: "The Home Town of Lum and Abner" . . . A clipping on the bulletin board at college caused Phil Duey to give up his ambition to be-

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...



She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



Is it fair to the child to make him take a laxative that nauseates him?

Doctors say it can be dangerous. For the revulsion a child feels when taking a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire system.

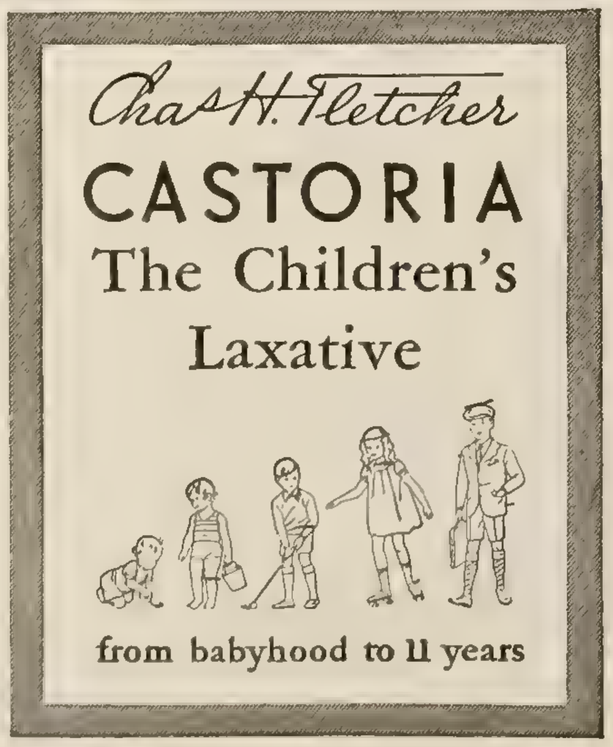


The sensible thing today is to give a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he takes without fighting back—a laxative that millions of mothers the world over depend upon faithfully—Fletcher's Castoria.



Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is a *child's* laxative *only*. It's made especially for babies and children. There isn't a harmful thing in it—no purging ingredients as you'll find in some adult laxatives. It will never cause cramping, griping pains. And it won't form a habit. Fletcher's Castoria clears the system *naturally* and thoroughly. It gives the body a chance to take up its normal functions again.

Keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Your druggist sells it. Get the Family-Size bottle tonight. It saves you money.



come a teacher. A Phi Beta Kappa, Duey read the notice of tryouts in Chicago for the Juilliard Fellowships in New York, the winner to receive free tuition at this famous school. He tried out and won . . . Because he was a personal friend of co-author Red Hodgson of "The Music Goes Round and Round," Clark Dennis refused to sing the ditty. He felt it was being sung too much by others for its own good.

* * *

WHEN George Olsen introduced some song pluggers at College Inn one night and asked one of them to sing his newest ditty the Olsen drummer broke up the party by sounding a gong, a la Major Bowes . . . Vivian Fridell is the girl who does the crying and cooing when you hear Marge's babe in the Myrt and Marge shows . . . You can never get Wayne King to eat buttered toast or oat meal. For in leaner years a big and cheap dish of oat meal was often all he could buy for dinner. And when he felt sufficiently flush to splurge an extra dime he would add buttered toast to his menu.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the ladies are often mentioned in the Lum and Abner scripts they never actually speak. Never has a woman's voice, even a faked one, been in the script although such ladies as 'Lysbeth, Abner's wife, Aunt Cherry, Sister Simpson and Evalena, Lum's love interest, are often mentioned. The boys are surprised to discover how real these ladies are to the listeners. In fact fans write in often asking them just what it was that one of the ladies said on such and such a broadcast about this and that. Lum and Abner have a tough time convincing the fans the ladies did NOT speak.

* * *

WHEN Howard Barlow was a lad in Urbana, Ohio, his playmate was a girl named Virginia Patterson. Just the other day she wrote him a letter. While driving between Damascus and Bagdad she had stopped to buy cigarettes. The paper match box accompanying them contained Howard's picture and biography . . . WBBM's Holland Engle bought a new hat. It was too small—so he got a haircut . . . Gus Van once smoked cigarette after cigarette while making a moving picture. He detests cigarettes and it took him days to get the taste out of his mouth. When he went to see the finished film he found the whole sequence in which he smoked had been cut out . . . Rudy Vallee evinced so much interest in the work of the Chicago piano team of Witmer and Blue that he asked them to wire him the first time they went on a network which he could hear in New York . . . About the only part of the Al Pearce show which is actually rehearsed is the music. The rest of the show just happens as Al calls on various members of his cast to perform. They don't even use scripts and never know when they will be called upon . . . A twenty-four-year-old girl with three children, six, five and three, wrote asking Jan Garber to broadcast a special tune for her birthday because her husband and the children's father had deserted them. She wrote: "We love your music. Maybe he will be listening. Please play 'You Forgot to Remember.'"

* * *

ALEC Templeton, Jack Hylton's marvelous blind pianist, is putting the character of Chicago into music. Already he's done musically the telephone company's time reports, bell signal and lifting of Michigan Avenue bridge, police and

fire sirens, street cars and park strollers . . . Betty Lou Gerson, First Nighter leading lady, tells the gag about the girl who frustrated a masher by running into a drug store. She knew Italian Balm would take the chap off her hands! . . . Campana paid royalties to Vicki Baum to use her "Grand Hotel" title for their radio series starring Anne Seymour.

* * *

PHILLIPS LORD is a Chicago radio actor. Phillips Lord is New York's Seth Parker and producer of those true crime radio yarns . . . When Juliet Crosby was playing Mrs. Dodsworth in the stage show "Dodsworth" in Chicago she visited the WGN studios to renew acquaintances with some stage people she'd played with in New York but who have since gone into radio . . . In the old days when the microphones weren't so sensitive Wendell Hall's tapping foot didn't matter. But now the ribbon mikes pick up the taps—so he broadcasts in stocking feet . . . When Freeman Gosden, Amos of Amos 'n' Andy, was a radio operator in the navy he picked up ukulele playing, an accomplishment which helped him plenty when he and Charles Correll, Andy, started in radio as a song, piano and patter team. Gosden was sea sick the first time his ship went to sea.

* * *

CYRIL PITTS, a sucker for fast talking salesmen, came home from an auction with an x-ray machine which tells you whether or not your shoes fit. Now he doesn't know what to do with the darned thing. Pitts, one of Chicago's better radio singers, made his concert debut in Chicago recently and the music critics were unanimous in praising him . . . Joan Blaine who is Mary Marlin in the radio show of that name thinks unemployment is decreasing. She gets so many letters from people who used to listen to her mornings but now can't because they are working again she's quite sure she's right. They write asking her to send them scripts so they can keep up with the story.

* * *

CARLETON BRICKETT, deep voiced actor of Lum and Abner, Mary Marlin and other shows, saved his life twice by hunches. He checked out of a New York hotel just an hour before a big fire and he moved from one pullman to another shortly before a wreck demolished the first car.

* * *

IN an open letter in its local paper, Travers City, Mich., invites NBC announcer Bob Brown there for fishing. Sez the story: "At Spider Lake we cut a hole in the ice, made a sound like the popping of a cork and waited. In just a minute Old Territorial came up to the hole out of breath. He'd been at the other end of the lake when he heard the cork pop. We gave him a couple of snorts (he's the biggest bass you ever saw) and told him about you. Bob. He said to let him know when you'll arrive and he'll herd the bass up to the boat. Bring a lot of flies. They are nice to show around. We'll furnish the worms for the fishing." . . . Irna Phillips, who writes Today's Children, Welcome Valley and other script shows broadcast from Chicago, always wanted to be a Helen Morgan type of singer but she can't even carry a tune. And Bess Johnson (Lady Esther and Frances Moran of Today's Children) would have been a singer save for a throat infection when she was seventeen.



Let me tell you about this

"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

—that costs just 3¢ a portion

"WE haven't a millionaire's income—anything but! But if we had, I don't know anything we could buy that would taste better than Franco-American Spaghetti. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce is the most delicious you ever tasted. Yet this marvelous dish costs almost next-to-nothing. You save money when you serve it and it's a treat every time!"

The thrifty woman's standby

Franco-American's zestful flavor "dresses up" the simplest meal. Inexpensive meat dishes take on new luxury. Left-overs acquire a lordly air. And you never miss meat at lunch or supper when there's a piping-hot dish of Franco-American on the table.

For Franco-American isn't the ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It's the kind with the *extra* good sauce. A sauce made with eleven different ingredients—a masterpiece of flavor!

Yet a can of Franco-American, all ready to heat and serve, is usually no more than ten cents, less than 3c a portion. It would cost you more to prepare spaghetti at home, buy all your ingredients and cook them. Think of the work you're saved, too. Get Franco-American today.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...*immediately*...and enjoy a beauty bath *sensation*...try the Linit Beauty Bath.

As Alluring



...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...*soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Pacific

(*Continued from page* 10)

regularly on NBC programs out of 'Frisco. Though he has written hundreds of songs, I guess his "Smiles" is the best remembered. But he doesn't mind. On the other hand, if you mention "At Dawning" to Charles Wakefield Cadman he gnashes his teeth and tears his hair. "Though I have written thousands of compositions," says Charlie, "my 'At Dawning' seems to be the only one the public can remember."

* * *

THERE is another bay area violinist, Rudy Seiger, heard every night with his orchestra from the Fairmont Hotel where he owns stock, is assistant manager, and has run the ork since 1909. He recently married Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, prominent society matron and member of a pioneer California family. The honeymoon was at the Seiger ranch in Contra Costa County. This month they leave for the East on a long tour. At seventeen, Rudy directed the Grand Opera House Orchestra in his home town, San Francisco.

* * *

LLOYD CREEKMORE'S favorite sound effect at KHJ has had to be roped in with a fence to keep the dogs and children out of the sandpile. It is a tiny replica of a beach scene and gives out all the ocean noises from shifting sands and ocean waves to the whirling palm leaves and roll of the surf. He used to drive a truck by day and hang around the studio by night until he became a thinker-upper of noises and landed a job at the station.

* * *

HONOLULU . . . A radio station in New York 5000 miles away informed M. Shinoda of Hawaii that a volcano was erupting practically at his back door. Shinoda was listening to a New York station when he heard the announcer say that Mauna Loa, great volcano in Uncle Sam's most westerly National Park, was in eruption. Shinoda rushed to his back door where he could see the streams of lava pouring down the mountainside. Shinoda's home is at the base of the volcano but it took someone 5000 miles away to tell him it was pouring forth fiery lava.

GUESS WHO DEPARTMENT

What San Francisco orchestra is doing some great work on transcriptions but uses an assumed name on account of network and phonograph record contracts? What network comic thought that G-man meant the gentleman who drives the garbage wagon? What Los Angeles news reader and radio editor has so much ego he refuses to go to press conferences unless he can see the invitation list—and doesn't go if anybody he doesn't like gets a bid?

* * *

KNX's In-Laws skit, perennial favorite on the Coast in the line of hometown stuff, packed up bag and baggage for Chicago and a network sponsor. Hal Berger heads the cast with Dale Nash [Mrs. Berger] as the femme lead.

* * *

ALICE YOUNG, glamorous young brunette singing with Nick Stuart's band around Hollywood, has gone back to the home town, Seattle, where she has been sweetly warbling over KJR.

LAURANCE L. CROSS, who gave some two thousand NBC programs on the coast under the caption of "Crosscuts from the Log o' the Day," has a new early morning chain program daily. He is a Doctor of Divinity . . . pastor of a Berkeley church . . . has five children . . . was born in Gastonburg, Alabama, in 1892.

* * *

THE vocal trio with Waring's band now numbers Roy Ringwald. He used to sing and play the organ on both KFI and KHJ, and earned his way through school by wringing out the swimming trunks at the bath house in Santa Monica.

* * *

DEATH Rides the Highway, first sponsored program to be sold and to originate in the new NBC Hollywood studios, has Frank Hodek for conductor. He used to lead the ork in Omaha on WOAW, now WOW, but later went into theater work. Now he is back on the air and living in California. He was born in Maryland some forty years ago of Viennese parents and has two daughters. His wife won't like us to tell this, but he met her at a penny ante game in Chicago.

* * *

THE cast of the Crockett Family, KNX hill billies once on eastern networks, has been augmented by the addition of Peter Potter. I think this is the first time that Pa and Ma Crockett's brood have taken an outsider into their ranks. He is really William Moore and you've seen him in "Shipmates Forever" and other pictures in character parts. Strolling along the boulevards the Crocketts are among the snappiest dressers in Hollywood. But on the KNX barndance and other programs they slip easily into character and certainly look homespun and mountainary.

* * *

BENAY VENUTA is off the New York CBS stint and on the coast again. This time she is doing the Hollywood and Beverly Hills night club spots . . . sort of back in home territory, for she once went to Hollywood High School. She is a natural blonde for she comes of Swiss-Italian and British ancestry.

* * *

AMOS 'n' Andy had a swell time at Palm Springs this year. As usual, the NBC technicians vied aplenty to get the assignment. You remember what a time they had last year. The acoustics in the tower at the hotel were terrible. They had to buy all the Indian blankets in Palm Springs, and borrow some from the riding academy, to line the walls and deaden the sound. But everything has its compensations. The boys could take a gander at the sun bathers below as they basked in individual arenas. And when radio officials discovered marine glasses hanging on the rafters the technicians solemnly said they "couldn't wait for television."

* * *

THE Kay Brinker heard in Drums, which stars William Farnum over CBS coast stations from Los Angeles, used to be a drama gal at KOMO in Seattle.

* * *

THE male quartet with Dick Powell on Hollywood Hotel program used to be "The Cardinals" when they went to a Southern California college . . . . Ralph McCutcheon, top tenor; Jud Sloane, second tenor; Bill Julian, baritone and Ray Linn, bass.

* * *

OUR candidate for the "people who never grow old" department: Peggy Matthews, singer with the KNX orchestra where her husband, Wilbur Hatch, is



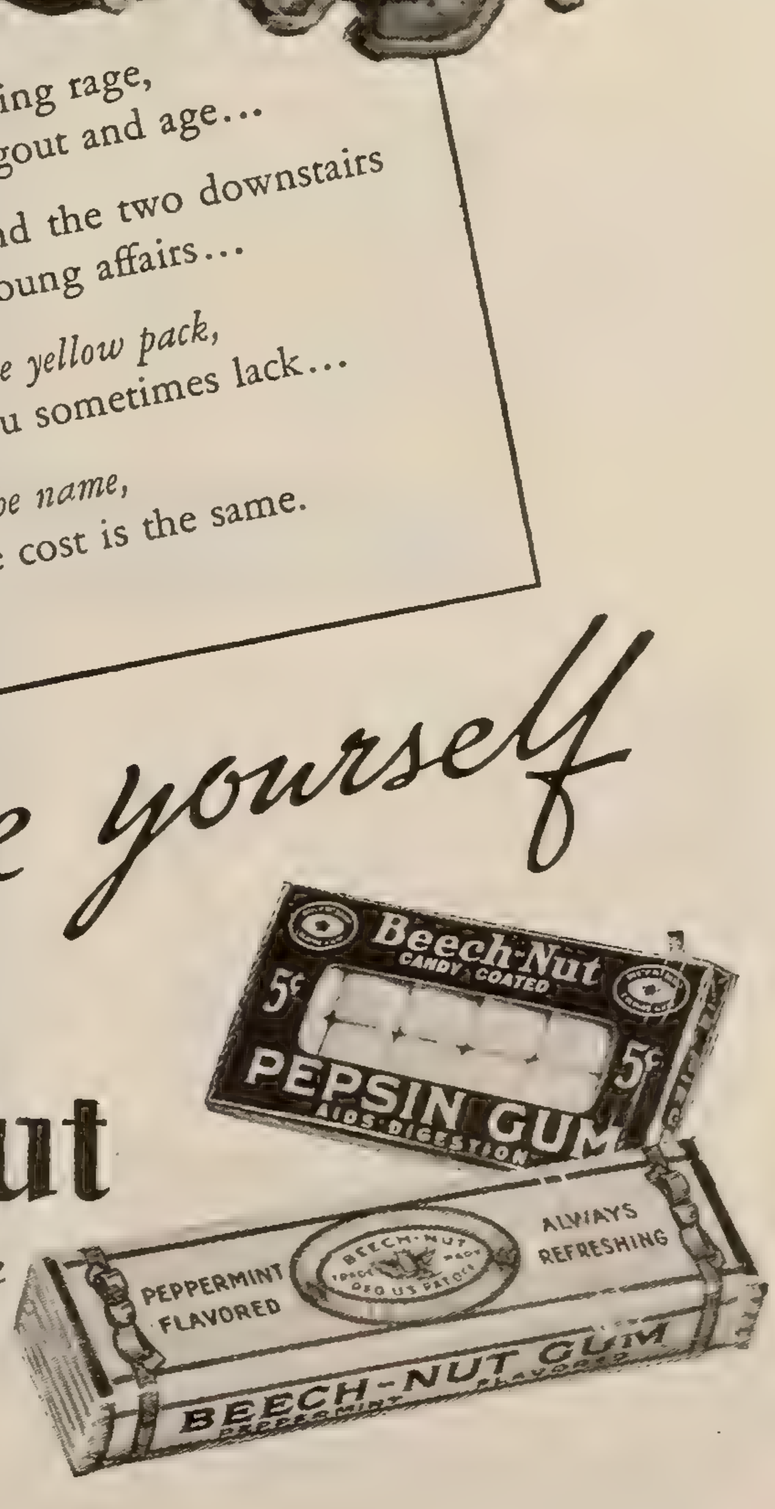
There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...

When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...

There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...

So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*



Comfort—Safety—Peace of mind

BECAUSE KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE . . . CAN'T FAIL . . . CAN'T SHOW



CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.



THREE TYPES OF KOTEX

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.

2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.

3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

music director. Lots of people remember her initial radio work about ten or twelve years ago on KFVD and other locals. She looks after the home and youngsters and still has time for the air work.

* * *

REGINALD SHARLAND, the Archie on the Watanabe-Archie team that was on NBC cross country for a year and daily too many years on KNX, has come back from his rest in Death Valley. Maybe he'll be back on the air in some character or other by the time this reaches print.

* * *

YOU can't blame a woman for dropping a few years off her age. And Bernardine Miller is so conservative. She passes for twenty-two but is really twenty-six. The torch singer was a long time with Al Pearce's gang on the coast and in the east. A dazzling brunette, still single, she is one-quarter Indian [Cherokee] and mighty proud of it. In the spring she started on KFAC in Southern California but expected to jump into bigtime again via one of the networks before very long.

* * *

THE more I hear this Frank Provo on many NBC programs from San Francisco the more I am convinced he will be a topnotcher some day. Though I like him best in Winning the West and Death Valley Days, he is also okay in Night Editor and Hawthorne House. He was born in High Point, North Carolina, but was taken to 'Frisco when a baby. When sixteen he won a Shakespearean contest at the high school in Burlingame. This brought a two-year scholarship with the Pasadena Community Playhouse with juvenile leads and character work in a whole flock of plays. Then, aged eighteen, he went into radio. He is now twenty-two and prefers radio to the stage because it gives him more leisure to write. He has written some NBC sketches and is plugging away at a novel. Swimming and sunbathing are his hobbies.

* * *

STORM bulletin from KQW, San Jose, announces the arrival of a son, Thomas Lee Storm, to the station's program manager. Bulletin takes on the form of a weather report with subheads as follows: date, time, area, intensity [lusty squalls], density [eight pounds], precipitation [slight, gradually increasing], forecasters [Mr. and Mrs. Storm].

* * *

HELEN MUSSELMAN, NBC actress, in private life is the wife of Bill Andrews, who announces One Man's Family.

* * *

THE party Arthur Lyons, Jack Benny's business manager, gave some time ago is still being talked about. Why, he even had a canoe so you could row around in the swimming pool. It's that big. In fact, the Lyons' manse was so swell that Jack thought it would be a good idea to swap places with his manager . . . letting Lyons be the comic and Benny the business man.

* * *

WONDER if some of those California towns are named after any of the radio folks by the same name. There's Mayfield, [Mayfield Kaylor, KTM production head]; Bishop [Joe Bishop, KNX guitar man]; Crockett, [the KNX Crockett family]; Jackson, [Henry Jackson, NBC book talker]; Lang, [Freeman Lang, premiere announcer]; Wright, [Cecil Wright, 'Frisco hillbilly] and lots of other stations. Nope, I guess not. Anyway, it helps pass the time riding from Los Angeles to San Francisco on the train.

PEN portraits while rambling 'round the NBC studios in northern California. Meredith Willson, music conductor, giving an amazing imitation of being busy. Helen O'Neil, lady producer [Woman's Magazine of the Air] still hollering about no personal publicity, but glad when the scribes spell her name right. Lloyd Yoder, sports interpreter, smoking his first cigar and not doing so good at it, either. Emil Polak, orchestra leader, who looks more like a business man than a music maker.

* * *

KFRC still looks like a barn, but they have installed some fine offices and an ultra swanky reception hall so awe inspiring you wouldn't even be afraid to toss the cigaret butts in the sand filled miniature foot baths. There's Arnold Maguire, gag man and producer, who has spent all of his thirty-six years in San Francisco but has yet to tour Chinatown. And Jack Van Nostrand, production manager, whose father is a judge. Harrison Holliway, head of the whole sheebang, has been there since the station started when he was a technician. Claude Sweeten, music chief, gets the last office in the row of cubicles because it is near the fire escape and he can sneak out the back door when the amateur clamor grows too great at the front portal. Tom Breneman, another producer, seems to have recovered fully from that whack he got at KFWB when the nasty old curtain rod tumbled down and conked him one.

* * *

COAST radio writers are still trying to figure out whether Judy Starr's press man turned an accident into a gag. She was badly shaken up in a motor smash and went to the hospital. Out went reams of publicity about her dear public, and how she would positively and absolutely sing over KHJ on a certain date even if she had to walk on crutches. Seems as though somebody saw her at a swanky night spot before that date and the radio columnists began to figure out that somebody was putting something over on 'em. Anyway, she was rather badly hurt. And she did sing. But my guess is that Judy is heading for the bright lights of New York and will get there before this gets into print.

* * *

GAYNE WHITMAN got too busy announcing film shorts. So he tossed the announcing overboard on the Strange as it Seems series and now Carlton Kadell has the berth. He started on WJJD, Chicago, in '31 and went West a year later.

* * *

FLETCHER WILEY, KNX diet talker, has invented a wind machine that works without any mechanical device . . . nothing to get out of order.

* * *

ROBERT WILDHACK'S classic sneezes and snores at last seem to have hit the air in the East. He came here ten years ago to recuperate over in Tujunga. In between times he sauntered over to Los Angeles to do his air stint. Then he went back to New York, where he had formerly been with magazines as an artist, and has been in big time shows and made a few guest appearances over the air. Though he hasn't added a thing to his repertoire since he started the business, the act is one of the world's greatest, if you haven't heard it too many times.

* * *

PEGGY MONTGOMERY, one time baby star, now eighteen, is trying to get back into the films and radio. Guess we're all growing old. Seems like only the other day, though it was more than twelve years ago, when I used to hold Baby Peggy before the microphone for bits in

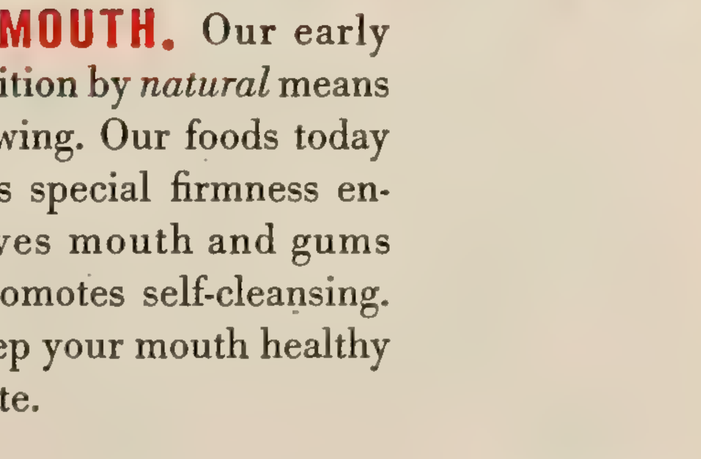
"Dentyne Takes Double Prize —For Aid to Mouth Health— For Fine Flavor!"



DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by *natural* means —by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we *need* Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the *natural* way to keep your mouth healthy —your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature)—just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

Keeps teeth white— mouth healthy



DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Gosh but I'm HAPPY!"



Romance came to Betty when she learned how to guard against Cosmetic Skin

A YEAR AGO, it seemed that Betty was always losing out. Other girls won the attention—the romance—she longed for.

THEN A FRIEND told her: "I'm afraid you're getting Cosmetic Skin. I guard against it with Lux Toilet Soap."



WONDERFUL HOW Betty's skin started to improve when she began to remove powder and rouge *thoroughly*.



BETTY SOON FOUND that soft, smooth skin made such a difference! It wasn't long before she met *the* man.

USE all the cosmetics you wish! But guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

When stale cosmetics *choke the pores*, Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather *protects* the skin—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Some Famous Stars who use Lux Toilet Soap

Claudette Colbert — PARAMOUNT STAR
Joan Blondell — WARNER BROTHERS STAR
Irene Dunne — R. K. O.-RADIO STAR
Bette Davis — WARNER BROTHERS STAR
Miriam Hopkins — SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR
Grace Moore — COLUMBIA STAR



programs. Her parents were always on hand early to insist she get through before the nine o'clock curfew so she could get lots of sleep.

* * *

WHO was the radio celeb who gave one of those scavenger parties and on the list was "one radio announcer dead or alive?"

* * *

C. C. [CASH AND CARRY] PYLE—you remember his bunion derby, Red Grange and Ripley exhibit at the San Diego and Dallas expositions—has been busy in Hollywood this season producing transcriptions for radio stations with the Radio Rogues and other outstanding names. He just became a grandfather for the first time. But if you call him "grandpappy" he'll toss the inkpot at you.

* * *

SAM HAYES, so popular on the Pacific Coast as the fast-talking Richfield Reporter, is making a bid for movie fame. He has played roles in two recent pictures, RKO's "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" and MGM's "Mob Rule."

Sam, incidentally, recently received this prize fan letter:

"I've listened to your news broadcasts for some time and have enjoyed them very much. Last Sunday you talked so fast, however, that my radio caught on fire and I had to have my transformer replaced. Orchids to you, Mr. Hayes, for the hottest news broadcast on the air."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Bazooka Blowing Bob Burns, Arkansas traveler and first citizen of Van Buren, Ark., makes $1,000 a week on the Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall program, he still pays $27.50 a month for his walk-up flat.

INDIANA FARMER



While most of Singin' Sam's radio friends in New York turn longingly toward the coolness of open spaces, he manages to keep fit chopping wood in back of his lovely country home, a few miles from Cincinnati, where he broadcasts his network shows.

Will Radio Bring the Frank Fays Together Again?

(*Continued from page 19*)

Well, you know already, of course, what happened. Barbara made one of those Hollywood overnight hits — in "Ladies of Leisure," it was. And Frank made—no hit at all.

Perhaps the trouble was that Frank's genius for comedy couldn't be confined to the just-so routine of picture making. On the stage, if at one performance, under the stress of a sudden inspiration, you read a line differently from the way you've always read it before, you may get dirty looks from the other members of the cast, but at least the show goes on. You don't have to stop and do the scene all over again. One of the charms of Frank's stage work, as it is of his work in radio, was his spontaneity, the quick, unexpected turns of his wit. The nature of movies, the way they are made, stifled this spontaneity by guiding it into a plotted, prepared channel.

Or it may have been that Frank was still suffering from too much Broadway viewpoint, and that the violent individualism of his character made it impossible for him to switch this viewpoint to one more acceptable to the rest of the country.

He stuck it out, stuck it out even while daily he grew more confused and desperate. You can't blame him for suffering under the double blow inflicted upon his pride. Not only was this Hollywood a hostile land to him, the darling of Broadway, but he also saw it taking his wife away from him.

FOR that's what it was doing. That's what, in the end, it did.

Not that Barbara didn't fight against it too. Passionately she wanted him to be a success, so passionately that Hollywood whispered she was sacrificing her career to his. There was the ill-fated revue, "Tattle Tales," which Frank produced and which she deserted pictures to appear in. That was not the act of an actress interested only in her own career, but of a loving wife who wanted success for her husband.

Later, Frank produced a picture independently, and Barbara's studio agreed to buy it. When it was finished the studio lived up to its promise, and bought it—but never released it. To Frank the humiliation was as great as if they had refused to buy it at all. Perhaps greater, for the inference was obvious.

The separation of Barbara and Frank was inevitable, under the circumstances. It happened last fall, in many respects only a repetition of a familiar Hollywood story.

Those who saw Frank around Hollywood after that separation will tell you he was licked. The old cockiness, the jaunty assurance that he knew all there was to know about show business were gone.

He must have been glad, in a way, to leave Hollywood and return to Broadway. Broadway's harder than Hollywood, but at least it is a hardness Frank was used to. He knew all its tricks, and how to fight them.

He hadn't been in New York very long before he was signed for a single appearance on the Vallee hour. And with that single appearance, lasting only a few minutes, came once more the life-giving draft of applause he'd missed for so long. Fan mail, newspaper comments, audience reaction in the studio were all favorable, even enthusiastic. His first engagement led to a second, a third, a series, and fi-

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.



IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet *9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only* will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once*, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your *dress!* They think it is *you!*

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.





RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

City *State*



nally a new long-term contract with Standard Brands.

Now do you see what radio means to Frank Fay?

It means the return of his self-confidence, the return of his self respect, but more than that, it means success *on his own*. His radio fame has come to him entirely through his own efforts, and in a field which was strange to him. It has proved to him he's still able to take an audience and bend it to his will, able to deliver a comedy line so people will hold their sides with laughter. No one helped him in radio. It can never be said that Barbara's influence, or her money, kept him on the Vallee hour or won him the new contract.

Those years in Hollywood left their mark on him. When I talked to him, during a rehearsal in one of Radio City's studios, I didn't find the lively, voluble man I'd expected. All his attention was concentrated on the show being whipped into shape on the stage, for one thing. For another, he has learned not to give himself away. You do learn that, when you've been the object of criticism and conjecture over a long period of time.

He made one oddly revealing remark, though. We were talking of movies, radio, and the stage, and Frank said, "When I was a kid, I guess I'd have tackled the job of playing Shakespeare if anyone had given me the chance. But when you get older, you get more timid about trying something new. Since I've been on the air I've had several offers to go back into the movies, but I'm going to wait until I'm better established in radio. There are a lot of things I don't know yet about it, too."

THIS spring he will start his new program, and in doing so he will return to Hollywood. There will be drama in that return.

"I still love Hollywood," he told me. "It's a grand place to live and work—and I can't blame it for anything unpleasant that happened out there. It wasn't the town's fault. I'm really looking forward to going back, partly because I can see my son again when I do. He's four years old now—a great kid. I'll be spending a lot of time with him."

And the first broadcast of Frank's new program, you might say, will be the final battle in the fight he is waging with radio as his weapon. It is to be a half-hour show, with Frank as its star, and on its success or failure depends his future happiness. For then he will be entirely on his own—no Rudy Vallee or variety show to help out.

If it succeeds, there are those who predict that Frank and Barbara will be together again. True, Barbara has filed suit for divorce, and Hollywood gossip persistently links her name with Robert Taylor's. But the decree has not been made final, and Hollywood gossip is sometimes wrong. One thing is certain. Frank and Barbara loved each other deeply and truly—and once more on an even footing, without the shadow of failure and dependence between them, they may one day again deserve the title by which they used to be known—"Hollywood's Perfect Couple."

Turn to page 52 for
RADIO MIRROR'S
new program guide.



THEY HEAR THIS PROGRAM IN CHURCH

BY JACK HARRIS

A COMMERCIAL radio program without any advertising blurbs! Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Nevertheless, one exists, and is heard every week by an increasingly faithful audience. What's more, the program's sponsors consider it a good investment.

The program is called the Chapel Choir, and it's sponsored by the Methodist Publishing House of Nashville, Tennessee, over Nashville's powerful WSM, and other stations.

Other things besides its lack of advertising matter combine to make the Chapel Choir unique among sponsored air shows. For instance, it has been responsible for the installation of radio receiving sets in scores of southern and middle western churches. And it certainly must be the only program ever to be recommended by ministers at the close of their noon-day services.

Often the new radio is the center of the evening vesper services in the churches down South which tune in on the Chapel Choir. Perhaps the congregations have already sung the hymns included on the radio program, thus increasing their pleasure in the songs when they hear them sung by trained voices.

And then, after the Chapel Choir has signed off, many of these radio-minded pastors invite their audiences to remain in the church and listen to Jack Benny, whose light-hearted gags follow the lovely sacred music! That explains why Jack has been getting letters recently which have caused him to scratch his head in perplexity as he read: "Dear Jack, I listen to your program every Sunday in church. . . ."

In addition to making radio history by breaking into the churches of the South and becoming the first non-advertising commercial show in radio, the Chapel Choir has also created a little new network of its own.

It started out on WSM only, but now twenty-eight smaller stations throughout the South and Midwest rebroadcast it every Sunday. In Atlanta, Georgia, people hear it over WATL; in New Orleans, over WDSU; in San Antonio, Texas, on KABC; in Birmingham; WSGN; in Muncie, Indiana, WLBC; in Memphis WNBR.

From all parts of the south have come complimentary and encouraging messages to the Chapel Choir. Methodist ministers in a recent conference unanimously gave the program a vote of commendation as "an influence of untold good" in teaching their congregations a better understanding of sacred music and instructing them how to sing the age-old songs.

As one Mississippi minister remarked of the program, "I feel more like preaching after I have listened to the Choir."

WSM'S CHAPEL CHOIR IS A SPONSORED SHOW WITHOUT ANY COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS



"Fresh air and exercise rate the top of my list for keeping fit. But I'm not swinging along blindly. My daily diet is mighty important, too. For breakfast, every one I know is changing to Shredded Wheat. And I'm right with them."



PACKED WITH VITAL NOURISHMENT

Crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat gives you vital food essentials because it's 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. Eat it every day for a rich supply of carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts and proteins.



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N. B. C. Seal

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid —with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

On the Way to the Press

IN June a new program hits an NBC network that seems to hold as many possibilities for development as the **Major Bowes** hour did when it became national a year ago. Right now it's heard on the Mutual chain of stations. It's known as **Husbands and Wives** and it's been signed up by Standard Brands to take the place of the **Ripley, Ozzie Nelson** program Sunday nights. Believe-It-or-Not Ripley is going to Europe to hunt up more strange facts, while Ozzie with bride Harriet will tour the countryside cashing in on the popularity built up over the winter months of radio work.

Shell Chateau that started with a new **Al Jolson** as its star, then switched to **Wallace Beery** who pinch hitted for Al, then back to Jolson again, is planning to spend more money than ever. With a new master of ceremonies, **Smith Ballew,** already functioning, the sponsors have lots and lots of bankroll to buy up the best guest star talent available. They promise many surprises in the next few months.

Columnists have it that **Jerry Cooper,** CBS star whose baritone voice could almost double for Crosby's if its owner wished, is going to wed shortly, perhaps by the time you read this. The gal's name has been given out to be **Joan Mitchell . . . The Honeymooners,** Grace and Eddie Albert, have the wanderlust or whatever you call it, so much they are secretly debating whether to call it a day—at least temporarily—in their radio work. Eddie confessed that they have stage ambitions and may work in summer stock, even though it cuts their income to about a fifth of what it is now. He has another plan, too, that he's toying with, and it calls for a brand new half hour program. That's all he'd admit . . . The earliest **Mary Pickford** will cease and desist from broadcasting is around the middle of July. She just signed an extension to her original contract . . . The **Rubinoff** program for Chevrolet is off the network, but you can hear the show just the same. It's being electrically transcribed (recordings to you) and is heard on at least three hundred local stations during the week. Keep trying until you find it.

ANOTHER to leave Radio City when it gets hot is **Lanny Ross,** if all available information isn't cockeyed. He's to head for Hollywood to appear in a musical comedy on the stage, if you please. Another sign of spring in a strange way is the contract just signed by station WCKY of Cincinnati. National Carbon Company has made arrangements for spot announcements starting next October to advertise their anti-radiator freeze . . . Also it's rumored that **Ray Noble** isn't being continued past the last of April by Coca Cola, said sponsor toying with plan of switching over to NBC.

From a spy deep within secret studios of Radio City come reports by special pigeon messenger of feverish activity on the part of engineers. In anticipation of the Republican and Democratic Conventions in June, which both NBC and CBS are going to cover, these engineers are trying to develop new microphones that won't need a lot of wires trailing after them. This will facilitate broadcasting from every part of the convention floor and—they hope—will scoop the rival network to a lot of first-hand reports.

He Reached for the Moon ——and Got It

(*Continued from page 36*)

graduation from Bowdoin—and whether or not he would graduate was, incidentally, a moot question—he called the board of education of Plainville by telephone and convinced its members in ten minutes that they needed a principal for the school in which Sam was teaching. He used the phone because he believed his atrocious spelling might have impaired his chances. It would have, too. So he selected mathematics and geography as the subjects he would teach, wrote letters to no one—and married Sam almost at once.

She learned she had taken a dynamo for a husband, a man who couldn't rest unless he were convincing people that the thing he had to sell was the thing they needed most in this life. Even as principal of the high school, he had to do that. First, he sold the parents of his students the idea that every kid in school should go out for some sport, even if it were only classical dancing.

After he had done that, he proceeded to sell them other things: silk stockings, brushes, Oriental pearls. He did that after school, from door to door.

Mrs. Smith would say, "And how is Johnny coming along with his studies?"

Phil would look at the order she had given him.

"Tolerable, Mrs. Smith," he would say. "He thinks Kansas is the capital of Topeka, but otherwise—tolerable."

ALL this time, he was writing stories, even though he couldn't spell and they didn't sell. Those yarns were wild flights of the imagination, romantic melodramas astounding in their ingenuity, just as Phil himself is.

He acted as principal of the Plainville high school and chief purveyer of novelties to the people of the town for more than a year. During that time, he also worked on the first Seth Parker sketches and read every want ad column he could lay his hands on. Then, quite without warning, and without any definite idea of what he would do when he arrived, he turned in both his own and his wife's resignations and set out for New York.

The night before he left Plainville, he closed the orders for the two hundredth Oriental pearl necklace and the three hundred and twenty-ninth stocking mender, polished up his sixty-third short story and his fourth Uncle Hosie sketch.

Phil was not without work in the big town for long. He sold himself almost immediately to a large candy company as a specialist in child psychology. To prove himself a specialist, he instituted a selling campaign that used the natural leaders of high school and grammar school groups as salesmen. Three months later, with that safely launched, he left the job to become vice-president of an old publishing house. A month after *that*, he became circulation manager of society's snootiest magazine. His new salary was an improvement of some $7,000 a year over his Plainville earnings.

Phil went after the social elect in the same driving manner he had gone after the good citizens of Plainville. He knew that, to the Four Hundred (or the Four Thousand) the wishes of their children were sacred, so he made the social buds of the Junior League in New York and Newport his saleswomen. Remember, this was before the time when the children of the rich took to working for their amusement.

Phil's pep talks put the urge to con-



A TRUE STORY BY
Jean Colbert
ACTRESS OF THE AIR

IT didn't mean much to me a few nights ago when my job was to tell listeners about a new kind of makeup ..."Keyed to the color of your eyes."

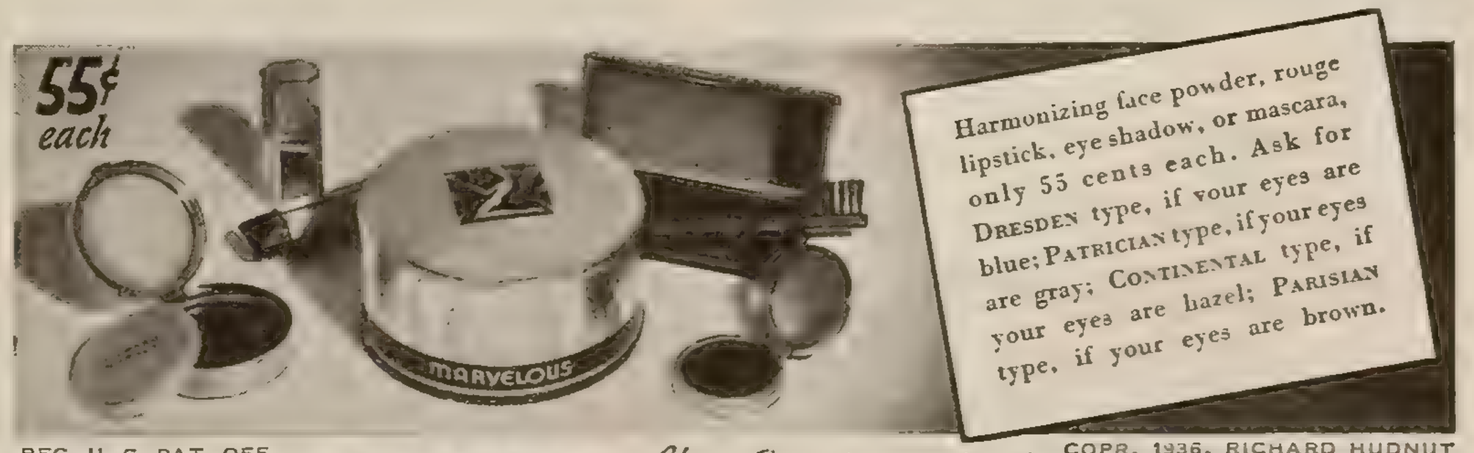
I stepped to the "Mike" and said: "Here at last is a way to end misfit makeup ... with harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara ... all keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes."

That sounded like good common sense.

I continued broadcasting: "Eight out of ten girls who use this new makeup are immediately lovelier, more glamorous. You can get full-size packages of Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup ... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara ... now at your favorite drug or department store, only 55¢ each."

By this time, I was more than interested. I had sold *myself* ... on my own broadcast!

So I tried Marvelous. My friends admired my new makeup ... bought it themselves. Why don't *you* try it ... and see how much lovelier you can be ... when your makeup really matches and is scientifically keyed to the color of your eyes?

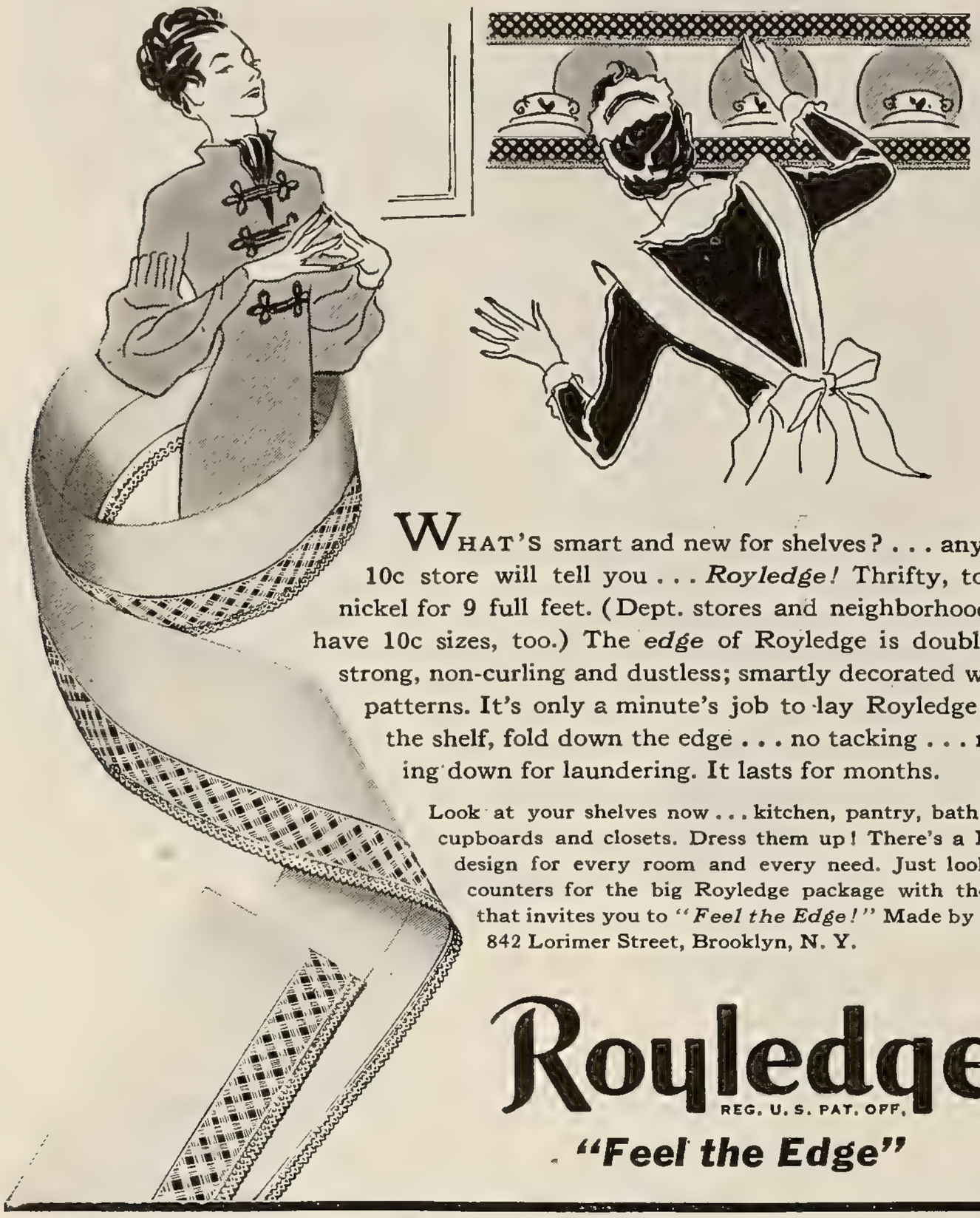


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

FEEL THE EDGE

...to feel the QUALITY of this 5c shelving!



WHAT'S smart and new for shelves? . . . any 5-and-10c store will tell you . . . *Royledge!* Thrifty, too, at a nickel for 9 full feet. (Dept. stores and neighborhood shops have 10c sizes, too.) The *edge* of Royledge is double-thick, strong, non-curling and dustless; smartly decorated with gay patterns. It's only a minute's job to lay Royledge flat on the shelf, fold down the edge . . . no tacking . . . no tearing down for laundering. It lasts for months.

Look at your shelves now . . . kitchen, pantry, bath cabinet, cupboards and closets. Dress them up! There's a Royledge design for every room and every need. Just look on the counters for the big Royledge package with the sticker that invites you to *"Feel the Edge!"* Made by Roylace, 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Royledge
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Feel the Edge"



"I Keep My Windows Spic and Span with
15c CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLEVER ME! I've found that 15c CLOPAYS look every bit as rich and lovely as costly shades. And they're so inexpensive I simply rip them off the rollers when they're soiled and attach fresh new ones in a jiffy with that patented gummed strip." Try it yourself! Millions now use 15c CLOPAYS! They wear amazingly—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Variety of smart patterns and rich, plain colors. Also see the new 15c *CLOPAY LINTONE that *"looks like costly linen."* See them in leading 5 & 10 and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE COLOR SAMPLES to CLOPAY CORP., 1599 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: **"You are getting old!"** To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 446, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

quer into these daughters of the fabulously wealthy and socially impeccable. He got them to attend sales meetings by holding the meetings in a snooty cocktail bar he had built on Park avenue. It was ridiculously simple—and effective. The gals went for it hammer and tongs. They went out after their friends with a gleam in their eyes.

"Mr. Van Astorbilt," one would say, "I'm selling subscriptions for charity."

"Great," he would say. "Put me down for one."

The debutante would open her eyes very wide.

"But, Mr. Van Astorbilt, I have you down for ten."

As a result, there are a great many Van Astorbilts in these United States who have more subscriptions to the magazine than they can ever possibly use.

Phil turned to radio soon after that. He had been writing all this time. First, sketches about the New England he knew so well, then radio scripts about a shrewd Yankee he called Seth Parker.

They were being sold, too. Forty local stations in the East bought his newest Seth Parker each week and sold it to local sponsors. Forty local Seth Parkers went through the adventures Phil wrote together with forty local "githerings" of Jonesport neighbors. In addition to that, Phil was turning out a weekly dramatization of a popular song.

WHEN the National Broadcasting Company showed willingness to put Seth Parker on its networks, Phil immediately signed up. He was no actor, but to clinch the deal, he made one of himself and became the forty-first and best Seth Parker. To her immense surprise, his wife became an actress.

There followed all those other sketches you heard on NBC—Uncle Hosie, Seth Parker's Singing School, the Country Doctor.

But the driving urge to sell that had made Phil and Mrs. Phil and their two little girls, Patti and Jean, such a comfortable living was to bring something that closely approached tragedy.

Seth Parker grew steadily in popularity until he became a national idol. In his earlier days, Seth had been something of a scamp, a shrewd trader, a close bargainer. As he became more popular, however, he became more and more a sacred character. Yet he made money for his creator. There were thousands of performances of Seth Parker, skits by religious groups each year and they poured royalties into Phil's pockets. There were Seth Parker hymnals, Seth Parker scrap books.

And, finally, the cruise of the *Seth Parker.*

That trip, which ended so disastrously, was a masterpiece of selling. Manufacturers stocked the vessel to the scuppers with equipment, all for the advertising it would bring. But after a hurricane had completely wrecked things, Phil returned with no ship, no money and with everything he owned plastered with mortgages. More than that, he was two years out of the radio game, twenty-four months behind the times.

That's not a long time when you just look at the calendar. A child will grow only a few inches taller, an old man only a little more bent. But in radio, it is an age.

Those who knew Phil had returned to the scene sat back to see what he could do about it. He was washed up, they felt, and they had a cold, clinical interest in seeing how much of a beating he could take before he hollered quits.

Had Phil been only a writer and actor, it is likely he could have done nothing.

But he is a salesman, a super salesman. He dusted off Seth Parker, washed the mud off his face and combed his beard, and put him back to work. It was, right off the bat, a complete exoneration for both him and Seth.

Then, casting about for something else, he was struck by the activities of the G-Men. Before he left for the South Seas, government men had been subject to faint ridicule because of their futile attempts to stop the sale of liquor; now, because they had crammed law and order down the throats of the lawless, they were heroes.

Phil went to work on it, even though several other men had peddled the idea without success for months. By long distance phone, he interested the makers of Chevrolet in the series. Their last effective show had starred Jack Benny; they needed something dynamic enough to follow that king of the air.

Phil convinced the board of directors he could supply it. When he learned they would have to wait for the official okay of the president of the company before he could go ahead, Phil remembered the people looking forward to his defeat. He told the board they couldn't wait, that other men were trying to sell the same idea to other sponsors; they told him they couldn't help it, that the president was fishing in isolated upper Wisconsin and it would take two days to reach him. Phil acted.

He chartered a plane in New York, and not many hours later the president of Chevrolet was startled to see a plane alight beside his boat and a dynamic young man named Lord clamber into the skiff beside him. Perhaps it was because of this surprise that he didn't offer much resistance as Phil proceeded to sell him a radio show.

G-Men didn't go off the air because it was no good. It went off because, on orders from Washington, Phil was unable to plug the automobile sponsoring the program. But it taught Phil a lesson. There was a place in radio, he decided, for the dramatic, yet true exploits of the metropolitan police. Accordingly, he conceived and sold Gang Busters.

That's the kind of man he is, really. And there's a lesson it it for you. Not in selling, or in go-getting, but in this:

Don't slam your door in the face of the next man who rings your bell and steps in with a sample case in his hand. It may be Phil, who finding he has a minute to spare from radio, is trying to make some change by peddling No-Slip Garters for Contented Socks.

She sang and danced in a night club when she was only twelve—yet today Paul Whiteman's eighteen-year-old star, Durelle Alexander, is as sweet and unspoiled as your high-school sweetheart. Read her amazing story in the

JULY
RADIO MIRROR

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (23) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

WANTED—VERY SHORT TRUE ROMANCES

$10,000.00

IN BIG CASH PRIZES!

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. are in the market for very short true stories. By "very short" we mean stories of from 2500 to 4500 words. For the fifty-three best true stories falling within these word limits and submitted before July 1st, 1936, $10,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $100 up to the magnificent grand prize of $1500. The greater part of this money undoubtedly will go to men and women who have never before written for publication. Why not get your share? To the person who has never written, the thought of setting down a story of ten thousand or more words might seem a hopeless task. But to write a story from 2500 to 4500 words presents no such problem. Comparatively little time is required and if successful how else could you realize as substantial remuneration for the time and effort involved?

The chances are that, as you read this, a true story has recalled itself to you that might easily merit the big $1500 first prize or, failing that, one of the substantial lesser prizes—a romance rooted deep in the magic, the mystery, the romantic lure of love, a story that thrilled you while you were living it, or when you saw it working out in the life of some friend. If you know such a story, by all means set it down and send it in.

It is the story that counts, not literary craftsmanship. If your story has the romantic, human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skillfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1500 first prize, the person submitting the next best will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

In addition every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it. You may submit more than one manuscript, although not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual. There is no limit to the number we may purchase.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is lived so surely you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1500
Second Prize	1000
Third Prize, 2 at $500	1000
Fourth Prize, 4 at $250	1000
Fifth Prize, 10 at $200	2000
Sixth Prize, 35 at $100	3500
Total, 53 Prizes	$10,000

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 nor more than 4500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and LEGAL address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, June 30 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications SHORT ROMANCE Contest, Dept. 26C, P.O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

How the Ghetto Guides the Goldbergs

(*Continued from page* 45)

if he didn't remember her. He thought a moment, and then decided he did.

"And are you still living on Stebbins Avenue," he asked. "I didn't recognize you at first, because you've grown younger. The children—they're grown up now?"

Mrs. Berg, of course, never lived on Stebbins Avenue in her life, but she told him about her children and asked him about his and ended up by buying a shopping bag.

By this time we'd been up and down both sides of the street, and our taxi driver had all the parcels he could carry—everything from handkerchiefs and shoe laces to an extremely large and slippery fish wrapped in newspaper.

"Now I want you to come with me to Greenberg's restaurant for lunch," Mrs. Berg said; and to the taxi driver: "Put all those things in the cab—they're all yours. You'll find that fish is very good. And then wouldn't you like a real kosher lunch too?"

Over the lunch, which started with *gefültefisch* and went on through soup with noodles to *kishka* and grilled sweetbreads, Mrs. Berg told me still more about her visits to the Ghetto and what they mean to her and her radio work.

"Ever since I was a little girl," she said, "I've loved to talk to old Jewish people—and by the way, did you notice that nearly all the people we saw this morning are old or at least middle aged? The young ones don't stay.

ALTHOUGH I've never actually lived in the Ghetto myself, I feel I know it as well as if I had. My grandmother used to come down here, just as I do now, and she always brought me along."

Mrs. Berg's grandmother, Jennie Netter, was the model for Molly Goldberg of the air series. As a child, Gertrude Berg learned to speak the Yiddish language entirely by listening and talking to her grandmother; for her parents hardly ever spoke anything but English.

By the time she had grown up, she had a limitless fund of Jewish stories and sayings, and it was natural that she should write them down in the form of fiction. A few of her stories were sold, enough to encourage her to keep on writing after her marriage, and to bring her eventually to radio and the Goldbergs.

"I've always loved to come down into the Ghetto," she went on, "and though it's hard to explain, I know that my visits help me to write about the Goldbergs. It's not that I pick up any actual material to use in the scripts—that is, I don't take a character or an incident and use it.

"But once I was very busy and didn't have time to come down for several weeks, and then I found I was losing touch with my characters. They weren't the real people they had seemed to me before. Something was lacking." She shrugged and smiled. "Maybe the trouble is, when you live in a nice home and ride in nice cars, you forget that thousands of families live huddled up in two-room tenements."

Then, hesitantly, as if she were afraid I might laugh at her, Mrs. Berg gave me another glimpse into this part of her life.

"I belong to a charitable women's club down here on the East Side," she confessed; and then she told me its name, which I can't repeat to you for reason's you'll understand in a minute. "I joined about three years ago, just as a lark, but soon I found myself so interested I hated to miss a meeting."

"They don't know who you are?"

"Oh, no! I joined under a different name, and gave them an address in Brooklyn. I always wear an old dark dress, pull my hair back tight, speak with just a little accent—like this—" Again, before my eyes, there was the swift transformation I had seen in the market-place, from a poised, sophisticated radio star to a typical Jewish housewife, filled with comfort, kindness, and small affairs. "And how are the children, Mrs. Finkel? So? And the business? Good!"

She went on: "They are so wonderful! The club supports a home for old and friendless Jewish people. I never stop wondering at the way those poor women, most of them with not enough money to get along, still manage to give so much to others."

Right now they are trying to persuade Mrs. Berg to run for president of the club, or at least vice president, and she is trying to think of a way to refuse without seeming to be slacking her club duties. She can't very well tell them the truth—that she is kept more than busy enough writing, directing, and acting in a radio sketch five days a week.

I'VE been able to help those women, in the three years I've belonged to the club," she explained, "by taking part in their affairs, working with them. But if they once knew who I am they would become shy and ill at ease. My usefulness would be entirely destroyed. And if I ever became one of the officers the truth would be bound to come out. I'd have to give them an address where they could reach me, and even if I didn't do that, they'd think it was funny I never asked any of them to my home.

"I'd hate to have that happen," she added seriously. "They help me, too—not just because knowing them gives my radio work more reality, but because they appeal to something deep down in myself. I'm happier every time I attend one of their Monday night meetings."

It was nearly time for Mrs. Berg's afternoon rehearsal when we left the restaurant. Our cab driver, who certainly will be a Goldberg fan from now on, speeded us back up through the crowded streets, out of the tenement district and onto glossy, prosperous Park Avenue. The Ghetto was left behind us, and we might have thought looking around us at the new surroundings, that it didn't exist at all. But Gertrude Berg won't ever forget that it does.



With Brother Willie, Eugene Howard's the comic highlight on the new NBC program, Folies Bergere of the Air.





ROSITA MORENO in "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



WINX Eye Beautifiers

Microphone Masquerade

(*Continued from page* 47)

of any use to Maxey Corvallis.

Something broke the nocturnal silence. It was like a child running a stick along a picket fence; it was like the chattering of the teeth of a regiment of men; it was, surprisingly, like the noise a machine gun makes in the movies.

Strangely, Hal McCabe dropped his cigarette and turned; and before the cigarette hit the ground it exploded in a shower of sparks; then McCabe was falling, slowly, slowly.

At the top of the hospital stairs, the driver had dropped McCabe's bags and was shooting at something in the dark.

Utsy vaulted over the back of the front seat and started the car. It took off with a jerk; Jake Loeb caught hold of the side and fell in, the door slamming behind him. The driver leaped across the sidewalk, and came in through a window, alongside Utsy; they went around a corner, hit Riverside Drive, went north.

Next to Jimmy, Jake was shaking, and crying softly. "He was a very good kid, ten years ago," Jake said. "But singers, they should stick with singers and not get mixed up with gangsters. There was nothing wrong with his throat, much, Jimmy; too much smoking, maybe. But he wanted to hide out, he was scared; he had gotten some of Maxey's friends mad at him. So Maxey sent his word it was safe to come out again."

"Utsy didn't pull his gun," Jimmy said softly.

"Maxey thinks of everything," Jake said. "You will do for thirteen weeks. And then—"

The car was going quietly back to the hotel, as though nothing had happened. Jimmy began to shake, thinking of Hal McCabe falling to the pavement. His body had been nearly cut in half.

MADGE sliced a potato into a frying pan, lighted the flame, and went to the window of her room. Outside were the dreary west side streets, spattered with rain now. A man turned the corner, a young man, and for a moment her heart beat wildly, because he walked a little bit like Jimmy. But Jimmy was dead, and anyway this boy was too old. She opened the window and took a bottle of milk and a lamb chop out of the tin box that sat on the window sill.

She was just sitting down to the meagre, dreary little supper when the bell over the door buzzed three times. That meant that she was wanted on the phone downstairs. No one had called her up since Jimmy disappeared, and yet. . . .

She nearly fell running down the stairs. The landlady had left the receiver hanging from the wall phone. She picked it up and said: "Hello," into the mouthpiece. Her mouth felt dry, her throat clogged.

A man's voice—not Jimmy's—said: "Miss Summers?"

"Yes."

"This is Captain Flaherty down at the building. Listen. We couldn't pick up Corvallis. He got out a lawyer on us, and we didn't have a thing on him. But the first McCabe broadcast goes on tonight, and he'll be there. I want you to come down to the building. Get me? Meet me at the office, and I'll take you down. It isn't open to the public."

"Yes, Captain."

"I've got a lead, girl. A little piece of information a friend of mine picked up near where the shooting was. It may not be anything. But you come down anyway, about eight."

"Yes." A lead? Did that mean that they were going to find out who killed Jimmy and why? It didn't seem to make much difference. They couldn't bring Jimmy back. But his death oughtn't to go unavenged. She wasn't even going to his funeral. His body had been claimed by relatives and shipped upstate before she could get there.

She choked her supper down and pulled on some clothes. At quarter of eight she was in Flaherty's office.

The captain said: "Do you drink?"

She shook her head.

He smiled a little. "Drink this anyway. It's brandy. You'll need it, sister. Listen, don't you get your hopes up. But—well, a cop, a fellow I know, gave a girl a break once. He could have pinched her, and he didn't. So he was up around West End Avenue, nosing around, and he saw this dame. She said she was a nurse now. Working in a little private hospital up there. And she could give him some help. This Jimmy White had been a patient. Some sort of throat operation, a quinsy, something like that. No, she hadn't seen him, he wasn't her case."

"But Jimmy didn't have anything wrong with his throat," Madge cried. "If he had I'd have known it."

I KNOW it, sister. I know it. And the thing smells." Flaherty's deep sunk eyes glowed. "Girl, I'm retired from the cops, pensioned. I got a good job here. But every cop likes to break one big case before he goes, see his name on the front page once more. If that guy wasn't Jimmy White, but McCabe in Jimmy's clothes—boy, howdy!"

"You think—"

"I think Maxey Corvallis is the smartest crook I've ever known, and the greediest. If just once his greed has beat his smartness, we got him. And, girl, you're the one person in the city that could positively identify Hal McCabe, or rather unidentify him. 'Cause they won't let anyone get near him. But you loved this boy, you ought to know him no matter how they've fixed him up. Come on."

She started to get up, but she felt suddenly weak. The captain lifted the little brandy glass and pressed it to her lips. She swallowed, and there was an explosion inside of her that ended with a sudden, warm feeling, fine, confident. They went to the elevator.

The building has provision for every kind of broadcast. It has tiny studios that offer a star complete privacy. Hal McCabe, who had formerly gloried in the spotlight, was shy after his retirement, and he was using one of those.

Captain Flaherty led Madge through back corridors, finally opened a door. Inside was a control room, with an engineer sitting at a sloping desk covered with instruments. The control men looked up, startled; Flaherty showed his badge.

Because this was a private studio, there was only a tiny glass panel to see into the broadcasting room. Flaherty went close to the engineer's head, and stared. "Okay, sister," he said, "you'll be able to see. Try it."

Madge bent over, too, and saw an empty room, panelled in maple. There was a piano, two microphones, and three chairs. Nothing else.

"Eight minutes more," the control man said. "You people can get as close to my head as you want to, only don't talk any more than you have to." He seemed completely indifferent to the proceedings, as though he were used to having detectives

in his control room every evening.

Flaherty bent over, looking through the tiny panel. The minutes went by on the electric clock on the wall; they seemed to Madge to take more time than any minutes she had ever heard of, dreamed of. Because hope was born again, Jimmy might be alive; the captain had said not to get her hopes up, but she had to hope.

The captain straightened up. "There they are."

She bent over, her cheek nearly touching the engineer's head. It was hard to see through the little panel. They had made these panels so that the artists on the other side would not feel they were being stared at.

THERE were four men in the studio: a fat man, who sat at the piano, a thin man she had never seen before, and someone who stood with his back to her. But the fourth man was the heavy set man who had run her away from the vice president's studio the other night, the night Jimmy had disappeared.

"I can't see the one at the microphone," she said, straightening. "But listen, Captain, who's the heavy set man in the corner?"

Flaherty bent over, straightened. "That's Maxey the Greek."

"I—I've never told anyone this because it was too ridiculous," Madge whispered, "but the night Jimmy walked out—" she told her story.

The cop said, briefly: "If there are a couple of officials of the company involved in this mess. I know one Irishman who's going to be out of work if he misses. Keep watching till McCabe turns around. And don't say it's Jimmy till you're sure, and unless you're sure."

"Yes, sir." She bent over again. Now the piano player—she couldn't know he was Jake Loeb—was playing, striking chords to get his hands warmed up. And now the man at the microphone sang a few notes. He turned as he did so. Madge stared and stared; then finally, she said: "I can't be sure, Captain. Jimmy would never wear clothes like that, and this man is older."

Flaherty looked. "McCabe, after all. We're wrong. Here's the announcer now, they're going to start."

Lights changed on the control panel. Finally, the announcer gave the commercial, told about Hal McCabe—and the familiar "Old Black Joe" came through the loud speaker. Madge remembered that Jimmy had made a specialty of imitating McCabe's theme song. She pushed Flaherty away from the window, and looked. But she couldn't be sure. The gray in the hair, the lines in the face, the flashy clothes were all so unlike Jimmy.

"And now," the announcer said through the wires, "Hal McCabe will sing a special new arrangement of 'Walking the Floor' and a great surprise, folks; Hal has adopted a new way of singing. I hope you like it!"

The man at the microphone—was it the man she loved or wasn't it?—opened his mouth. The piano started the melancholy song. And then—he didn't sing. Instead he cried: "I'm not Hal McCabe. This is Jimmy White. McCabe was killed—"

MAXEY CORVALLIS was out of his chair, and there was a gun in his hand. The thin man in the side of the room, the sponsor, leaped to his feet with utter amazement. And Madge was knocked aside as Captain Flaherty smashed madly at the glass panels with his gun butt. They broke, the double panels, and there was a horrible noise in the control room. She wondered whether this was going on the air, but the control man had thrown switches, and a standby studio was going on. All that the world would ever hear was a piano played some place else in the building.

Flaherty pulled his arm out from the broken glass, and dashed out. Madge looked.

Maxey Corvallis was dead, or he looked dead. She had never seen anyone lying in quite that crumpled an attitude before. He was very red and the gun was still in his hand.

Another man—she couldn't know that he was Utsy—was lying half in and half out of the door that led out of the studio.

But Madge Summers didn't care about that. She cried "Jimmy, Jimmy," through the broken glass panel.

HE turned, unbelieving, wiping at the paint under his eyes. "Here I am, Jimmy," she cried again.

The fat piano player pushed Jimmy. "Go on and kiss your girl, boy," he said. "I am telling you, me, Jake Loeb, I have never been so close to something in my life, and I would kiss a girl too if I had one."

And then Jimmy's dear face, strangely altered by the make-up, was pushed up to the smashed glass, and Jimmy was kissing her. It was unbelievable and wonderful.

The control man said: "Look out you don't get cut," and went out.

"Come around here, Jimmy," Madge whispered. "And don't get lost on the way."

THE END

Soft, Young Skin FOR YOU



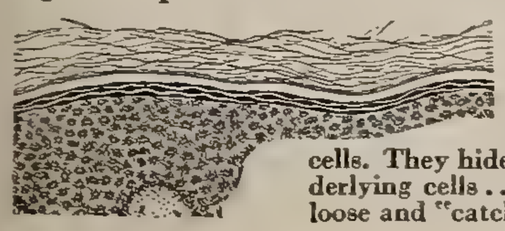


When you Melt away dead skin cells

YOU really have the softest skin imaginable. If you'd only bring it out! Its true softness is hidden by dull, dead cells—which you yourself can *melt away*.

Day after day, your skin is drying out. Little cells are forever shriveling into dry, flaky bits—mean "powder catchers"! But you can smooth your skin *instantly*—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A distinguished dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches the skin, an instant softening takes place. Dried-out surface cells melt away. Young underlying cells come into view. The skin quickly acquires smoothness and fine texture."



Outer Skin (Magnified) Right on top, you see the dead surface cells. They hide the young underlying cells . . . In time, flake loose and "catch" powder.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream with the coupon below. See how it puts an end to roughness, an end to powder trouble. Starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin! Apply it twice a day . . .

For a smooth make-up—Always before you put on make-up, film your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. More than a powder base, it melts away flaky bits . . . leaves your skin smooth. Make-up goes on evenly with a "beauty-salon" finish!

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after your regular cleansing, spread Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy, won't show. Just goes on invisibly . . . melting away every last roughness, softening your skin the whole night through!

Miss Wendy Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., New York: "I smooth my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Make-up looks smart!"

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. F135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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IF Perspiration were a TIGER



—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 17)

than a magician . . . The Duchin marriage is a great success. There is nothing high hat about the Mrs., she is very democratic and just crazy about Eddy and his music. She accompanies him on all his one night stands, mixes with the people and has one grand time . . . During the season Ruby Newman went regularly every Wednesday afternoon to the opera. He's a regular hound . . . Tie this one. Fred Waring eats in the Automat. Once a week he invites a party of his friends, music men, and takes them, you guessed it, to the Automat . . . No matter whether he is in the midst of a rehearsal or busy in a conference, Ray Noble must have his afternoon tea. It's an old English custom . . . Ozzie Nelson is the most boyish of all the leaders . . . And Leo Reisman is the most temperamental. He's really a grand fellow at heart but he can throw a fancy assortment of tantrums. He's known in the trade as "Four bar Reisman," meaning that he only needs to hear four bars of a new piece to tell whether he will use it or not.

SHORT SHORT STORIES

AL DARY, pianist for Columbia's Rhythm Boys, and Dorothy Dwyer were married late in March. Their minister was Father Ronald MacDonald, elder brother of George MacDonald, another member of the quartet . . . Paul Whiteman, giving in to the demand for swing music, now has his own swing trio, called the Three T's, composed of Jack and Charlie Teagarden and Frankie Trombauer . . . Hal Kemp's going on tour this summer, but he'll probably continue providing the music for the Gulf program Sunday nights on CBS . . . Wayne King may be heading for Hollywood before long to make a feature picture, if negotiations don't break down . . . Dick Messner, not content with leading his orchestra on the air and in the Cocoanut Grove at New York's Park Central Hotel, has taken on the job of being master of ceremonies for the floor shows there as well. Dick announces his radio numbers, too, and in his spare moments composes music . . . The Lombardos will be back in the Roosevelt Grill, New York City, next season . . . A new dance-band combination is that of Rudolph Friml, Jr., son of the famous composer, and Al Giroux. The boys and their band are doing some recordings now, and will get an NBC sustaining program later . . . Joan and the Escorts, a new vocal quartet consisting of one girl and three tenors, is being heard on various NBC shows coming out of Chicago, and regularly on the Breakfast Club Monday mornings. Joan is Joan Drake, and the Escorts are Clarence Hansen, Floyd Holm and Clifford Petersen.

THEME SONG SECTION

BOB CROSBY, Bing's kid brother, went to work and found some swell new music for his theme song. That haunting melody you hear at the beginning and end of his late evening CBS programs is none other than "Summer Time," from the first act of George Gershwin's opera "Porgy and Bess."

Bob's orchestra, incidentally, is a cooperative affair. Every member has a share in the profits and a say in the band's affairs. Not long ago it had a chance at the new Lifebuoy show at CBS which stars Ken Murray and Phil Regan, but the boys got together and turned it down after doing a little bit of figuring. They're at the Hotel New Yorker in New York City right now, and doing well. (P.S. to Mary Carney: That ought to answer your question about Bob.)

Did you hear Rudy Vallee a few weeks ago when he sang "The Whiffenpoof Song?" You didn't know it, but Rudy is trying to popularize that song just as he did years ago with the "Maine Stein Song." It's an old Yale student tune, and Rudy is a Yale alumnus. "Whiffenpoof" has a lovely melody, but it lacks the pep and sparkle of the miraculous Maine number.

Another maestro who wouldn't mind helping history repeat itself is Paul Whiteman. Paul, you remember, directed the historic first jazz concert in Carnegie Hall, New York, at which Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" burst on an astonished world. Now he's scheduled for another Carnegie Hall concert in May, and during it he will play for the first time a suite for male voices and orchestra composed by Ken Darby, leader of the King's Men quartet.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Edwin Thomas Nelson, Murray, Utah—Fred Waring plays the banjo, violin, piano, and—of all things—musical saw. That is, he can play them, but he seldom does, these days. Directing his band keeps him about busy enough.

Marjorie Kreps, White Salmon, Wash.—That Lux Theater theme song is an original, unpublished piece of music by Robert Armbruster, musical director for the show. It hasn't any title, and it hasn't any words. Just music. Armbruster also writes the other incidental music for the Lux plays, except when one is presented which already has its own music.

Mary Barron, Framingham, Mass.—Rudy Vallee's theme song is still "My Time Is Your Time"—it didn't have to be changed when the copyright battle began. Rudy used an almost entirely different band in the Broadway revue, George White's Scandals. Only two members of his radio aggregation were included in it—Eliot Daniel, pianist, and Billy Smirnoff, violinist. And here's an item about Rudy's band for your Orchestral Anatomy file: Benny Kreiger, one of the Vallee saxophonists, now has his own band on the CBS Pick and Pat program.

INTRODUCING THE MAESTRO

Smith Ballew, the band leader, who became master of ceremonies on the Shell Chateau over NBC when Al Jolson left early in April, is a Texan and had his first dance band while he was still a student at the University of Texas. Before that, he'd received his musical education from Old Ned, a Negro banjo-player in Smith's home town of Sherman, Texas. Old Ned didn't have a last name that anybody knew, but he taught Smith how to do tricks nobody else could do on a guitar.

After Smith was graduated from college he and his band played for several years at the Fort Worth Club, a Texas millionaires' organization then struck out on a tour through eastern and middle western states. He came to New York for the first time in 1928 and played with George Olsen in the musical comedy, "Good News," which ran for several years. Later he organized his own orchestra again and played with it in most of the big towns.

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

THIS is the time when bands take to the road, playing one night stands, theaters and especially college dates. At the time the list below was prepared many of the leaders themselves did not know where they will be the latter part of April and early May. We have made every effort to make this list accurate but if discrepancies do exist, don't blame us. Here's the list.

Armstrong, Louis—On tour.
Belasco, Leon—On tour.
Bernie, Ben—Theatres and Leveggi's Hotel, Boston.
Bestor, Don—Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal, Can.
Block, Bert—On tour.
Casa Loma—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
Coleman, Emil—Hotel St. Regis, N. Y.
Crosby, Bob—New Yorker Hotel, N. Y.
Cugat, Xavier—Theatres and Stevens Hotel, Chicago.
Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
Dorsey, Jimmy—California tour.
Duchin, Eddy—Plaza Hotel, N. Y.
Ellington, Duke—Theatre engagements.
Fio Rito, Ted—Theatres.
Garber, Jan—Theatres.
Goodman, Benny—Congress Hotel, Chicago.
Hall, George—Taft Hotel, N. Y.
Harris, Phil—Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, O.
Heidt, Horace—Theatres and Drake Hotel, Chicago.
Henderson, Fletcher—On tour.
Himber, Richard—On tour.
Johnson, Johnny—Commodore Hotel, N. Y.
Jones, Isham—On tour.
Kavelin, Al—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago.
Kemp, Hal—Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y.



Willie Howard—you've laughed at him in pictures—makes his radio debut in Folies Bergere, Wednesdays over NBC.

King, Wayne—Theatres.
Knapp, Orville—Waldorf Astoria Hotel, N. Y.
Kyser, Kay—Wm. Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lane, Eddy—Hotel Governor Clinton, N. Y.
Light, Enoch—Hotel McAlpin, N. Y.
Lyman, Abe—On tour.
Madriguera, Enric—College tour.
Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
Newman, Ruby—Rainbow Grill, Rockefeller City, N. Y.
Noble, Ray—On tour.
Olsen, George—Hotel Sherman, Chicago.
Osborne, Will—Blackhawk Restaurant, Chicago.
Pancho—Hotel Pierre, N. Y.
Reichman, Joe—Hotel Statler, Boston.
Rogers, Buddy—Theatres.
Stern, Harold—On tour.
Travers, Vincent—French Casino, N. Y.
Weeks, Anson—On tour.
Weems, Ted—On tour.
Whiteman, Paul—Appearing in Jumbo at Hippodrome, N. Y.

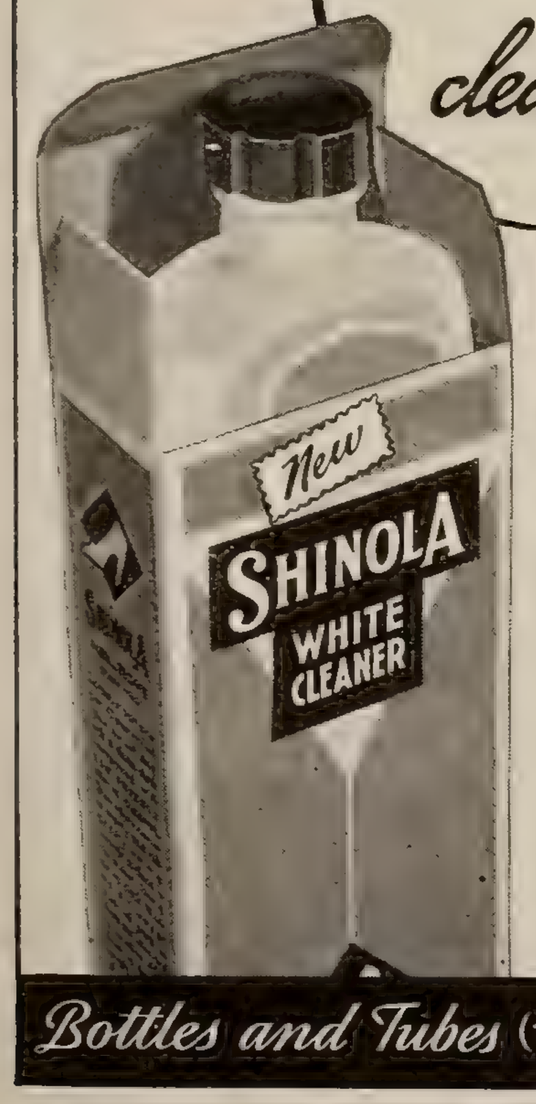
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Orchestral Anatomy . . . . . .
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Theme Song Section . . . . . .
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Following the Leaders . . . . . .
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Or . . . . . .
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Bottles and Tubes (TWO SIZES) 25¢ *and* 10¢

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HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

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For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.



Hidden Moments in Their Lives

(*Continued from page* 48)

Italian, who had attached himself to me at Bengazi, and begged for the privilege of accompanying me on my search for the Garden of Hesperides."

It was an overnight trip, with the guides grumbling every inch of the way; they had never been to the Garden before, and did not know the way. Arabians, like everyone else, are afraid of what they have not experienced. The average camel driver's wage is forty cents a day. Ripley had to pay each Arab five dollars before he'd consent to come with that "crazy American."

Finally, they arrived at the Garden, a patch about two hundred yards wide and three hundred yards long. "Frankly," Ripley told me, "I was disappointed in it; my own garden is more beautiful and picturesque. It has an assortment of red and gold wild flowers and several clumps of bushes; none higher than twenty feet.

"But of course when you consider that it grows in the desert, it is very remarkable, indeed."

WHILE riding around the garden, Ripley and the guides came to a great hole in the desert, underneath the garden. Always on the lookout for adventure, Ripley insisted upon investigating it.

"The Italian lad told me it had been discovered only recently and that he had heard it led to a river. Of course, he had never been there. Nor had any other white man he knew of.

"The Arabs, who are afraid of subterranean waters, certainly had not gone there. But since I want to see everything in the world, I insisted upon going. It took almost an hour's arguing and plenty of gold to persuade the guides to accompany us. We finally descended about one hundred feet underground, zigzagging on the rocks, going down into the darkness beneath."

Torches lighted their way. Dimly, they could see they were in a subterranean cavern in which the water was extremely deep, and crystal clear. Evidently someone had planned to explore it, for a wooden row boat lay buried under water.

"We had tied our camels to the trees in the Garden of Hesperides," the Believe-It-or-Not man told me. "It took us a couple of hours to raise the boat, to tie it with rope and fix it so it wouldn't leak.

"Finally we got into it, and started paddling. I understood that this river solved the mystery of the Garden of Hesperides; it watered the roots of the trees and the flowers, in the garden above. But where did the water come from?"

In some places the cavern roof was so low they lay in the bottom of the boat to pass; in other places, it was very high. All around them the walls were dripping. The Arabs, afraid of this strange underground river, muttered prayers to Allah under their breaths.

The young Italian and Ripley conversed. "See the marks from the water line," the youngster said. "They come from the tide. I wonder when it's high tide here?"

"We paddled slowly." Ripley admitted, "and we seemed to get nowhere. I think we must have paddled about one hundred and fifty feet when our torches went out. We were left in complete darkness!

"The guides immediately began to shriek. Finally, paddling around in the darkness, we managed to pull over to the wall, and to feel our way. We could tell the water was rising, for we could hear it as it struck the wall. In three places it forced our boat so near the top of the cave that we had to lie on our backs, and push against the roof, to force the boat deeper into the water, so we could get by."

It was useless to try to converse with the Arabian guides, for in times of stress, people revert to their native tongues. They were gibbering in Arabian, which Ripley does not understand.

"We are lost, I'm afraid," the young Italian boy said tremulously. "The tide is rising. We can not see our way out. We will all be drowned."

"You mustn't talk that way," Ripley said. "We'll get out. We'll find the entrance."

Shivering and quaking, they paddled for over an hour, being guided by the dripping walls. It got so that even the brave Italian lad no longer conversed with Ripley. Trembling with fear, he began to sob and mutter in his native Italian.

"This was the first time in all the years I've been seeking adventure that I really felt I was done for," Ripley told me. "That cold, dank cave, with the water rising inch by inch, with the sobbing men praying with nothing but darkness all around me, gave me the jitters.

"First I tried to calm the men, to assure them it would be all right, that the river could not be very long, and that we would find our way.

"They only cried the more.

"Then we became hungry. We had left our supplies on the camels' backs. We had brought no food with us.

"None of the men would drink the water of the river; they muttered and jabbered among themselves as I cupped my hands in it and drank. I couldn't understand their behavior until later, when I learned I had drunk from the River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. Legend has it, you know, that whoever drinks from that river forgets friends and home alike. But I forgot nothing, not even my danger.

"What does a man think of when he feels sure he is about to die? First I kept thinking of how dumb I had been to come here; that, since I had not been able to get to Tibet, I should have gone home.

"Then, strangely enough, the skull of Saint Rosa began to appear before me. You see, I was raised in the little town of Santa Rosa in California, named after the only saint who came from the western hemisphere. Her skull is preserved in a church in Lima, Peru, and I had seen it there.

I AM not religious. I am not a Catholic. But the skull of that saint seemed to appear before me constantly."

The water kept rising slowly and the boat rose with it. Suddenly the young Italian boy nudged Ripley. His keen eyes had detected a glimmer of light in the distance! Breathlessly they paddled in that direction.

Finally, they came to it. It was the hole by which they had entered. When the Arabs saw this, they jumped from the boat so quickly it almost capsized.

"We were alive, and in the fresh air," Ripley told me, smilingly. "We had explored the River of Lethe; we had seen the Garden of Hesperides and Hercules' golden apples, but," with a shake of his head, "I don't think I'll visit there again, very soon."

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."



"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized ...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

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S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



Major Bowes' Amazing Friendship

(*Continued from page* 21)

not that I myself have observed other manifestations of Freddie's unusual thoughtfulness.

A few weeks after the return to Hollywood he said to his aunt, "I am going to write to Major, today, Cissie. You know it is just a year this month since he lost his wife." And he did write, a warm, gossipy epistle such as only Freddie can write.

The Major's reply, written on a day when he was engaged in his usual stint of auditioning some two hundred amateurs, was accompanied by his second present to Freddie, a gold pencil, with the initials "F. B." engraved on it. And in the top of the pencil there was set a perpetual calendar. You just give it a twist once in a while, Freddie explains.

Miss Mack tells of another incident which took place during that first New York trip.

During the Bartholomews' second visit to the Bowes apartment the Major said, "Freddie, your Aunt Myllicent tells me you have committed to memory parts of several of Shakespeare's plays. Now I don't have much time or opportunity to hear anyone read Shakespeare, I haven't for years. Won't you read some of him for me now?"

AND for almost half an hour Freddie stood there, quoting lengthy excerpts from the work of the master playwright. In an ordinary child it would have seemed artificial, an affectation. But Freddie and his aunt have read the classics for years. He loved the sound of the words and lines before he could understand much of their meaning. And, through Cissie's explanations, he began to love the classics for their import, too, at an early age.

An hour after the Bartholomews reached New York again, last February 20th, the Major rang their hotel to greet them. But they were already at the studio, rehearsing for "Peter Pan." For two days the efforts on both sides to make contact failed—such is the merciless penalty of fame.

At last on February 22nd, Miss Mack was successful. She rang the Warwick Hotel suite and Freddie himself answered the phone.

"Hello, *Freddie!*" said Miss Mack.

"Oh, I say, is this by any chance *Miss Mack?*" came back in delighted accents. He had remembered her voice a whole year.

"And, oh Miss Mack," he continued, after the first interchange of greetings, "there is a band in the street here and they are playing American airs! *Is it Lincoln's birthday?*"

Lincoln's or Washington's—it made little difference to a small boy who hasn't got his American history quite straightened out. It was, in any event, a great day for celebration. For on that day Freddie saw his friend, the Major, again.

NEXT MONTH

Another fascinating and helpful lesson in homemaking from one of your radio favorites, showing you how easy and inexpensive it is to add those little touches which make your home more than just a place to hang your hat.

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ZiP Facial Hair Remover (Odorless)
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IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

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Switch to ZiP CREAM DEODORANT *for overcoming* BODY ODORS

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
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Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write

Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

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1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT
. . . adds charm to any smile!

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT
...safe even for children's teeth!

3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY
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4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER
. . . far more economical to use!

Large Can 25c
Family size 50c
Holds over twice as much



The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use

What Do You Want to Know?

(*Continued from page 54*)

W. K., Woodhaven, New York—Just write to Harry von Zell in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York and ask him for his picture. I'm sure he'll be glad to send you one.

Miss Marie B., Peekskill, New York—You're not the only one, Marie. Frank Parker is quite popular. He has black hair and brown eyes. He's radio's handsomest bachelor . . . Likes to cook and putter about the house when he isn't swimming, dancing, golfing or charging about Long Island on one of his polo ponies. You can address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. C. Belleville, Overland, Mo.—Morton Downey has been shifting around quite a bit this winter, but I think he's pretty well set now on NBC's Evening In Paris program each Monday at 8:30 P. M. To help you find the show study RADIO MIRROR's new and rapid program guide on page 52. And what's more, here's Morton Downey's latest picture!

Isadore D., Baltimore, Md.—Al Goodman directs the Palmolive shows on Saturday nights. Al's considered one of the ablest conductors and composers in America. He was born in Russia, the date being 1890. His father was a cantor and from him young Alfred learned much of harmony, composition and singing. The Goodmans were miserably unhappy in Russia. But to leave was difficult. So Cantor Goodman disguised himself as a farmer, filled a wagon with farm produce, his wife, little Al and his other children, and the Goodmans were soon across the border. They then came to America and settled in Baltimore. Al's professional career began when at the age of 17 he got a job playing the piano in a nickelodeon.

Then he went in vaudeville with his brothers. He then worked as a chorus boy in a Milton Aborn show. One day during a rehearsal Al became so impatient at the poor musicianship of the leader that he threatened to "tear up the place." Aborn heard him and asked, "Well, can you direct any better?" P. S. He got the job and made a success of it.

Mrs. E. C. S., Great Neck, Long Island, New York—Roy Atwell is not broadcasting regularly at the present time. However, he's often heard as a guest star on some of the big shows.

E. K. N., Kremlin, Mont.—A letter will reach Ruth Etting in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York. There's no fixed address for Pinky Tomlin at this writing. He's on a vaudeville tour.

R. L. P., Antrim, N. H.—There's no set announcer on the Flying Time program. NBC uses different ones from time to time. Sidney Ellstrom took the part of the reporter who came from New York to interview Patricia Ryan on the Girl Alone program. I'm sorry I can't give you the information you want on Orphan Annie and the Betty and Bob shows. There's an agency ruling against this. It was Loretta Poynton who played the part of the boy, Bobby, found in the warehouse on the Flying Time Program.

Greta M. L., Syracuse, N. Y.—The leading characters in the Betty and Bob show are not married to each other. And, believe it or not, a twenty-year-old girl takes the part of the baby. For pictures, write to Betty and Bob, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

D. E. B., Buffalo, New York—You can now hear your favorite tenor, Stuart Churchill, on the Musical Reveries program over the Columbia network on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12:15 noon. Stuart was born in St. Francis, Kansas. . . Is five foot-seven, weighs 130 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, celebrates his birthday on January 15 and is not married.

Edith J., Covina, Calif.—Edith Hunter plays the part of Marge on the Easy Aces program.

Julia A., Jamaica, New York—Columbia's announcer, Carlyle Stevens, was born in Parkhill, Ontario, Canada in the year 1907. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall . . . Weighs 145 pounds . . . Has brown hair and very brown eyes. He loves tennis, but seldom has time to play.



Morton Downey has given up nightclub entertaining to return to NBC's Evening In Paris program, Mondays at 8:30.

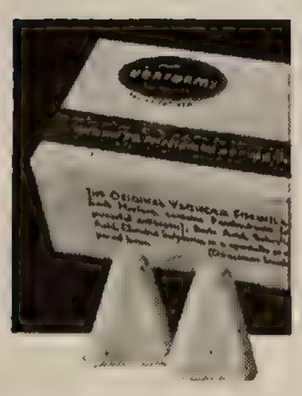
ATTENTION
Ida Bailey Allen Budget Recipe Contestants

RADIO MIRROR is glad to announce the following winners of the budget recipe contest: Mrs. Martha L. Doll, Lebanon, Pa.; Mrs. Leona Dreer, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. B. D. Kyzer, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Ethel Goodman, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. S. A. Seddon, Norwich, N. Y.; Miss Helen Smalley, Alexandria, Ind.; Mrs. Max M. Stein, Farmington, Conn.; Mrs. L. M. Hoofer, Selma, Ala.; Mrs. Henry Hartwick, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Betty Klemchuk, Chicago, Ill.

Copies of Mrs. Allen's Budget Cookbook, autographed by the author, have been sent to the prize winning contestants.



FEMININE HYGIENE made easy



NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes —an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS for modern feminine hygiene

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Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

The Critic on the Hearth

(*Continued from page 13*)

genius in Scotland Yard? Anyway, there's plenty of chills, thrills and spills.

CBS, Tues., Fri., Sat., 6:45 P. M., 15 min.

HOUR OF CHARM. Male bands may well be jealous of Phil Spitalny's thirty-girl orchestra and chorus which has nothing to fear from television. Phil picked the damsels for brains, beauty, musical genius and lack of husbands. No wonder he had to comb the country for them.

CBS, Sun., 6:00 P. M., 30 min.



Evelyn Kay, concertmaster—or is it concertmistress?—of Phil Spitalny's Zotos Hour of Charm girl orchestra.

DR. CHARLES M. COURBOIN has something different and exciting in organ programs. Once decorated by the King of Belgium, for whom he was court organist, his metier is in classical pieces, and you'll be surprised how tuneful the old masters become through the majestic organ.

MBS, Thurs., 10:00 P. M., 30 min.

OZARK MELODIES. This morning interlude sticks to the accepted pattern for hill billy stuff, but is above par in quality. It goes off like clockwork—none of that annoying, inane, impromptu banter that usually shifts mountain music to some other radio than mine. This is one hill billy group that's entertaining.

CBS, Mon., Wed., Fri., 10:45 A. M., 15 min.

HARRY RESER'S ESKIMOS are at home in any kind of musical atmosphere, hot or cold, and always manage to make it their own. Reser's banjo solos are delectable tidbits, and John Zelmer at the electric organ provides some fancy icing for the cake that this tingling program takes.

NBC, Sun., 3:00 P. M., 30 min.

WILDERNESS ROAD. A serial involving Daniel Boone, a fictitious frontier family, Indians, George Washington and a lot of sound effects which sound more like corn popping than the British Army.

CBS, Mon. through Fri., 5:15 P. M., 15 min.



You wear lipstick 16 hours a day. Be careful of . . .

lipstick parching

Remember that lips are sensitive. Does your lipstick leave your lips rough and dry?

The new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick *never* parches. Coty thought of *smoothness* as well as color. So a wonderful new ingredient was added. It's called "Essence of Theobrom." It has a special power to keep lips soft.

And what *warm color* the "Sub-Deb" gives your lips! Color that's ardent and indelible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

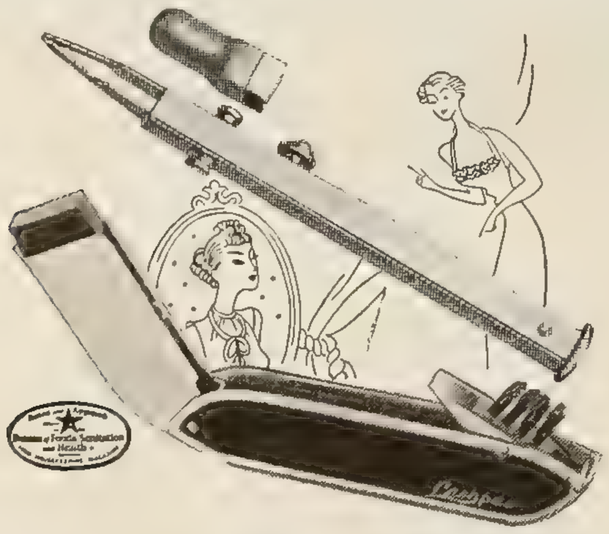
BRIGHT

EYE DEAS

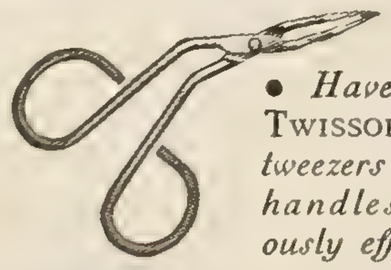
by Jane Heath



Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



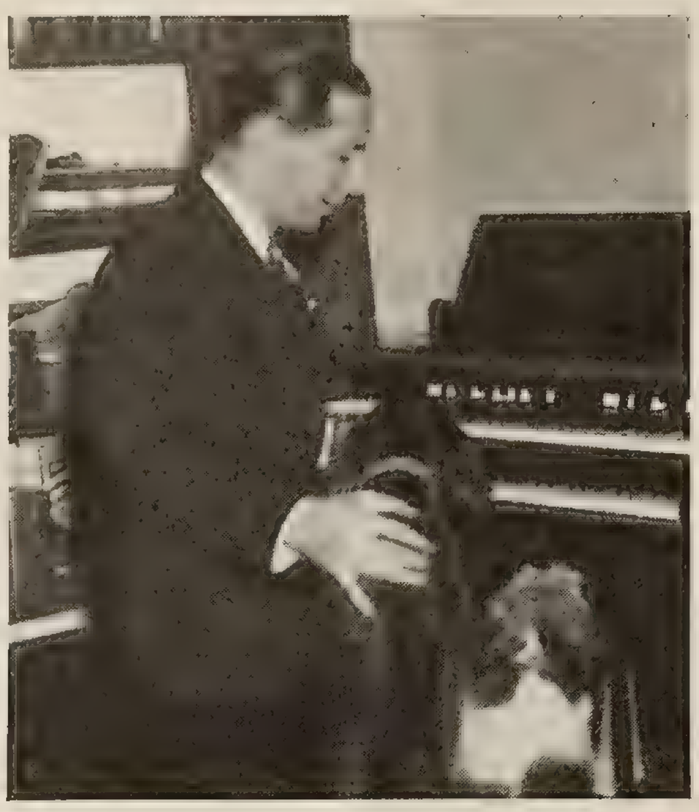
• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MG-6.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

HOT WEATHER PREVIEW



Hal Kemp will get a crack at stardom this summer when he takes over the Gulf Oil show from Phil Baker.

THE first breath of warm spring breezes blew around the corner of Radio Row in April and blew with it a list of program changes. Stars are already planning their vacation times and sponsors are hastily signing up new talent to pinch hit during the summer.

A change of the first magnitude and an evil omen for amateur performers at the mike has been announced for Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen departs the first of July, for parts unknown, until a fall return the last day of September. In Fred's place will be Stoopnagle and Budd. The Colonel, with Budd's assistance, will continue to keep out of the White House and will, with no encouragement at all, heckle the amateurs during the last thirty minutes of the full hour.

When Phil Baker packs up, along with Beetle and Bottle, his sponsor will retain the Sunday half hour, giving Hal Kemp his first real crack at radio stardom. Hal will preside over the entire program, featuring his singers Maxine Grey, Bob Allen and Skinny Ennis.

Another sponsor—Chesterfield Cigarettes—wants to keep going over the summer and has already scheduled its talent for this hiatus in the serious music series presented by Lily Pons, Nino Martini, and more lately by Rosa Ponselle. Andre Kostelanetz will continue to direct the orchestra, and for soloists he will have Kay Thompson, formerly of Fred Waring and Hit Parade fame, and Ray Heatherton, until now an NBC star. This show's former Saturday evening spot changes to Friday at 10 on May 1, with the Wednesday program to be left as is.

A change is coming in True Story Court of Human Relations, now over NBC. The sponsor wants to try out Goodwill Court, a local New York program, which uses real, honest to goodness judges to sit in on problems of husbands and wives. The show, at first, will be heard over the Mutual network and the Inter-City network. If it is accepted, one of the two big chains will probably find it as one of its evening programs for fall.

Jack Benny departs the end of June for a short rest. Jello hasn't planned anything in his place. He'll return, though, that's certain.

Helen Hayes is another probable returner to the fold, possibly some time in late summer.

Lawrence Tibbett has no plans for more radio work, at least not at the present.

The Kraft people are arguing with Bing Crosby that he should stay on his program during July, while Bing shakes his head and points at his contract which calls for time off just about then. If picture work keeps him in Hollywood he'll keep on broadcasting. Otherwise, it's a vacation and no back talk. The agency wouldn't confirm this, but it wouldn't deny it either.

Walter Winchell stays on the Jergen program until late in June—but the show's plans after that are still indefinite. Last year Cornelia Otis Skinner, the monologist, pinch hitted for the Sage of Times Square while he took his summer vacation.

Richard Himber and his Studebaker Champions will turn up on the NBC-Red network, Friday nights at 10, starting May 1, for what promises to be an all-summer series.

Flash! Extra! Jack Pearl comes back. On the Texaco show. Tuesday nights. A thirteen-week contract. Listen in.



The amateurs on Town Hall Tonight will be in for it when Stoopnagle and Budd take Fred Allen's place.

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS..!

Feed Them "Strength Building Iodine" for Blood and Glands!



Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh —Make You Strong and Rugged—Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of "stay-there" flesh, feel stronger, eat better and sleep better, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 826, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL **Kelpamalt** *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

Bing Crosby's Secret Charity

(*Continued from page 25*)

stopped. He said nothing to anyone, but the next Thursday evening a big open truck loaded with boys drove up in front of the studio. And twenty of them presented themselves at the austere doors of Studio A just fifteen minutes before Bing went on the air. They got in.

Everyone was surprised, even shocked. Many organizations had asked for the privilege of attending the program, but not one request had ever before been granted.

Bing wouldn't talk about it much; he still won't. But the truth is, he is a big softy when it comes to boys and their problems. In fact, he's doing even more for these boys, and until now, it's been a secret.

"It won't do any harm to have a small audience, to get some laughs," he said apologetically. "We certainly couldn't find a more deserving audience. It's little enough to do for those kids, and won't do anyone any harm."

NOW, every Thursday night, twenty interested, excited young faces grin up at Bing from those once-empty seats. But if it rains too hard, they can't come. The reason for this is that there are only about twenty presentable outfits of clothing in the camp, and they can't risk having these rained on in the open truck. That is also why they attend in shifts. Twenty different boys—but the same clothes—come to Bing Crosby's broadcast each week. The rest stay at home in their overalls, listening before the radio.

The ones who come manage to look very dressed up. The "community duds" are brushed to painful neatness. Shoes, even if a bit large, are always shined carefully.

But the most striking thing to see is the shine in those boyish eyes—sometimes with amusement at Bing's sallies, sometimes with tears when a famous opera star sings a lullaby. But mostly from sheer adoration for Bing Crosby, the guy who made this treat possible.

The camp boys are real friends of Bing's now. He chats with them, finds out their names, where they come from, what they really want to do. During the broadcast he winks at them, slyly pointing a gag in their direction. He looks at them interestedly and speculatively, teetering back and forth on his heels, while the band plays. You can tell he is wondering what comes next for them, or perhaps thinking of his own small sons, planning their futures.

There is nothing proprietory or condescending in Bing's interest in these fellows. Indeed, sometimes he looks as though he might be one of their number, in his casual attire. He usually wears an old and beloved hat, sweater over flannel shirt, tie straggling, and—well, a pair of trousers, any old trousers. Pants, in fact. Bing refuses to dress up for a microphone. Nor does he look a great deal older than the boys in his audience.

There is a charming informality about the broadcast. For one thing, there is no "dress rehearsal." When the program is finally patched together, Thursday at the stroke of seven, no one is quite certain whether it will fit.

Unplanned things happen often in the Music Hall. Both Bing and Bob "Bazooka" Burns are masters of the extemporaneous. The production man needs iron nerves. Bing is apt to get the daily racing form mixed in with his continuity,

DON'T TOLERATE *Conspicuous* SHINY NOSE

Luxor, the truly moisture-proof face powder, is guaranteed not to mix with skin moisture and cause shiny nose, clogged pores, floury streaks! Coupon brings 10-day box, FREE!



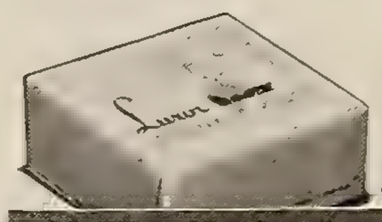
● Take advantage of this wonderful offer to try Luxor moisture-proof powder. Give it the severest test a face powder can stand. See for yourself that it will not mix with skin-moisture around the nose. See how marvelously Luxor combats conspicuous nose shine, clogged pores, floury streaks!

This you can prove by putting a little Luxor powder into a glass of water. Note how completely it refuses to mix with water, and therefore won't mix with similar moisture on your skin to cause shine.

1c postcard brings FREE 10-day supply

Just paste the coupon below on a penny postcard. Fill in your name and address and indicate which one of the flattering Luxor shades is best suited to your type. We will send you FREE and postpaid, a generous 10-day supply of Luxor.

Moreover, we back all claims for Luxor with a rigid money-back guarantee. At drug and department stores, 55c. 10c sizes in 10c stores.



55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

FREE: 10-day box of Luxor Powder

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free and postpaid a 10-day supply of Luxor Moisture-Proof Face Powder. I am checking the shade I prefer. Offer not good in Canada.

Complexion	*Powder Shade*
☐ Blonde, Light	☐ Flesh
☐ Blonde, Medium	☐ Flesh
☐ Blonde, Dark	☐ Rachel
☐ Brunette, Light	☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Brunette, Medium	☐ Rachel
☐ Brunette, Dark	☐ Rachel No. 2
☐ Gray Hair	☐ Flesh
☐ Auburn, Light	☐ Rose Rachel
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Forhan's goes deeper

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CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK



They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 60H-9, St. Louis, Mo.

or start reading the architect's plan for his new Toluca Lake home. That is, you think he is. He always looks so utterly irresponsible that you expect any minute he may do or say something which will throw everything haywire.

But never worry. Bing has real poise. He refuses, however, to be held down to what he calls "mechanical precision." The main thing, he believes, is an entertaining show. Rules are made to be broken if something better pops up spontaneously.

It is this very quality which helps to make Bing the really *big* person he is. It is what caused him to break his own iron-clad rule, "No studio audience." He was big enough to see a very human need. He figured quickly that he could do something for "a bunch of kids" without allowing his interest in them to detract from his giving a good show for his radio audience.

BUT Bing isn't going to stop at this; he intends to do far more for these boys than getting them into a broadcast.

At first, he didn't want anyone to know about this special little audience of his. But a good deed always comes out in the open, even (or especially) in Hollywood. Everyone seemed interested, so he told a few more friends.

Now Bing is not the only famous person who has the welfare of these "strays" very much at heart. Many of his guest stars, past and future, know about them. They in turn have told other celebrities. So the story is spreading, and with it an idea. A truly great idea.

Guest stars on the Music Hall are always paid, whether they like it or not. Not liking it may sound odd to you. But many of the famous actors, writers and singers who appear are people whose services money couldn't buy for radio. Therefore some of the checks have been accepted quite unwillingly.

And so—there is a plan afoot to divert this money into a special channel for getting the road boys back to their homes and families. Several famous stars are already enthusiastic about the scheme. And it is a cinch bet for anybody's money that Bing will do more than his share.

A few of the youngsters aren't entirely sold on the idea of returning to their homes. Bing has found that out too. So occasionally, he delivers a little talk, giving them his own personal views on the subject.

"Maybe you fellows think you'd rather travel around, and not have to work much. Sounds nice, all right, but believe me, it doesn't work out. Make a place for yourself back in your home town first. Later on perhaps you can do some wandering but not till you're sure you will be able to take care of yourself.

"You see, at home people care about what happens to you. But out in the world, you won't find that anybody will worry much.

"And say, perhaps you think that when folks get famous they don't have to work any more. You probably think *I* don't work. Well, I get up early, look my horses over and tend to things around my stables. Then I have to hurry to the studio and work hard on a picture. Maybe I have a broadcast later. Why, everybody works. It's more than half the fun of life.

AND home—home's a great place, fellows. I'll bet your mother would like to see you, right now. And say, wouldn't you like to see her, and eat some of that good home cooking? Have you written to her lately? Hmmm. Better tend to that, son."

A crooner's sermon, you say. Maybe. But a sermon filled with good common sense and sound advice. All those boys will be better men because Bing took time off to give them a big brother's counsel.

And Bing would rather send one of those kids home a winner than to have one of his horses win the Santa Anita Handicap next year. He likes horses, all right, but he is darn crazy about boys.



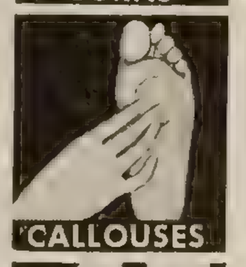
Believe it or not, Harriet Hilliard, but that's a magic ring Rob Ripley's showing you—just another of the odd things he's picked up on his travels. You hear Bob, Harriet, and Ozzie Nelson on the Bakers Broadcast over NBC.



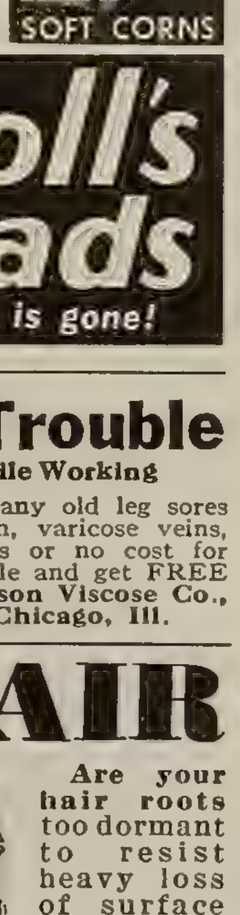
EASE NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

You don't have to suffer nagging irritation at every step in shoes that press, pinch or rub your feet and toes, for soothing, healing, cushioning New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all that at once! Painful corns, callouses or bunions are relieved just as quickly. New or tight shoes will be made ever so easy on your feet and sore toes and blisters prevented. You'll walk, work, dance or golf without discomfort.









Remove Corns, Callouses

Using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, will loosen your corns or callouses for easy, safe removal.

New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, waterproof. Do not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in bath. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today at your drug, shoe or department store.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!



Old Leg Trouble

Heals at Home While Working

Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe trouble and get FREE BOOK. Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Are your hair roots too dormant to resist heavy loss of surface hair and to delay approaching B A L D - NESS?

If so, why allow them to remain that way?

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KOTALKO is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

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Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO

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Full Address .....

.....

Harriet Hilliard Says It Isn't Romance

(*Continued from page 26*)

married.' He was the only one who showed any excitement at all. He practically ditched the car.

"Call that romance?"

I said maybe it wasn't done in the accepted moonlight and rose leaf manner but that somehow when Harriet talked about it there was a glint of romance in her eyes.

"Just wait. You haven't heard anything. A couple of months later," she went on, still pretty disgruntled, "we got back from playing one night stands. That was on a Saturday. Sunday we made our first broadcast for the Ripley program. Monday I bought a dress to be married in. Ozzie wasn't even going to tell the boys in the band about it but I said that wasn't fair—they always told him when they were getting married. So he told them. Tuesday we took the afternoon off, went out to Ozzie's mother's and were married. Wednesday we rehearsed all day. Thursday we opened at the Lexington and worked until two A. M. We kept on working like that until Sunday when I took the plane for Hollywood."

SHE didn't want to go. She carefully explained to Ozzie that after all she was a bride and brides were supposed to have honeymoons, not just take an afternoon off to get married and then fly three thousand miles to go to work again. But Ozzie, in spite of the fact that he is her husband, is still her business manager. In fact, it was he who had insisted that she sign the contract. And it was he who bundled her off in the plane.

"So you call that romance?" Harriet asked again.

In Hollywood she got a break that any girl in the United States would have swooned over. Sent out to do a program picture, she was offered the second lead in Fred Astaire's "Follow the Fleet." Harriet was furious. You see, the program picture would have taken just four weeks to make—just four weeks away from Ozzie. The Astaire opus meant that for three solid months she must be the lonely bride.

She called Ozzie long distance and asked him what she should do. He told her. She went into "Follow the Fleet."

So—three months in Hollywood. They talked to each other long distance every day. "Ozzie isn't such a good business manager as he thinks he is," Harriet said. "He was crazy to make me stay in Hollywood. It actually cost him money." They wired each other every day. At Christmas time he sent her just a mink coat, a Ford coupe, and eighteen or twenty other small tokens of his esteem. I don't know what Harriet thinks about it, but I call that romance.

Harriet mumbled and complained and begged everybody to hurry up and finish the picture. And everybody was very swell about it and did hurry so that at last Harriet found herself on a train New York bound.

She thought she couldn't stand it when the last few miles were being run off and she was the first one on the platform, sprinting for the station. She knew there would be cameramen, but she was determined that she was going to kiss Ozzie before posing for pictures. And there he was and suddenly she was in his arms. Their lips met. There was a terrific burst of light, but it wasn't from the fire in their hearts. It was a dozen flash guns from a dozen cameras. The news hounds

"HERE'S MY SECRET OF A LOVELY SKIN"

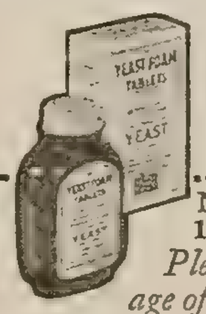
This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Rittinal
NOTARY PUBLIC



IF YOU are one of the thousands of unhappy girls who are looking for the TRUTH about ugly skin blemishes, eruptions, and pimples—who want to be relieved of embarrassment—let the above true experience encourage you. It is typical of countless letters of gratitude from women who have disposed of skin trouble and won back their charm with the help of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG-6-36

Name .....

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had snapped the first kiss.

"And that's romance, I suppose?" Harriet muttered. "You'd think after having been separated for three whole months that certainly our first meeting could be private and tender and intimate. And instead we have our pictures taken."

But don't let Harriet kid you for one minute. Watch the way she and Ozzie look at each other. Hear their plans for the future. See how they feel about each other.

"We want to build a house," Harriet told me, "a real home, I mean—'way out in the country. I wouldn't want to buy a place in Hollywood, it seems so sort of impermanent. I like a place to have roots. If there are children they must have an honest-to-goodness home somewhere in New England.

"Of course, I don't know how I'll be able to sleep in the country unless there's a sound track of city noises running right outside my window. Even in Hollywood, I stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel so I'd hear the sound of a street car once in awhile.

"But it really isn't worth it, spending your whole life in a city. Ozzie and I work so hard we haven't a chance to enjoy ourselves at all. Here's the way we live. We work at the hotel until two or two-thirty every morning seven days a week. Then we have a bite to eat together somewhere and talk over what's happened during the day and read the morning papers, so we're never in bed before five A. M. We couldn't go to sleep right after we'd finished work. It would be the same thing as a man coming home from his office at five P. M. and going right to bed.

"Then we have two rehearsals a week for the radio program and we broadcast every Sunday. I sleep as late as I can the next day, but Ozzie's always up fairly early. He has the energy of ten people. Me, I'm lazy. I let Ozzie do all the business work. He manages the band and me and himself. And since we've been married and since I'm back from Hollywood we've had things to do like making out wills and fixing up the insurance and things like that.

"I think we deserve to have a home in the country and we're going to have it, too. But before that we're going to have a vacation. The only trouble is that we haven't had a vacation in so long we don't know what to do with it once we get it. Somebody suggested that we just get in the car and drive to a lot of out-of-the-way places. But that's just what we do all summer long when we play one night stands.

I DON'T want to go to some smart hotel for a vacation. Because that's what we do all winter—work in smart hotels. And if we go to any summer resort there'll be eighteen kids hanging around all day long asking Ozzie how to start a band. And Ozzie will tell them.

"But if we could just get a little cabin somewhere in the mountains beside a lake—all alone, with nobody around for miles, and cook our own meals and tramp through the hills and sleep out-doors right on the ground. And fish and swim. Just the two of us—way, away."

Her eyes looked way, away.

"Wait a minute!" I had pulled her back from the day dream. "Wait a minute, gal. That's romance."

She looked at me and smiled. "Yessir, I guess it is!"



Kenny Baker and Johnny Green, tenor and orchestra leader on Jack Benny's program, get down to work in earnest preparing a batch of their sponsor's product. You hear them every Sunday evening at 7 on an NBC-Blue network.



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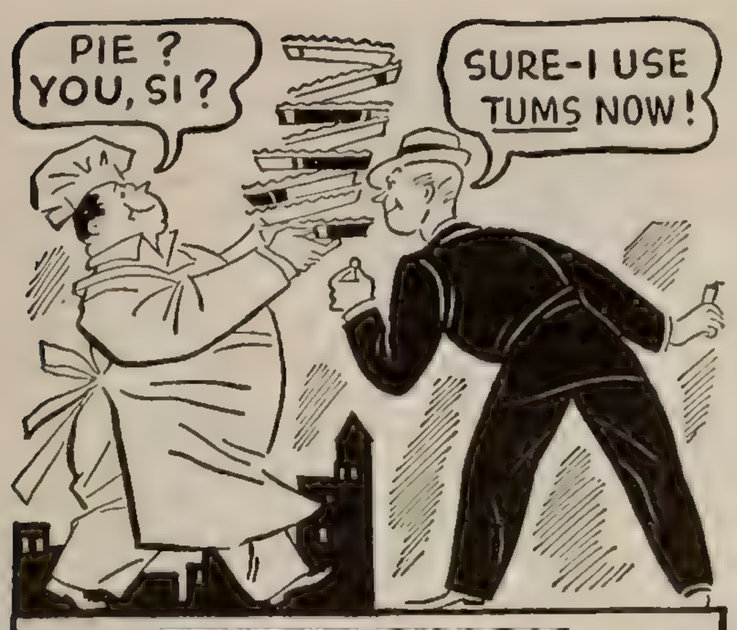
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ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.

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NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

How to Be Happy in a Hall Bedroom

(*Continued from page* 31)

its narrow, severe cot, its ugly bureau and the miserable rug on the floor. At one end a linen closet had been converted into a bathroom. There was but one window, with a dingy curtain hanging over it.

I'm sure hundreds of you girls have had that experience—your first glimpse of the cheap little room you are expected to call "home."

But here is where Margaret differed from most girls. And here is where lesson number one comes in. She had vision—the vision to see how cheery and bright the room could be made with a little taste. So, as she looked at it, the austerity and drabness of the room faded and she saw it as it was to become. Thus even her first look at it was happy. She took a deep breath. This was *her* room, paid for with *her* money. Its actual floor space was about eight by twelve but in her heart it expanded to the dimensions of Buckingham Palace. This was her own house and immediately she attacked the problem of making it cosy and sweet.

It took time, naturally, with as little money as Margaret had and with jobs for ambitious singers from Columbus, Ohio, as scarce as they were. But—and this is lesson number two—she economized on clothes to make her tiny home attractive. For she knew that weary and discouraged as she was to be, it was vitally necessary to her soul to come home to an attractive place.

The cot was soon covered with a pretty blue throw to make it look like a daybed. She bought an upright piano "on time," the cheapest she could get. And when the piano was in the room there was barely space for her to move between it and the cot.

AFTER months of saving she had a special piece of furniture built—which included shelves for her books, spaces for small knick-knacks, drawers for her music and a place for the telephone. That was a luxury she allowed herself. The first month she did without a telephone, in an effort to economize. But she soon saw that not only did she need it in her work but that it symbolized something living in the room. Its ring was cheerful with promise. She felt not nearly so cut off when the telephone was installed.

While the room was becoming more and more attractive Margaret was having career trouble. She answered an ad in a paper for a prima donna in a co-operative musical at the Grove Street Theatre. This old theater was also in Greenwich Village where the scene of most of Margaret Speaks' life is laid. She gave the audition. The manager heard her and said, "You're hired." As simply as that. But collecting her salary at the end of the week was not so simple. Margaret couldn't collect it. The company moved up-town played one week and ten minutes before the curtain was to rise on the second week the musicians in the orchestra announced that they would not play unless they saw the color of a greenback or two. So they did not play. The curtain did not go up.

Margaret had several chances to go on the road with vaudeville units but, except when the towns to be played were very close by, she did not accept. From a girl in a Shubert show she had found an excellent voice teacher, Helen Chase. Her ambition soared higher than vaudeville.



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She knew she must have a lesson every day, so she remained in New York and kept on adding to her hall room.

When she wasn't either working or looking for work she was as busy as any housewife with an eighteen-room establishment. She washed the one window herself, leaning out precariously above the busy, crowded street below. She did her own washing and ironing, dusting and cleaning.

AT first she had tried to cook in her room, on an electric plate, but this was impractical and actually more expensive than eating at the corner drugstore. That, in fact, is where she did take her meals. Even now she holds tender memories when she passes that store.

Her brother introduced her to his friends and, although they were older than Margaret, she enjoyed being with them. Slowly she was able to discard some of the few pieces of furniture which had originally been in her room and replace them with others. A friend of her brother's moved from a large apartment into a smaller one and loaned her a charming chair. Someone else gave her some used draperies which she dyed blue and put at the one window. She finally got a second hand rug to replace the atrocity that had first "graced" the room.

And so her home grew—as any good home does.

Entertaining friends was difficult. Certainly the limited floor space prevented the giving of parties and receptions, but she still managed to invite girl friends to see her, to serve them fruit and cookies, to play the piano, to read and to discuss the future. For the hall bedroom had grown into a place of which she could be



The distinguished looking gentleman above is none other than Ed Wynn of the perfectly foolish Wynns, without one of the numerous disguises which he dons for his weekly CBS show, Thursday nights at 9:30. Lennie Hayton, who directs the orchestra for the Wynn program, is sitting at the piano.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

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Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

proud. And that is lesson number . . . oh well, there are so many practical lessons in this story that I can't keep up with them.

But the room, her home, was the important thing. Where other girls might have spent what they had to spend on clothes and marcels, Margaret took her extra money to have an extra shelf built here, to buy an attractive ashtray for that niche there.

She economized on clothes by having just one "best" dress at a time. This was invariably black, since that was the most practical and most becoming to Margaret's blonde loveliness. And it could be made fresh and attractive with various starched collars and ruffles. When that dress wore out, Margaret got another black dress and used the first one for "second best"—for rainy days.

Her hair was left without benefit of marcels and was actually more attractive, more distinctive, than if it had been crimped and curled.

SO for four years Margaret Speaks lived happily in a room of her own. Those four years saw her steady climb to the eminence she now has. She managed to get jobs singing in churches, jobs broadcasting on sustaining programs, jobs broadcasting with famous orchestras.

It didn't come easy, her success. It was not an overnight sensation she made. It was long and hard and arduous. She is a success now—a big success—and one of the things, I'm sure, that contributed to her success was the attractiveness of that hall bedroom. Its cheerful atmosphere gave her the courage to take the disappointments which are always in the path of the serious artist.

Margaret talks tenderly of those days. She still loves Greenwich Village, still lives there, in fact. Her home there now is beautiful and spacious and she shares it with her husband, an important advertising man.

These two had known each other six years before they were married. They met, in fact, shortly after Margaret came to New York, so their companionship goes deep and true.

Not so long ago they built another home in Westchester, far out in the country, commanding a magnificent view.

"That was exciting," Margaret Speaks told me earnestly. "Building that house was wonderful. My husband and I made a fine combination—he wanting all the practical and useful things a house should have and I holding out for frivolousness and charm. Between us, we've made a grand place.

"Building that house seemed a real milestone in my life, but actually it was no more fun, no more exciting than building that little hall bedroom. It was different, of course. It gave me different emotions.

"But I'm sure that if I had not made a real home of my first home—that tiny room—I would not have been capable of making a home of the big Westchester house."

And that, my dears, is lesson number X.

It is growth that gives life its value. And growing means beginning small and expanding. Truly, had Margaret Speaks not had the capacity for happiness in her first surroundings, she would not have the capacity for the greater happiness that has come to her now.

Look into her clear blue eyes. Listen to her clear voice, true as an architect's instruments. And you will know that she has the depth which gives her the capacity for honest, real happiness.

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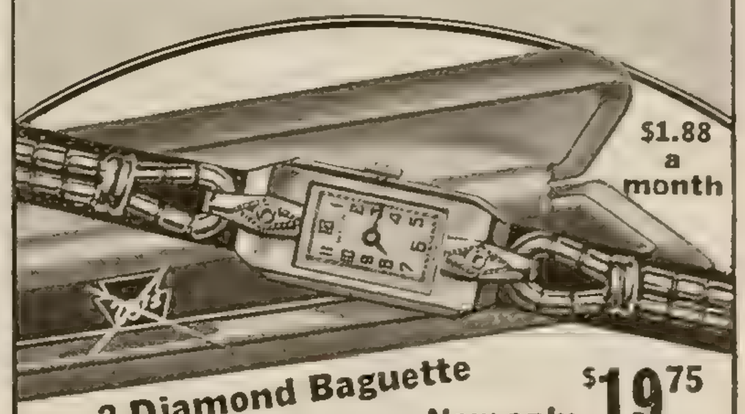
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The Mystery Woman in Phil Baker's Life

(*Continued from page 33*)

Suddenly a neighbor rushes in and cries, "Mrs. Flaherty, your Tim's been killed in the quarry."

Mrs. Flaherty continues drinking the soup calmly.

"Don't you understand," he yells, "your man's been killed." Still Mrs. Flaherty goes on sipping.

"Faith," he yells, "doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Then Mrs. Flaherty deigns to reply. "Just wait till I've finished me bowl of soup," she says, "and you'll hear some of the grandest screaming you iver heard."

"Of course it is easy to get laughs with it," Aileen agreed. "But think of all the people whose feelings you are hurting by holding the Irish up to ridicule. You had to think twice about putting that joke in your act or you wouldn't have come to me for advice about it. Any time you have to think twice about a joke, leave it out."

"I've followed that counsel to this day," Phil told me. "It has always been right."

It was lucky for Phil that they were booked on the same bill together for a number of weeks. For during that time something happened that really determined his career.

"One day I went on for my act at the Folly Theater, in Brooklyn," he said. "I was terrible. Hardly anyone laughed at my jokes. I had never been self-confident, and that reception just about finished me.

I WENT back to my dressing room, determined to quit. I felt sure I'd be fired anyway. I'd go back home, and do something else.

"Aileen passed my dressing room on her way to the stage. I had my head buried in my hands, and was as near tears as I've ever been since I've grown up. Though it was time for her to go on with her songs, she stopped to console me. I told her I was going to ask the manager to let me out.

"You were just nervous tonight," she said. "It will be all right. Promise me you won't do anything rash till tomorrow."

Phil promised. The very next morning Aileen suggested a double number which she had prepared. They both sat on a little platform near the footlights: Aileen sang while Phil accompanied her on the accordion. It was a riot and after that for three years Aileen and Phil were booked together simply to play that sketch.

And yet, throughout those three years, Phil never once realized why she was doing this for him.

"There was another problem she had with me," Phil confessed. "You know how youngsters are, away from home and earning what seems to them a lot of money, for the first time. I used to imagine myself a sophisticate, a man-about-town. I used to spend most of my salary trying to be the life of the party, treating the crowd. Even in those days Ben Bernie used to call me the 'wine buyer.'

"Aileen would lecture me regularly. She begged me to stop wasting my money; pleaded with me to invest it. She tried to impress upon me the fact that a comedian's livelihood is precarious; that he can be on top one morning and forgotten the next."

It was Aileen who scolded Phil for staying out late at night, for coming in late for the afternoon performance.

"Many a time she phoned me in the

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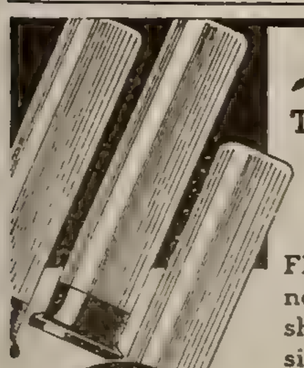
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morning to get me up, so that I'd escape a scolding from the manager." Phil said. "And many a time she'd go on and do the whole act alone, when I failed to appear on time.

"I still can see her standing anxiously in the wings of the theater, peering out, hoping I'd come along. Sometimes I saw her waving to me almost a block away when I was sauntering down the street, although I should have been on the stage.

"Any time I tried to express my gratitude, she'd shoo me away. 'It's nothing,' she'd say. 'You're a bright boy and I like to see you get along, just as I like to see anyone make the grade.'"

And Phil believed it.

After being booked with her for ten weeks, Phil's salary was doubled. "I would never have had the nerve to ask for a raise, but Aileen kept after me, urging me to demand it, telling me over and over again how good I was, how much I was worth," he told me.

"Didn't you even suspect that she had more than a friendly interest in you?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I didn't. It seems strange now, doesn't it, that I should have been so lacking in understanding? But Aileen went out of her way to convince me she felt nothing but friendship for me. And she was the finest person I've ever met. She was always doing other people favors, too.

"Besides, I was such a dub and she was such a star. It never occurred to me that she could be interested in me personally. And she and her pianist, Bob Buttonbuth, were such inseparable pals. Bob made no secret of his love for her.

I NEVER asked her to go out with me, after the show, although sometimes we'd have a sandwich before. She just didn't fit in with my manner of living, my amusements. When she did step out, it was to a show or a concert—I'd go to a night-club or a party. Quite often she and Bob would sit and play checkers."

Soon Phil became so good, under Aileen's tutelage, that he was offered a spot in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, "Good Night." Aileen advised him to grab it, and still hold on to his vaudeville job. He followed her counsel again.

"After the vaudeville show," he told me, "I'd hop over for my Ziegfeld stint. It was hard work, but I enjoyed every minute of it."

It was while working in "Good Night" that Phil met the girl who became his first wife. "I imagined myself in love with her," he told me simply, "and after a two months' courtship we decided to elope."

Spendthrift Phil hadn't saved a nickel. His dream of a honeymoon had always been a trip to Europe. So what do you think he did?

He went straight to Aileen, the best friend he had. She lent him the $500 he wanted without one question. Phil and the girl eloped and went to Europe on the $500.

"Had Aileen ever given me a hint of how she felt," he told me, tightening his fingers in a clasp, "things might have been different. But I had long ceased to think of her as anything but a swell sister.

"She was the first to congratulate me and wish my wife luck. How could I realize?" He shook his head slowly.

Six months after Phil's marriage, Aileen married her pianist, Bob Buttonbuth.

It wasn't till two years later that Phil and Aileen once again appeared together on the stage. By this time Phil's marriage had flopped and he and his first wife were divorced. Aileen and he both played in the show "A Night in Spain."

"This was the first chance I had to do a little something for Aileen," he said.



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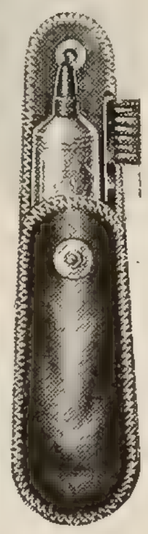
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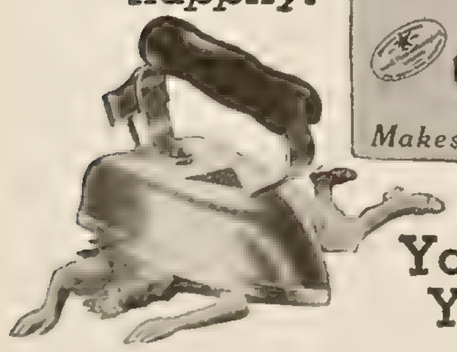
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"Marian Harris, who was in the show, became ill." I suggested Aileen for Marian's role, and she was a riot.

"We were still good friends, as we are today.

"Later we both appeared in Pleasure Bound, with Jack Pearl. Then Aileen went to England, where she became the present King of England's favorite singer. Last year when she came back to the United States on a trip, she appeared as guest singer on my old Armour program. Perhaps you recall that?

"Now when I look back," Phil told me slowly, "I realize that the happiest years of my youth were the three we played on the stage together, though I became more successful later.

"Aileen knew my family, who adored her. I knew her mother and brother. Back in the early days of our friendship I visited her at her home; she came to dinner at mine."

Through the years their families kept track of each other. Whenever Phil Baker is in Chicago he visits her brother. It was only recently that her brother told Phil what I'm about to tell you.

One day, while they were chatting together and Phil was raving about how grand a woman Aileen is and how he had worshipped her as a goddess, her brother smiled ruefully and said.

"It's a shame you never told her about that. Perhaps you two could have got together as kids. Aileen was in love with you then."

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 12)

Someone goes and puts a ban on the greater number of the popular pieces, thinking this would probably cause a commotion. Well, it did—in this way. The orchestras began digging way back into Grandma's days, picking out those beautiful songs and ballads which had long been forgotten. In my opinion, those who placed the ban certainly did the radio listener a great service, for they have now given us something worth while listening to. What could be better than sitting back in an old arm chair, listening to those old familiar songs, bringing back memories of long ago. Try it sometime yourself.

CHARLES DOOLEY, Zanesville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
A DISAPPOINTED FAN

To my great disappointment, Dick Powell was not mentioned in the recent radio awards, but to me he should have had top honors.

His singing plus that wonderful personality would cause a radio riot anywhere. The feminine sex just adore him and the male sex admire him and envy him his personality, which you don't need television to see because it is always there in his songs.

More power to Dick Powell.

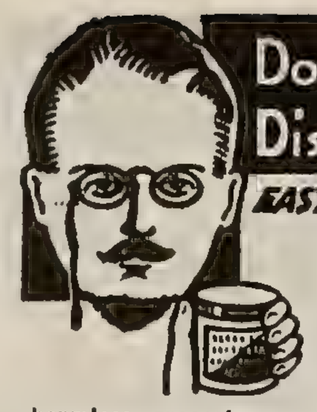
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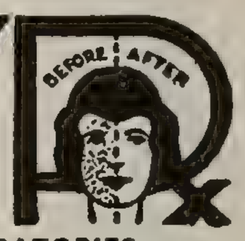
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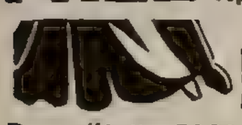
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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

What's New on Radio Row

(*Continued from page 9*)

LUCY LAUGHLIN, also known as Lucy Monroe, gets a kick greeting the "youngsters of yesterday" who come back to appear as guests on the Hammerstein Music Hall Program. The lowdown is that Lucy's mother is Anne Laughlin, a star of the old Hammerstein Victoria days, and Lucy was brought up on stories of the personalities of those good old days. By one of the strange coincidences of show business, Lucy actually heard one of her mother's old friends, Josephine Sable, sing a "hot" number of Spanish American War Days, "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," on the radio program in which Lucy is starred.

* * *

THERE are 8,000,000 radio sets in unwired farmhouses in this country. To owners of these battery operated receivers, the invention of the "wind charger" was a great boon last winter. It is a windmill device which charges the battery with a breeze as low as seven miles per hour. When the wind velocity reaches gale-like proportions, a governor keeps the propeller on the roof under perfect control. Their introduction to the arctic regions has also been a godsend. Eskimos, or "God's frozen people," as the schoolboy described them, in those remote regions of the Northland, where even dry batteries can't be delivered for months, now have their radios, thanks to the "wind charger."

* * *

HIGHLIGHTS on Phil Spitalny, maestro of noted all-girl orchestra and conductor of the CBS Hour of Charm: Born in Odessa, Russia. Came to America when seventeen . . . Against advice of his friends, decided to form an all-girl orchestra. Toured seventeen states and auditioned over a thousand girls . . . Most difficult task was to gain parents' permission for girls to leave home . . . Found most talented musicians in smaller cities. Has found that young women are easier to manage than men . . . Gesticulates extravagantly when he conducts . . . Has a keen sense of humor which he displays in rehearsals.

* * *

WHENEVER discussion turns to the studios to the moot subject, the average age of the radio public, which one college professor estimated to be thirteen years, somebody is sure to recall what happened down in Station WCKY, Covington, Kentucky. President L. B. Wilson of that enterprising station actually received this letter: "This is to notify you that we have sold our radio and do not require your service any longer. Please discontinue it."

* * *

THE other day Betty Garde, who plays the title role of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, found in her mail a letter on a par with the famous Kentucky communication. It seems that Pa Wiggs, according to the continuity, has a habit of running away from home and nobody knows where he goes or why. He is played by Bob Strauss who also plays Nappy Beagle in Lulu Vollmer's Southern Mountaineer sketch The Widow's Son. Well, after Pa Wiggs had disappeared from the scene for several episodes, Miss Garde was startled to receive this comforting epistle from a woman in a small mid-western town:

"Dear Mrs. Wiggs: I have some good news for you and hope it will cheer you up. Don't worry any more about your husband. Last Sunday I heard him on my radio and he is down South somewhere

RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS with DERMOIL

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Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often causes humiliation and mental agony. Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

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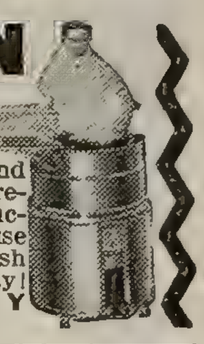
Dermoil is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic psoriasis sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **Your word is final.** Prove it yourself. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our convincing "One Spot Test". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't Delay. Write today. No obligation.

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Send MU-COL sample (making 3 qts. MU-COL solution) and free booklet, I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

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with some of his kinfolks. I know it was Mr. Wiggs, for even though he has taken on another name, I recognized him by his voice. He is getting along all right and is feeling fine, so don't worry"!

* * *

HUMAN interest in the studio: Mark Warnow goes to his NBC broadcast with a worried look on his face because his wife, having been held up in a traffic jam, is late for his program. Gazing from the control room he suddenly sees her and his face lights up like an electric sign at dusk . . . Clark Gable's horse, Pegasus, no longer graces his stable, but takes its hay under the stable "gable" of Don Wilson and Harry Conn, who is Jack Benny's scripter.

* * *

CONDUCTOR William Daly is on record in the Music Library of the British Broadcasting Company as the composer of "Oom-Pah." It is used by a lot of London orchestras for introducing various features and its complete title is "Oom-Pah, Opus 23, No. 1," by William Daly. "Oom-Pah" is a "vamp fantastique," has no words and is two-thirds of a page long. It was written by Daly several years ago during a fit of depression backstage in a New York theater. Fred Astaire was rehearsing trick steps and Daly was playing the piano for him. The conductor improvised a bunch of trick chords using them as a "vamp" until Astaire got his routine.

* * *

WHEN Eddie Dowling and Ray Dooley began rehearsals in Chicago for the new Eddie Dowling Review over WEAF, they thought nobody knew they were in the city, including young Jack Dowling, their son, a reporter on the Chicago *Daily Times;* but he foxed them and was the first of the newspaper men to arrive.

* * *

VIRGINIA REA has a new country home in the mountains near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, where she has gone domestic in a big way. She has a gleaming gadget-filled kitchen including an electric range, on which she went through her entire recipe book "just to try out the stove." Her husband, Edgar H. Sittig, the concert cellist, has so far survived it.

* * *

DEANE JANIS, warbler with Walter O'Keefe on the Camel Caravan, has a face and figure that appeal to photographers and manufacturers of women's apparel. That's why she was a professional model before she became a singer. Indeed, Deane was a model in fashion shows while she was still going to high school in her home town of Omaha, Nebraska. Although she looks like a million dollars all dolled up in the latest fashion, she just *hates* clothes!

* * *

RICHARD HIMBER who has a motor car sponsored program on the air approached the advertising agency for guest talent on his program, and asked that the remuneration be cars instead of money . . . In the spring a radio man's fancy—a radio executive's to be exact—nightly turns to thoughts of sustaining talent for the summer weeks. The dull hot weather hours must be filled with entertainment but the sponsored spots appreciably decrease with the well-known rare days of June. Among spring signatories recently is Willard Robison, whose Deep River Orchestra, is now a WABC feature with a two year agreement . . . Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn, will summer in stock as a member of S. E. Cochran's National Theater Company . . . Lester Jay, who is fifteen years old, has a twenty foot cruiser moored at City Island . . . The Paul Whitemans feel the baby-adoption



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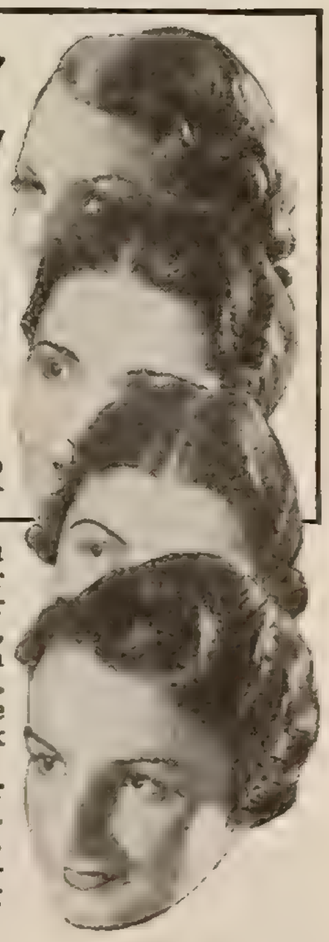
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THERE'S good reason, Mother, why your baby feels so much happier...cooler and more comfortable . . . with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. More soothing to tender, touchy skin, Z.B.T. contains *olive oil*, which makes it cling longer and *resist moisture better*. Its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

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urge again. They are seeking two companions for their four-year-old adopted a year ago . . . Incidentally, Paul has put himself in training, in answer to a wifely request, and being in the pink of condition he is working the rest of his organization harder than ever before . . . Ben Bernie has a bundle of coin behind "The Postman Always Rings Twice," Broadway play.

Give Your Face a Break

(*Continued from page* 51)

they were doing to our standards of beauty. They forgot hair as something which glorified a woman and thought of it only as something which they could cut and shape and glue—there's no other word for it—into pretty patterns, regardless of the woman who was wearing it.

"For years, no one said of a woman, 'Doesen't she have beautiful hair!' Instead, they said, 'Isn't her hair dressed beautifully!' Now, that's no compliment to a woman—it's a rather doubtful compliment to her hairdresser. Hair dressed like that was not pleasant to manage. The moment the hardness of the set was broken up, the hairdress itself was gone. They had forgotten a fundamental fact in beauty—that hair must be as beautiful when a woman wakes up in the morning, or when it has been blown about in the wind, as at any other time. When should hair be most beautiful and enchanting—when a woman is sitting in the theater or dancing in a ballroom? Or when she is alone with the man she loves—isn't that when it should be most alluring? Wouldn't any man love to see the face he adores surrounded by soft natural waves and curls, without any forbidding though invisible sign with shouts: 'Don't touch?'

WE have gone ahead much more rapidly in costume than in coiffure in recent years. Clothes for women, today, are made to show the beauty nature gave them and to hide, if necessary, the faults. Years ago, feet, legs and even the shoes, were never shown, because they weren't considered beautiful to look at. Today, a woman may show as much of her figure and as much of her complexion as decency allows, and we only consider it beautiful. A beautiful foot is recognized as such, and we even have pedicures!"

Emile has carried these same principles of natural beauty and practical design into the coiffures he creates. On the first page of this article, you'll see pictures of two of his famous patrons, wearing their hair as he has dressed it for them. Here are some of the reasons Emile gives for the styles he has chosen:

"Both Miss Pickens and Miss Segal have great natural loveliness, but they also have individuality and personality, too, and their hair has been dressed with these considerations in mind. Miss Segal's face is beautifully shaped, but the wrong coiffure could easily spoil this impression. The hair is swept off the forehead and yet brought forward on the cheeks for the same reason—to preserve the balance of the features, keeping the forehead high and smooth and using the wide waves to shadow the lower part of the face. If these two things were not done, the cheekbones might easily appear to dominate the face. Ordinarily, the natural part of Miss Segal's hair would fall a little to one side, but she has such a nice, straight nose that we have used a center part to accentuate a really fine feature.

"In the case of Miss Pickens' photograph, the camera has been concentrated on her beautiful eyes and consequently the

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And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935-C. M. CO.

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picture does not do full justice to her other features, which are really well balanced. Miss Pickens' type of face is considerably longer than the type which Miss Segal represents, and the hair is parted at the side to increase the impression of width. In Miss Segal's case, the hair is drawn over the cheekbones to keep them from dominating the face. In Miss Pickens' case, practically the same thing has been done for exactly the opposite reason—to cover a slight hollow at this point."

I haven't room here for all the helpful advice Emile can give you on choosing your own coiffure, but I'll be glad to send you a leaflet giving you the fundamental rules you must follow to achieve a becoming effect (including advice on shampoos and daily care). Of course, the best thing you could do would be to visit an expert creative coiffeur, like Emile, but for those of you who haven't the time or opportunity to visit your nearest beauty parlor regularly, the next best thing is to have one of these leaflets, which I'll mail you if you send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Even Emile admits sadly that, while the proportions of the face can be vastly improved by the style of coiffure used, there isn't a great deal that can be done this way to change the appearance of the lower part of the face—so it behooves us to watch those chin and jowl and neck lines, to keep them firm and smooth and strong. You'd be surprised how easily that can be done, even without rare creams and expensive massages. In fact, the only ingredient necessary is something inexpensive we have always considered as a pleasure rather than as a duty—chewing gum!

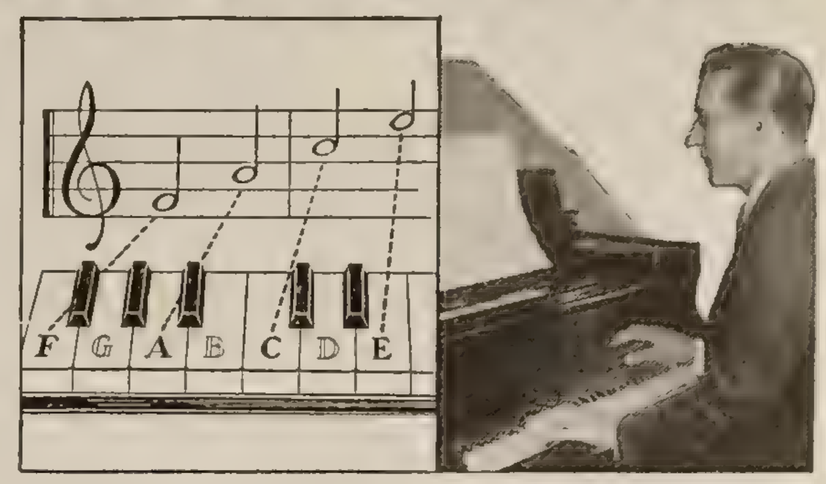
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You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party—just as these thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and hum-drum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

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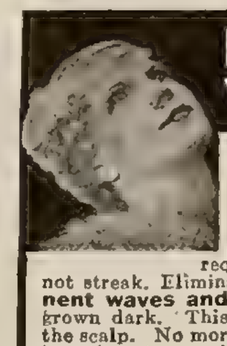


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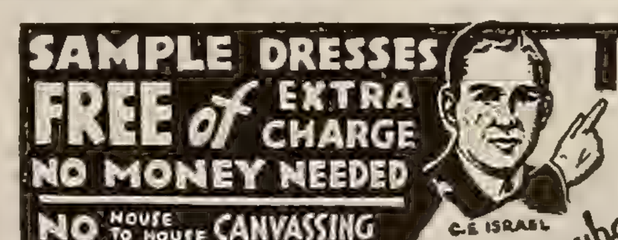
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5. Beneficial to your lashes, keeps them soft and silky.
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not only to the face but all the body? The simplest exercise of all for the face is to tilt your head back with your mouth open, closing it gradually and chewing gum rhythmically all the while—this will do wonders for incipient double chins and sagging muscles. This is only one of the many exercises I can send you if you write me enclosing a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. One of the pleasantest things about this form of exercise is that chewing gum is relaxing to the nerves and relaxation is one of the fundamental necessities for beauty. Address your query—and your stamped envelope—to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Reflections in the Radio Mirror

(*Continued from page* 4)

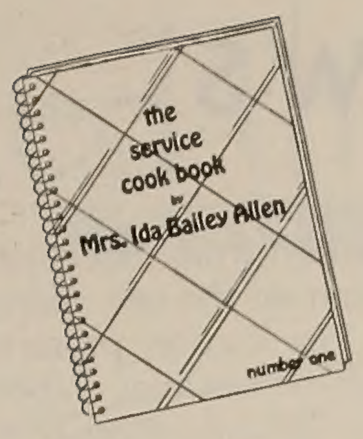
difficult she is to direct. I say it isn't true. I've never had a bit of trouble with her. Why yesterday, after we'd read the play over, she took her script home with her and studied it until she went to bed. You'll see, when we start today, that she knows her lines better than anyone else in the studio.

ANOTHER interesting fact is the kind of supporting casts we assemble for these programs. Here today, because this is an English play, all but one or two minor characters are authentic English actors and actresses. The woman who plays the part of the rich society woman had the same rôle in the original Broadway production. The man who plays the part of the pseudo-butler is one of the most experienced actors I know. And there is not one who has done only radio dramatic work. They're all seasoned, all of them have been in many, many legitimate shows.

"And don't ask me how I overcome the temperament of these stars. They haven't any. At least not in radio. Probably that's because they aren't so sure of radio. It makes them quite humble and they take every bit of direction I give them. I try as much as possible to let them go their own way at these rehearsals, and make them do scenes over only when I want the voices closer to or farther from the mike. That's something I know more about than they do.

"Two weeks ago I had Freddie Bartholomew on the show, playing 'Peter Pan.' I was sick that week, and got out of bed just long enough to rehearse. The cast, you know, was almost entirely made up of children, none of them over fifteen. Well, they knew I was sick and so the second day when I came there, they brought me a resolution they'd made up and all signed. It promised they wouldn't do anything—wouldn't be late, wouldn't miss their cues, wouldn't muff their lines—that might make me angry. And they didn't! I've never worked with a cast that knew what it should do as well as those kids. I'm keeping that resolution as one of my fondest memories.

"Maybe you wonder how we fit plays to actors or actors to plays. It's just as tough a job as it sounds. Sometimes I see a play I know will be perfect for some Hollywood star, so I get the rights to it. Then, often, I have to wait months before I can sign the star. Right now I have just the thing for May Robson. Nobody knows when, if ever, she'll do the show, but the minute my agent in Hollywood can get her name on a contract, I'll be ready for her.



Specially Selected and Printed for Radio Mirror Readers

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S *New Cook Book*

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, food editor of RADIO MIRROR, has long searched for the perfect cook book for RADIO MIRROR readers. From the thousands of letters asking advice which she receives, Mrs. Simpson knows, as exactly as if you yourselves had personally described it to her, the kind of food and cook book RADIO MIRROR readers need and want.

Now, at last Mrs. Simpson has found the book in which the very questions your letters have asked are fully answered by a world famous expert—all the latest and most practical information about marketing, budgeting, diets, serving, everything the cook of fifty years' experience or a bride of a week expects to find in a book about food.

Because Mrs. Simpson has convinced us that this new Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is so exactly the sort of food volume you have asked for, we have arranged with the publishers to have a special edition printed for RADIO MIRROR readers.

Here are just some of the reasons we selected and printed specially for you the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book:

196 Pages for 25c

Bound in a stiff, board cover, printed on better quality paper, with large, open spaced type, easy to read at a glance, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is specially designed for easy reference and actual use on the mixing table or stove shelf.

Special Binding

A new kind of flexible wire binding allows this cook book to lie flat when opened; it will not flip shut or lose your place. The Book lies flat even if doubled back on cover hinges, and takes only half the usual space on your crowded mixing table.

Thumbnail Index

Designed by a cook, for cooks, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is specially indexed to allow turning immediately to any desired recipe or table without time-wasting hunting for page numbers, or searching of the table of contents.

Not Just Another Recipe Book

Though more than 1500 recipes are given in this super cook book, it is far more than a mere collection of dishes. Here's just some of the real kitchen art instruction the volume contains:

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CORRECT TEMPERATURE FOR: Oven Cookery: Deep Fat Frying, Baking, Roasting
CORRECT SERVING FOR ALL COURSES
DIET HINTS
MEAL PLANNING
COOKING TERMS AND EXPRESSIONS

Your Guide to Real Economy

Let Ida Bailey Allen, Food Administrator for the U. S. Government, give you her marketing advice in this, her latest book. The 25c cost of this book will be returned to you a thousand fold as you follow her tips on how, when, and what to buy at the grocer's, butcher's and baker's.

ONLY 25¢ Postage Prepaid

Enclose stamps or currency (wrap carefully). Your book will be sent promptly, postage prepaid.

Address Mrs. Simpson, Food Editor,
RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE,
1926 Broadway, New York City

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor
Radio Mirror Magazine
1926 Broadway, New York City

I enclose 25c (stamps or coin securely wrapped) for the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book.

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"That, as you can guess, requires a lot of play reading. Ever since these broadcasts began, I've read at least one play before going to bed. I have an assistant who does nothing but read other plays and give me a synopsis of them. If the synopsis sounds good, I ask for a brief outline of each act. Then, if I'm still interested, I'll read the whole play myself. We've gone clear back into the 1890's by now. And we can't just pick a play that sounds good to us. We have to check on its popularity while it ran on the stage. A play has to have an astonishing record of success behind it before we dare put it on the air.

"As a result, we're very seldom wrong. Once in awhile we pick a dud, but not often. The trouble is, you never know what will really click in radio. Of course, you can never tell on the stage, either. I was an actor long enough to realize that. What sounds good to the best producer in New York may well be a dismal flop. That's why we must be so careful.

"Then there's the problem of fitting a play to the star and getting the star to agree to it. That's more difficult than it sounds. Take Joan Crawford, for instance. We had one play that was a natural. But Joan said it was too much like the thing she was doing in movies. She wanted to try something totally different. We didn't dare let her. You see, the radio audience when it tunes in someone like Joan, has a mental image of what she is like, a very definite impression built up by seeing her on the screen. If she were to act in a play entirely foreign to this impression, the radio listener would say 'Aw, nuts, that's not Joan Crawford,' and turn off the radio.

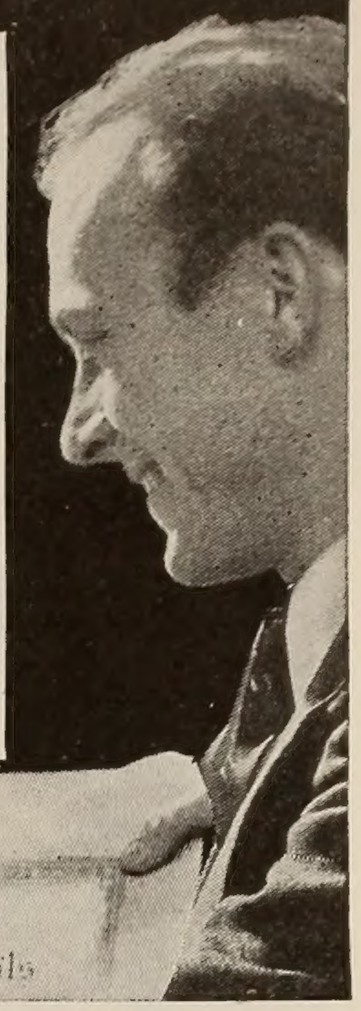
GETTING back to the stars' temperament and why they haven't any in a radio rehearsal, I suppose you've noticed those chalk circles around the mike. That is just about the trickiest part of broadcasting plays. Only by moving the voice to and from the mike can any illusion of movement be created. I must tell each actor whether to stand in circle A, B, or C when he speaks. If it's an intimate scene, he stands in A, if just casual, in B, and if he's saying a farewell, or just coming into the scene, he stands in circle C. And then, too, you must create for your audience the feeling of change in tempo. You can do that on the stage by moving about, picking up a book, sitting down. In radio, you can only do it by changing the position of the voice to denote movement.

"And now, you must excuse me. I can't keep any of these people waiting. If I did, how could I bawl them out for taking extra time at lunch? Oh, Miss Hopkins, Miriam. All set?"

Who Are the Men Behind Those Speech Making Voices?

Next Month's Radio Mirror Will Bring You Intimate, Searching Portraits of the Microphone Personalities Who Are Today's Most Important Political Figures.

"HERE'S A REAL job-insurance policy!"



"THE boss called me in today and said, 'Fred, as you know, we have been laying some men off around here. The reason I am telling you this is that you, too, were on the list to go. But when I received notice that you had completed a course of home study, I figured a man that is anxious to make good deserved recognition. I'm appointing you as my assistant!'

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ONCE THEY CALLED ME FRECKLE FACE



"Winter snow, brisk winds and spring sun always bring out the freckles. Never . . . until I used Othine . . . was I able to remove them. Within a few days' time Othine shows remarkable results, clearing the skin with no more effort than applying this famous cream nightly."

Try Othine Double Strength for freckles and roughened or over-tanned skin. 25 years of successful use recommend it . . . at drug and department stores everywhere. Sold on money-back guarantee.

OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

Last Minute News

PINE RIDGE, Arkansas, the mythical home town of radio's **Lum and Abner,** will shed its imaginary character about the time you read this and become a real, honest-to-postoffice village. Waters, Arkansas, is to change its name to Pine Ridge on April 26—a date which, oddly enough, coincides with Lum and Abner's fifth anniversary on the air. There's to be a great shenanigan in connection with



Ken Murray's the comedian on CBS' Lifebuoy show, with Russ Morgan's orchestra, Tuesday nights at 8:30.

the change of name and the anniversary. The governor of the state of Arkansas is issuing a formal proclamation naming April 26 Lum and Abner Day, and a half-hour broadcast direct from the steps of the Capitol building at Little Rock will be carried by the NBC network. The two old gentlemen of Pine Ridge, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, will of course be present when the village which has always served as a model for Pine Ridge becomes Pine Ridge in fact.

It's Mr. and Mrs. **Edward MacHugh** now! NBC's beloved Gospel Singer and **Mrs. Jean Harmon** were married on Monday, March 16, in Newton, Massachusetts, where they'll make their home in the future. The honeymoon was spent in New York City, where the Gospel Singer had to fill his first phonograph-recording engagement. They plan on having a real honeymoon this summer, though, when they visit Ed's birthplace in Dundee, Scotland. Ed hasn't been there since he was a boy, and this will be Mrs. MacHugh's first trip abroad.

Auntie Bea is back to stay—until some time in June, anyway. After several weeks of guest appearances on the Flying Red Horse Tavern show, **Bea Lillie** has finally signed a ten-weeks contract. She's flying around the country so fast, though, that the program's going to have difficulty keeping up with her. Every Friday night her voice will be brought by remote control from whatever city her revue, "At Home Abroad," is playing in. The rest of the program, with Walter Woolf King as star, continues to originate in New York.

Even kings like to write music—and some of them write music good enough to be broadcast on a big radio show! On May 21, **Mark Warnow** will lead his orchestra in the first American performance of a march, "Mallorca," composed by **King Edward VIII** while he was still Prince of Wales. The march will be part of the regular Chrysler Airshow that night. Mark's dedicating the performance to King Edward in honor



Photoplay

Fifi D'Orsay, featured with comedians Willie and Eugene Howard on Wednesday's Folies Bergere program.

of Empire Day, which is May 24.

Ted Sears is the new maestro for NBC's Design for Listening, the comedy and variety program heard every Sunday afternoon at 4:30 on the Blue network. **Ray Sinatra** used to wield the baton, but had to give it up when he began work on the Wednesday edition of Lucky Strike's Your Hit Parade. The other people in this super-ridiculous half-hour are **Don Johnson,** who plays Professor Figgsbottle and writes the script with the exception of Senator Fishface's act, written and performed by **Elmore Vincent; Hanley Stafford,** master of ceremonies; **Elsie Mae Gordon** and **Charley Cantor.**

WHBL, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, will be fixing up some fancy new quarters for itself soon. The Federal Communications Commission has just approved the station's new site, a 28-acre tract two miles from Sheboygan, and construction on the new plant will begin at once. The station promises to be Sheboygan's principal landmark—it's to have a 285-foot steel tower, visible for miles when it's illuminated at night.

Bits about a few band leaders: **Don Bestor,** who has been at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, during the winter, will be back in New York by the end of April. Just where he'll be playing hadn't been decided when we went to press. Have you noticed, incidentally, that Don's picture looks at you from the windows of some 2,000 opticians scattered throughout the country? Don's one of the few maestros who wears glasses, and the opticians lost no time in seizing him for an advertisement . . . **Hal Kemp's** guitarist, **Phil Sant,** and **Mary Brodell** of the Brodell Sisters, vaudeville song and dance act, said "I do" to a minister in March . . . **Emil Coleman's** going to have a new competitor soon in the person of his son, Harry. Harry will receive his degree from Bucknell College in Pennsylvania this spring, and since he has been leading his own orchestra in college, it's a foregone conclusion he will follow in his father's footsteps.



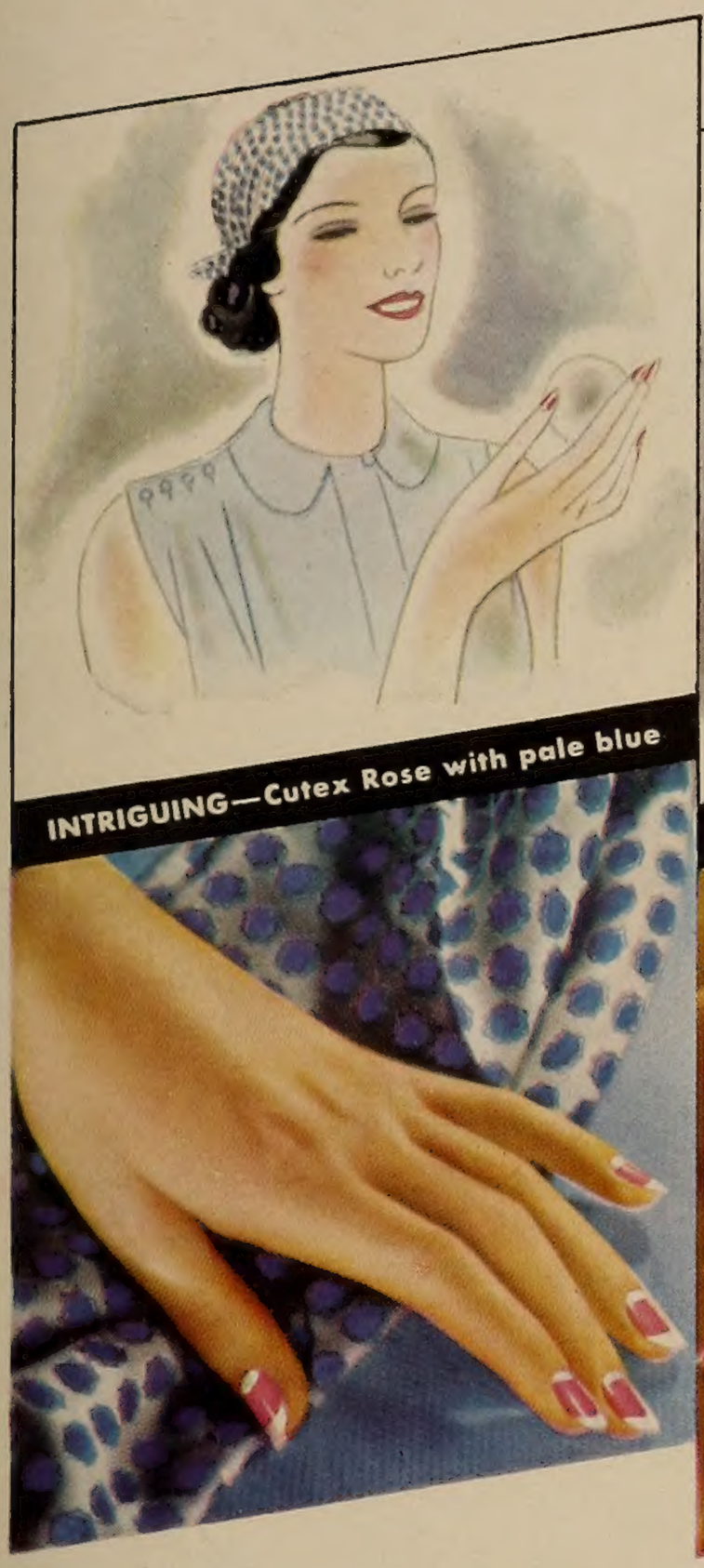
Foto-News

Lum and Abner, played by Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, caused an Arkansas town to change its name.

You old-time radio fans must be glad to welcome back an old favorite, The Magic Voice. It was one of the first serial programs to achieve wide popularity, and brought fame to **Elsie Hitz** and **Nick Dawson,** who were starred. **Santos Ortega** and **Gertrude Hitz** play Jim and June in the present story, which is heard over NBC daily except Saturdays and Sundays at 4:45. Gertrude is Elsie Hitz' sister.

Voted the 3 Smartest Nail Colors

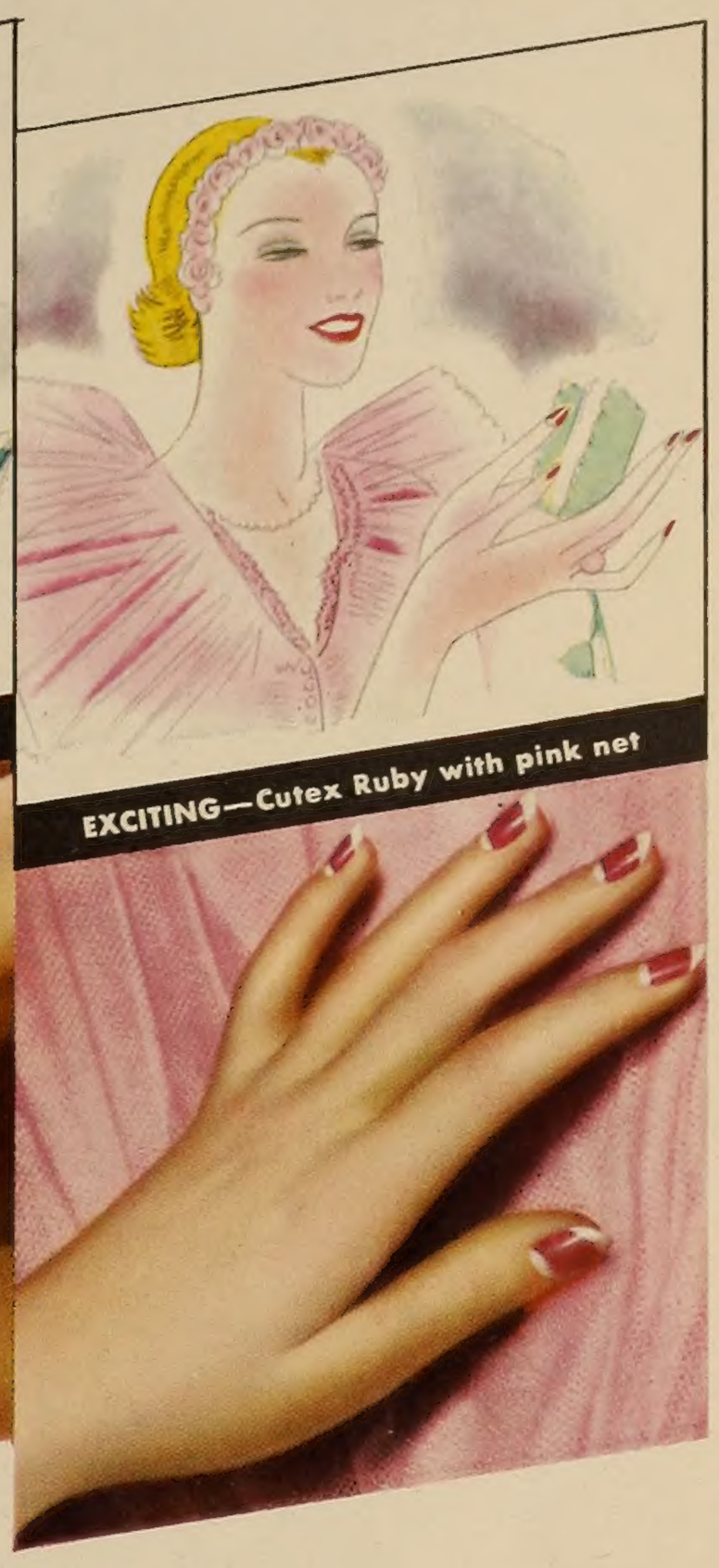
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INTRIGUING—Cutex Rose with pale blue



WINNING—Cutex Rust with brown



EXCITING—Cutex Ruby with pink net

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The very smartest of them have selected three shades of nail polish as outstanding for 1936: Cutex Rose, Cutex Rust and Cutex Ruby.

Cutex Rose is perfect, they say, with all your sports clothes. It's lovely with pastels, perfectly at home with conservative tweeds and a "good mixer" with bright, difficult colors.

The new *Cutex Rust* is also being seen in every smart group. It's a Sun-Tan shade that's marvelous with brown, beige, gray and green. But the real secret of its great popularity at White Sulphur is—it's made to flatter sun-tanned hands. A hint for this summer!

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